





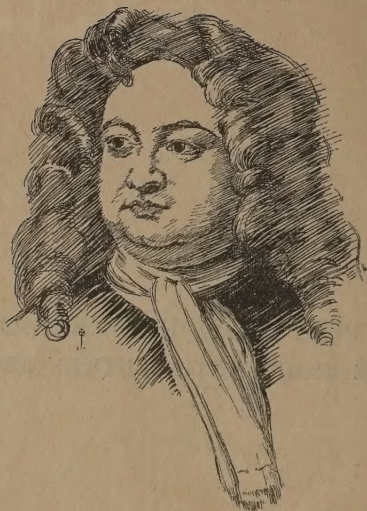
The background of the entire page is a repeating pattern. It features a man in a hat and coat carrying a bundle on his back, a small house with a chimney, and the year '1708'. These elements are arranged in a grid-like fashion, with the man and house appearing to be walking or standing on a path. The pattern is printed in a dark, possibly black or dark brown, ink on a light-colored paper.

Effie Jane Wheeler

The "Teaching of English" Series

General Editor — SIR HENRY NEWBOLT

THE AGE REVEALED
— THE EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY ESSAY —



SIR RICHARD STEELE

*From a pen-drawing by
E. Heber Thompson.*

THE AGE REVEALED

—THE EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY ESSAY—

Edited by
C. JAMES, B.A.



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For Minor Series, see Dr. Nathan Drake's Essays.

INTRODUCTION

THE Essay has outgrown its name. But once given, the term has adhered to the form so closely that the essays of acknowledged masters in the art are linked in dictionary definition with a boy's tentative strivings after grace and ease and freedom of expression. This is to make unfair comparison, allowing but little for the fact that an essayist is born rather than made ; for if he reaches facility and richness of expression partly by practice, and still more perhaps by experience, he is born to a disinterested curiosity, he falls by disposition to musing on those commonplaces of life which most of us take for granted. We expect as much from him as from a wireless programme—he must be entertaining and gossip agreeably ; he must not “tear a passion to tatters” or play ducks and drakes with our emotions ; he must refine upon everyday affairs without conscious superiority ; he must have infinite variety, be in fact “tragical—comical—historical—pastoral,” and always—“scene indivisible”—he must be himself. This above all else is his business, to pin his thoughts to paper as to the first understanding man he meets.

For a form of so various a nature it is difficult to find a short and apt definition even among the essayists themselves. Bacon called his *Counsels Civil and Moral* “dispersed meditations” ; Johnson would have us regard his *Rambler* papers as “loose sallies of the mind” ; while Steele proposed to make up his *Tatlers* by reporting and considering “all

matters of what kind soever " that should occur to him. Possibly Alexander Smith's comparative definition is nearest the mark. " The essay as a literary form resembles the lyric, in so far as it is moulded by some central mood—whimsical, serious, or satirical. Give the mood, and the essay from the first sentence to the last grows around it as the cocoon grows around the silkworm ! " Viewed thus, the essay is seen to be expressive of a mood, of an attitude of the mind ; so, in any account of the essay as an art form, such treatises as Locke's " Essay upon the Human Understanding " need never be considered.

Our more immediate concern, the Periodical Essay of the eighteenth century, is a hybrid species, having affinities on the one hand with the newspaper, on the other with the novel ; at any stage it might have lost its identity in either. Unlike Montaigne, " the first to say as an author what he felt as a man ; " unlike Lamb, whose emotional mood coloured all that he touched, the essayists of the eighteenth century sought to hide themselves behind a pseudonym that they might the more easily " laugh men out of their follies " ; and their real contribution to the Essay was the popularizing of a way of writing to treat in brief of anything from Freethinking and the Pineal Gland to the dissection of a Coquette's Heart.

The preceding century gave them material and methods which they turned to account ; theirs is the sententious vein to be traced in Bacon, and spun out into wordy moralizings by such writers as Cornwallis and Francis Osborne ; they took over the seventeenth century character and breathed into a nebulous form the spirit of life ; they profited by the grace of Cowley, the cadence of Temple, the clarity and vigour of Dryden. But that impulse which was felt as early as the Elizabethan period, leading men to set down sundry matters " significantly rather than curiously," to place on record musings of the moment, and to

reveal each his own personality that the world might see "ship-shape" the inmost shrine of their thoughts, moved the periodical writers of the eighteenth century less than the conditions of the age in which they lived.

Steele and Addison, the first of their kind, took upon themselves to point the way to a higher standard of living in a period which badly needed a mentor; it was their special province in tempering wit with morality to show men that they were no better than they ought to be, to laugh at affectation, and to strip folly of its attractive mask. The Queen Anne period is not wholly lovely to contemplate; for the glamour with which Restoration wits had garlanded vice still hung over evils flagrantly practised. But there were signs that the chastening influence which the Revolution should have had politically, but did not, was at work in other directions, and the way was being cleared for the formation of representative public opinion. Despite its abuses, too, there were features in the

"Age of Folly and of Cards,
Of Hackney Chairs and Hackney Bards,"

which stimulated Essay activity. That usually elusive reality, the Spirit of the Age, seems to have taken on tangible shape as the "Town," where, in drawing-room, public garden, and coffee-house, the courtier and gallant had perforce to get up off their knees and mingle more freely with men of the city. And in a very special sense "within the bills of mortality" the proper study of mankind was man.

So grew about the Town an atmosphere provocative of discussion, helped in its formation by two institutions of growing importance—the Coffee-house and the Newspaper. The former, which was in many respects a concrete result of seventeenth-century interest in matters scientific and rational, had become

by the beginning of the eighteenth century a focus for social activities. A need for discussion having arisen, men formed the habit of meeting in some convenient place for this purpose, and "as to read men is acknowledged better than books, where," said an earlier writer, "is there a better library for that study than" at the Coffee-house? And this thought, too, moved Steele to make certain Coffee-houses representative of the matter he gave out in his earlier *Tatlers*.

While the actual gathering together of men made for discussion, the Newspaper also acted as a stimulus in this direction. A shoal of weeklies and bi-weeklies were let loose on the Town by the repeal of the Licensing Act in 1695; and though but sorry stuff in the main, violently partisan, filled with scandal if news were scarce, or "were a westerly wind blowing a week together . . . with an order of battle"—built up by the "art of cookery" and well seasoned with contradictory reports—they yet provided food for a whole day's discussion: and something must be allowed the *Postman*, *Postboy*, and many more for helping to bring about a reading public; one which should be ready to receive not only news hot and strong, but instruction and pleasure given out also in daily or weekly doses.

Previous to the *Tatler's* appearance several attempts had been made to raise the standard of the Newspaper; John Dunton, a somewhat over-rated figure, affected to do so in his various *Athenian* ventures. Whenever he found time De Foe worked to the same end, and later, in *Appleby's Weekly Journal*, evolved the leading article. But it remained for Steele to effect what others had attempted. Bringing to the Essay a mind wholly in harmony and sympathy with the influences which drew all men into the Coffee-house, he presented his first *Tatler* to the Town on April 22, 1709. "Quicquid agunt homines" was to be his theme, and, as Isaac Bickerstaffe, he

proposed to exercise a censorship over social life, "To expose," as he said, "the false arts of life, to pull off the disguises of cunning, vanity, and affectation, and to recommend a general simplicity in our dress, our discourse, and our behaviour." He thus began a paper, which if in its original conception was probably intended to be but a better form of journalism, certainly developed into a way of writing whose appeal is not restricted within the narrow bonds of immediate utility or interest. Joined soon by Addison, their collaboration continued through the *Tatler*, most of the *Spectator*, and the *Guardian*.

It is impossible here to do justice to their work ; theirs was a partnership in which it is unfair to praise one more highly than the other. If here and there Steele's work lacks the gloss of Addison's, compensation is to be found in his vitality infused with a mother-wit that touches springs in the human heart. If Addison was less ready than Steele to attempt some new venture, his was the finer intellect, his the unrivalled delicacy of humour. Steele's personality brought the Periodical Essay into intimate relation with the age and helped to make it a truly representative work—as representative as was the drama in Elizabethan social England. Addison's cementing of the many interstices left by his fellow craftsman gave to the monument they reared a stability that made it not merely of the age but for all time. Their Knights of Industry, the Dead in Reason, the defendants in the Court of Honour, Starers, Oglers, Pretty Fellows, Very Pretty Fellows, and the members of the Trumpet Club are but a shade less real than Sir Roger and Will Honeycomb. What they did for their own age can best be stated in the words of Gay. "It would have been a jest some time since," he wrote, "for a man to have asserted that anything witty could be said in praise of a married state ; or that virtue or devotion were in any way necessary to the character of a gentle-

man. Bickerstaffe ventured to tell the Town that they were a parcel of fops, fools, and vain coquettes; but in such a manner as ever pleased them and made them more than half inclined to believe that he spoke the truth. . . . It is incredible to conceive the effect his writings have had on the town." "I should be glad to rally the world out of indecencies and venial transgressions," wrote Addison; "I must confess," said Steele in his farewell *Tatler*, "it has been a most exquisite pleasure to me to . . . trace human life through all its mazes and recesses, and to show much shorter methods than men ordinarily practise to be happy, agreeable, and great"; and in the fusing together of these purposes the aim of their three series was achieved.

As far as the Essay is concerned, the years from 1714 to 1750 make up a period of echoes; the *Tatler* was "retattled" and the *Spectator* "respeculated" in series whose fleeting existence is reminiscent everywhere of the lines of Pope on Elkanah Settle—

"The night descending, the great scene is o'er,
But lives in Settle's numbers one day more."

The efforts of Ambrose Phillips, of Aaron Hill, of Fielding even, were abortive, and the Censorship of Great Britain went into commission. It could indeed hardly be otherwise; the name of Pope spreads out over the twenties and thirties of the eighteenth century, and the following decade saw those characters and sketches of life wherein lie much of the best of Addison and Steele caught up into the novel, there to remain. The Periodical Essay lost its representative position, without, however, going out of fashion. But until Johnson began his *Rambler* there was no dynamic personality behind the Essay to render to this way of writing those qualities by which it must live or have no life. The *Tatler* and *Spectator* would seem to

have burst upon the world, and catching men and women at breakfast in penitential mood, forced them to take thought to themselves. Every succeeding series—even the *Rambler*, even the *Citizen of the World*—came out hoping for, rather than demanding, a public. Of this last, however, it must be said that it takes up the Essay where Addison and Steele left it, and in Goldsmith's attitude the Essay temper can be seen working towards that emotional mood which comes into its own in *Elia*.

The other known series of the mid-century—the *Rambler*, *Idler* and *Adventurer*, the *World* and *Connoisseur*—were far better than those which had been appearing for some thirty years, but their contributors failed to maintain that nice equipoise which is so distinctive of the work of Steele and Addison. Johnson, in *Rambler* and *Idler*, erred on the side of the moral, a tag placed conveniently for omission at the end of all his essays. The contributors to the *World* and the *Connoisseur*, by laying their basic idea in the shifting ground of light and particular satire, failed to temper wit with morality, and wrote too exclusively for the tea-table. With the possible exception of Cowper, from whom much more could have been desired than the five essays he wrote for the *Connoisseur*, Goldsmith is the outstanding essayist of the mid-century. If, as Lien Chi Altangi, he did not keep a wholly disinterested attitude towards the affairs of everyday life in the London he knew, moral purposes and reformatory ideas blend so harmoniously with his humanitarian spirit and with delicately pointed satire on the fripperies and follies of the times that the mirror is again held up to nature, and “the very age and body of the time” given “his form and pressure” in the *Citizen of the World*. Playing lightly on the surface in his Letters on the prevailing pseudo-oriental tastes and ridiculing the sordidness of the chapters in Lien Chi's Letter on Westminster Abbey, he stripped the mask

covering the evils of society in his satire of Female Gaming and in the descriptions of the "law's delay"; from his humanitarianism sprang the sketches of the Man in Black, and all his deliciousness of humour went to the making of the shabby figure of Little Beau Tibbs.

With Goldsmith the Essay reached its high-water mark of excellence in the eighteenth century. The sensibility and originality of Steele needed the grace of Addison, not so much to present as to make lasting the first periodical series; Johnson turned to the Essay in the 'fifties with his fund of common sense and strong moral integrity to help him achieve didactic purposes through a medium somewhat alien to his genius; Goldsmith inheriting, it would seem, from all three a large measure of their finer qualities, wove these into the body of the *Citizen of the World* by "the subtle persuasiveness that comes from style." Pathos, grace, and a tinge of sententiousness relieved by humour flow out of him, and, leaving on his work no traces of hesitancy or interruption, ally him with the essayists of preceding generations, while the suggestion of tomorrow he has infused into his reformatory ideas brings him into fellowship with the writers of a later period. By his interests and disposition linked most closely with Steele there is more than a hint of *Elia* in his informality and tender regard for humanity. His *Citizen of the World* appeared in 1760; so by the mid-century the Essay as we know the form had taken shape.

It is easy to exaggerate the importance of a literary form, but if after Steele and Addison the Periodical Essay lost its representative position in eighteenth century literature, from the publication of the first *Tatler* in 1709 to the appearance of the last number of the *Looker On* in 1794 its "fugitive sheet and a half" remained ever closely in touch with the social life of the age. There is perhaps as clear a picture of the

times contained in the novels of Fielding and of Smollet, in the letters of Horace Walpole and of Cowper, in Boswell's *Johnson*, and in the many diaries and memoirs which have come down to us from "the age of powder and of link"; but their pages lack the odd fellows whose odd ways are delineated with an anxious thought for their betterment in the essays of Steele, of Addison, and of Goldsmith. Even in the exaggeration of whims and follies there is a wholeness of view in all their papers, so that not only the life of their own age but the make-up of mankind in general is reflected in their glass of fashion, their mould of eighteenth-century life. If these moral historians did not lay bare the soul to show it passion-tossed, in revealing the devious ways of human character mortised as it were into the social fabric of the times, they have given us a lively picture of days singularly like our own in many of the foibles and changing fashions. And if we deem its outlook narrower and less enlightened than that of the twentieth century, there seems to hang about the eighteenth century a splendid leisure lacking to more modern days. We are so much the more on the gad that everything must be contracted to a span; Richardson's seven-volumed *Clarissa* is cut down to the Short Story, the "Whole Duty of Man" must be jotted down on a postcard; and in the general levelling up—or down—which has taken place latterly the proportions of any claiming to be representative figures have been reduced and their power lopped off in a day. Where is there now an Addison to "give his senate laws," or a Johnson to dominate half a century's thought? We have perhaps more spectacular evidences of the workings of the mind of man, but in regarding them we are apt to forget the solid achievements of a century which gave us the British Empire and all our national songs, which built up our national credit, which began the humanitarian movement, and which set about reform-

ing life in earnest. It is natural to be somewhat indifferent towards the good or bad old times, but it is hardly fair to dismiss merely as "our excellent and indispensable eighteenth century" an age which began with Marlborough and ended with Nelson, which was crowned as it were with the statesmanship of Pitt and the "heroics" of Clive and Wolfe, which brought out the Novel and set the Newspaper along a better way, which busied itself with the remembering of Shakespeare, gave us painters of European fame, a musician whose oratorios are still sung, enthusiasts of the stature of Wesley and Whitefield, and, in Burke, a politician whose speeches have stood the wear and tear of the years. Possibly because it was an age which took its own measure and lived by convention, its greatness lay along the mean rather than in excess, and so much of its literature was turned the more easily into prose channels. For this reason we have drawn on the Periodical Essay to reveal some aspects of its intensely active social life.

THE AGE REVEALED

—THE EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY ESSAY—

THE ORIGIN OF A TOAST

To know what a Toast is in the country gives as much perplexity as she herself does in town: and indeed the learned differ very much upon the original of this word, and the acceptation of it among the moderns. However, it is by all agreed to have a joyous and cheerful import. A toast in a cold morning, heightened by nutmeg, and sweetened with sugar, has for many ages been given to our rural dispensers of justice, before they entered upon causes, and has been of great and politic use to take off the severity of their sentences; but has indeed been remarkable for one ill effect, that it inclines those who use it immoderately to speak Latin, to the admiration rather than information of an audience. This application of a toast makes it very obvious that the word may, without a metaphor, be understood as an apt name for a thing which raises us in the most sovereign degree. But many of the wits of the last age will assert that the word, in its present sense, was known among them in their youth, and had its rise from an accident at the town of Bath, in the reign of king Charles the Second.

It happened that, on a public day, a celebrated beauty of those times was in the Cross Bath, and one of the

crowd of her admirers took a glass of the water in which the fair one stood, and drank her health to the company. There was in the place a gay fellow half fuddled, who offered to jump in, and swore, though he liked not the liquor, he would have the toast. He was opposed in his resolution ; yet this whim gave foundation to the present honour which is done to the lady we mention in our liquors, who has ever since been called a Toast.

Though this institution had so trivial a beginning, it is now elevated into a formal order ; and that happy virgin who is received and drunk to at their meetings has no more to do in this life but to judge and accept of the first good offer. The manner of her inauguration is much like that of the choice of a doge in Venice : it is performed by balloting ; and when she is so chosen, she reigns indisputably for that ensuing year ; but must be elected anew to prolong her empire a moment beyond it. When she is regularly chosen, her name is written with a diamond on a drinking-glass. The hieroglyphic of the diamond is to show her that her value is imaginary ; and that of the glass to acquaint her that her condition is frail, and depends on the hand which holds her. This wise design admonishes her neither to overrate or depreciate her charms ; as well considering and applying, that it is perfectly according to the humour and taste of the company whether the toast is eaten, or left as an offal.

The foremost of the whole rank of toasts, and the most indisputed in their present empire, are Mrs. Gatty and Mrs. Frontlet : the first an agreeable, the second an awful beauty. These ladies are perfect friends, out of a knowledge that their perfections are too different to stand in competition. He that likes Gatty can have no relish for so solemn a creature as Frontlet ; and an admirer of Frontlet will call Gatty

Drinking-glass. It was the fashion of the time to inscribe verses thus to the reigning beauties.

a maypole girl. Gatty for ever smiles upon you ; and Frontlet disdains to see you smile. Gatty's love is a shining quick flame ; Frontlet's, a slow wasting fire. Gatty likes the man that diverts her ; Frontlet, him who adores her. Gatty always improves the soil in which she travels ; Frontlet lays waste the country. Gatty does not only smile, but laughs at her lover ; Frontlet not only looks serious, but frowns at him. All the men of wit (and coxcombs their followers) are professed servants of Gatty : the politicians and pretenders give solemn worship to Frontlet. Their reign will be best judged of by its duration. Frontlet will never be chosen more ; and Gatty is a toast for life.

ADDISON : *Tatler*, No. 24, June 4, 1709.

THE PRACTICE OF DUELLING

Quicquid agunt homines——

——nostri est farrago libelli.—Juv. *Sat.* i. 85, 86.

{ Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme.—P.

White's Chocolate House, June 6.

A LETTER from a young lady, written in the most passionate terms, wherein she laments the misfortune of a gentleman, her lover, who was lately wounded in a duel, has turned my thoughts to that subject, and inclined me to examine into the causes which precipitate men into so fatal a folly. And as it has been proposed to treat of subjects of gallantry in the article from hence, and no one point in nature is more proper to be considered by the company who frequent this place than that of duels, it is worth our consideration to ex-

From hence. See Tatler, No. 1.

amine into this chimerical groundless humour, and to lay every other thought aside, until we have stripped it of all its false pretences to credit and reputation among men.

But I must confess, when I consider what I am going about, and run over in my imagination all the endless crowd of men of honour who will be offended at such a discourse ; I am undertaking, methinks, a work worthy an invulnerable hero in romance, rather than a private gentleman with a single rapier : but as I am pretty well acquainted by great opportunities with the nature of man, and know of a truth that all men fight against their will, the danger vanishes, and resolution rises upon this subject. For this reason, I shall talk very freely on a custom which all men wish exploded, though no man has courage enough to resist it.

But there is one unintelligible word, which I fear will extremely perplex my dissertation, and I confess to you I find very hard to explain, which is the term "satisfaction." An honest country gentleman had the misfortune to fall into company with two or three modern men of honour, where he happened to be very ill treated ; and one of the company, being conscious of his offence, sends a note to him in the morning, and tells him he was ready to give him *satisfaction*. "This is fine doing," says the plain fellow ; "last night he sent me away cursedly out of humour, and this morning he fancies it would be a *satisfaction* to be run through the body."

As the matter at present stands, it is not to do handsome actions denominates a man of honour ; it is enough if he dares to defend, ill ones. Thus you often see a common sharper in competition with a gentleman of the first rank ; though all mankind is convinced that a fighting gamester is only a pickpocket with the courage of a highwayman. One cannot with any patience reflect on the unaccountable jumble of persons and things in this town and nation, which occa-

sions very frequently, that a brave man falls by a hand below that of a common hangman, and yet his executioner escapes the clutches of the hangman for doing it. I shall therefore hereafter consider, how the bravest men in other ages and nations have behaved themselves upon such incidents as we decide by combat ; and show, from their practice, that this resentment neither has its foundation from true reason or solid fame ; but is an imposture, made of cowardice, falsehood, and want of understanding. For this work, a good history of quarrels would be very edifying to the public, and I apply myself to the town for particulars and circumstances within their knowledge, which may serve to embellish the dissertation with proper cuts. Most of the quarrels I have ever known have proceeded from some valiant coxcomb's persisting in the wrong, to defend some prevailing folly, and preserve himself from the ingenuousness of owning a mistake.—

By this means it is called “ giving a man satisfaction,” to urge your offence against him with your sword ; which puts me in mind of Peter's order to the keeper, in “ *The Tale of a Tub* : if you neglect to do all this, damn you and your generation for ever : and so we bid you heartily farewell.” If the contradiction in the very terms of one of our challenges were as well explained and turned into downright English, would it not run after this manner ?—

“ SIR,

“ Your extraordinary behaviour last night, and the liberty you were pleased to take with me, makes me this morning give you this, to tell you, because you are an ill-bred puppy, I will meet you in Hyde Park an hour hence ; and because you want both breeding and humanity, I desire you would come with a pistol in

your hand, on horseback, and endeavour to shoot me through the head, to teach you more manners. If you fail of doing me this pleasure, I shall say you are a rascal, on every post in town : and so, sir, if you will not injure me more, I shall never forgive what you have done already. Pray, sir, do not fail of getting everything ready ; and you will infinitely oblige, sir, your most obedient humble servant, etc."

STEELE : *Tatler*, No. 25, June 7, 1709.

SCENE OF COUNTRY ETIQUETTE

From my own Apartment, October 25.

WHEN I came home last night, my servant delivered me the following letter :

" SIR,

October 24.

" I have orders from Sir Harry Quickset, of Staffordshire, Baronet, to acquaint you, that his honour Sir Harry himself, Sir Giles Wheelbarrow, Knight, Thomas Rentfree, Esquire, justice of the quorum, Andrew Windmill, Esquire, and Mr. Nicholas Doubt, of the Inner Temple, Sir Harry's grandson, will wait upon you at the hour of nine to-morrow morning, being Tuesday the twenty-fifth of October, upon business which Sir Harry will impart to you by word of mouth. I thought it proper to acquaint you beforehand so many persons of quality came, that you might not be surprised therewith. Which concludes, though by many years' absence since I saw you at Stafford, unknown,

" Sir, your most humble servant,

" JOHN THRIFTY."

Duelling. For other essays on this subject, see *Tatler*, Nos. 26, 28, 31, 38.

I received this message with less surprise than I believe Mr. Thrifty imagined ; for I knew the good company too well to feel any palpitations at their approach : but I was in very great concern how I should adjust the ceremonial, and demean myself to all these great men, who perhaps had not seen anything above themselves for these twenty years last past, I am sure that is the case of Sir Harry. Besides which, I was sensible that there was a great point in adjusting my behaviour to the simple squire, so as to give him satisfaction, and not disoblige the justice of the quorum.

The hour of nine was come this morning, and I had no sooner set chairs, by the steward's letter, and fixed my tea equipage, but I heard a knock at my door, which was opened, but no one entered ; after which followed a long silence, which was broke at last by, " Sir, I beg your pardon ; I think I know better : " and another voice, " Nay, good Sir Giles——" I looked out from my window, and saw the good company all with their hats off, and arms spread, offering the door to each other. After many offers, they entered with much solemnity, in the order Mr. Thrifty was so kind as to name them to me. But they are now got to my chamber door, and I saw my old friend Sir Harry enter. I met him with all the respect due to so reverend a vegetable ; for, you are to know, that is my sense of a person who remains idle in the same place for half a century. I got him with great success into his chair by the fire, without throwing down any of my cups. The knight-bachelor told me " he had a great respect for my whole family, and would, with my leave, place himself next to Sir Harry, at whose right hand he had sat at every quarter sessions these thirty years, unless he was sick." The steward in the rear whispered the young Templar, " That is true, to my knowledge." I had the misfortune, as they stood cheek-by-jowl, to desire the squire to sit down before the justice of the

quorum, to the no small satisfaction of the former, and resentment of the latter. But I saw my error too late, and got them as soon as I could into their seats. "Well," said I, "gentlemen, after I have told you how glad I am of this great honour, I am to desire you to drink a dish of tea." They answered one and all, "that they never drank tea in a morning."—"Not in a morning!" said I, staring round me. Upon which the pert jackanapes, Nic Doubt, tipped me the wink, and put out his tongue at his grandfather. Here followed a profound silence, when the steward in his boots and whip proposed, "that we should adjourn to some public-house, where everybody might call for what they pleased, and enter upon the business." We all stood up in an instant, and Sir Harry filed off from the left, very discreetly, countermarching behind the chairs towards the door. After him, Sir Giles in the same manner. The simple squire made a sudden start to follow; but the justice of the quorum whipped between upon the stand of the stairs. A maid, going up with coals, made us halt, and put us into such confusion, that we stood all in a heap, without any visible possibility of recovering our order; for the young jackanapes seemed to make a jest of this matter, and had so contrived, by pressing amongst us, under pretence of making way, that his grandfather was got into the middle, and he knew nobody was of quality to stir a step, until Sir Harry moved first. We were fixed in this perplexity for some time, until we heard a very loud noise in the street; and Sir Harry asking what it was, I, to make them move, said, "it was fire." Upon this, all ran down as fast as they could, without order or ceremony, until we got into the street, where we drew up in very good order, and filed off down Sheer Lane; the impertinent templar driving us before him, as in a string, and pointing to his acquaintance who passed by.

I must confess, I love to use people according to

their own sense of good breeding, and therefore whipped in between the justice and the simple squire. He could not properly take this ill ; but I overheard him whisper the steward, " that he thought it hard, that a common conjurer should take place of him, though an elder squire." In this order we marched down Sheer Lane, at the upper end of which I lodge. When we came to Temple Bar, Sir Harry and Sir Giles got over ; but a run of the coaches kept the rest of us on this side of the street ; however, we all at last landed, and drew up in very good order before Ben Tooke's shop, who favoured our rallying with great humanity ; from whence we proceeded again, until we came to Dick's coffee-house, where I designed to carry them. Here we were at our old difficulty, and took up the street upon the same ceremony. We proceeded through the entry, and were so necessarily kept in order by the situation, that we were now got into the coffee-house itself, where, as soon as we arrived, we repeated our civilities to each other ; after which, we marched up to the high table, which has an ascent to it enclosed in the middle of the room. The whole house was alarmed at this entry, made up of persons of so much state and rusticity. Sir Harry called for a mug of ale and Dyer's Letter. The boy brought the ale in an instant ; but said, " they did not take in the Letter." " No," says Sir Harry, " then take back your mug ; we are like indeed to have good liquor at this house ! " Here the templar tipped me a second wink, and, if I had not looked very grave upon him, I found he was disposed to be very familiar with me. In short, I observed after a long pause, that the gentlemen did not care to enter upon business until after their morning draught, for which reason I called for a bottle of mum ; and finding that had no effect upon them, I ordered a second, and a third, after which Sir

Harry reached over to me, and told me in a low voice, "that the place was too public for business ; but he would call upon me again to-morrow morning at my own lodgings, and bring some more friends with him."

ADDISON : *Tatler*, No. 86, October 27, 1709.

MR. BICKERSTAFF VISITS A FRIEND

Interea dulces pendent circum oscula nati,
Casta pudicitiam servat domus——

VIRG. *Georg.* ii. 523.

His cares are eas'd with intervals of bliss ;
His little children, climbing for a kiss,
Welcome their father's late return at night ;
His faithful bed is crowned with chaste delight.

DRYDEN.

From my own Apartment, November 16.

THERE are several persons who have many pleasures and entertainments in their possession, which they do not enjoy. It is, therefore, a kind and good office to acquaint them with their own happiness, and turn their attention to such instances of their good fortune as they are apt to overlook. Persons in the married state often want such a monitor ; and pine away their days, by looking upon the same condition in anguish and murmur, which carries with it in the opinion of others a complication of all the pleasures of life, and a retreat from its inquietudes.

I am led into this thought by a visit I made an old friend, who was formerly my schoolfellow. He came to town last week with his family for the winter, and yesterday morning sent me word his wife expected me to dinner. I am, as it were, at home in that house,

and every member of it knows me for their well-wisher. I cannot indeed express the pleasure it is, to be met by the children with so much joy as I am when I go thither. The boys and girls strive who shall come first, when they think it is I that am knocking at the door ; and that child which loses the race to me runs back again to tell the father it is Mr. Bickerstaff. This day I was led in by a pretty girl, that we all thought must have forgot me ; for the family has been out of town these two years. Her knowing me again was a mighty subject with us, and took up our discourse at the first entrance. After which, they began to rally me upon a thousand little stories they heard in the country, about my marriage to one of my neighbour's daughters. Upon which the gentleman, my friend, said, " Nay, if Mr. Bickerstaff marries a child of any of his old companions, I hope mine shall have the preference ; there is Mrs. Mary is *now sixteen*, and would make him as fine a widow as the best of them. But I know him too well ; he is so enamoured with the very memory of those who flourished in our youth, that he will not so much as look upon the modern beauties. I remember, old gentleman, how often you went home in a day to refresh your countenance and dress when Teraminta reigned in your heart. As we came up in the coach, I repeated to my wife some of your verses on her." With such reflections on little passages which happened long ago, we passed our time, during a cheerful and elegant meal. After dinner, his lady left the room, as did also the children. As soon as we were alone, he took me by the hand ; " Well, my good friend," says he. " I am heartily glad to see thee ; I was afraid you would never have seen all the company that dined with you to-day again. Do not you think the good woman of the house a little altered since you followed her from the play-house, to find out who she was, for me ? " I perceived a tear fall down his cheek as he spoke, which moved me not a little. But, to

turn the discourse, I said, "She is not indeed quite that creature she was, when she returned me the letter I carried from you ; and told me, ' she hoped, as I was a gentleman, I would be employed no more to trouble her, who had never offended me ; but would be so much the gentleman's friend, as to dissuade him from a pursuit, which he could never succeed in.' You may remember, I thought her in earnest ; and you were forced to employ your cousin Will, who made his sister get acquainted with her, for you. You cannot expect her to be for ever fifteen." "Fifteen !" replied my good friend. "Ah ! you little understand, you that have lived a bachelor, how great, how exquisite a pleasure there is, in being really beloved ! It is impossible, that the most beauteous face in nature should raise in me such pleasing ideas, as when I look upon that excellent woman. That fading in her countenance is chiefly caused by her watching with me, in my fever. This was followed by a fit of sickness, which had liked to have carried her off last winter. I tell you sincerely, I have so my obligations to her, that I cannot, with any sort of moderation, think of her present state of health. But as to what you say of fifteen, she gives me every day pleasures beyond what I ever knew in the possession of her beauty, when I was in the vigour of youth. Every moment of her life brings me fresh instances of her complacency to my inclinations, and her prudence in regard to my fortune. Her face is to me much more beautiful than when I first saw it ; there is no decay in any feature, which I cannot trace, from the very instant it was occasioned by some anxious concern for my welfare and interests. Thus, at the same time, methinks, the love I conceived towards her for what she was, is heightened by my gratitude for what she is. The love of a wife is as much above the idle passion commonly called by that name, as the loud laughter of buffoons is inferior to the elegant mirth of gentlemen.

Oh! she is an inestimable jewel. In her examination of her household affairs, she shows a certain fearfulness to find a fault, which makes her servants obey her like children; and the meanest we have has an ingenuous shame for an offence, not always to be seen in children in other families. I speak freely to you, my old friend; ever since her sickness, things that gave me the quickest joy before, turn now to a certain anxiety. As the children play in the next room, I know the poor things by their steps, and am considering what they must do, should they lose their mother in their tender years. The pleasure I used to take in telling my boy stories of battles, and asking my girl questions about the disposal of her baby, and the gossiping of it, is turned into inward reflection and melancholy."

He would have gone on in this tender way, when the good lady entered, and with an inexpressible sweetness in her countenance told us, "she had been searching her closet for something very good, to treat such an old friend as I was." Her husband's eyes sparkled with pleasure at the cheerfulness of her countenance; and I saw all his fears vanish in an instant. The lady observing something in our looks which showed we had been more serious than ordinary, and seeing her husband receive her with great concern under a forced cheerfulness, immediately guessed at what we had been talking of; and applying herself to me, said, with a smile, "Mr. Bickerstaff, do not believe a word of what he tells you. I shall still live to have you for my second, as I have often promised you, unless he takes more care of himself than he has done since his coming to town. You must know, he tells me that he finds London is a much more healthy place than the country; for he sees several of his old acquaintances and schoolfellows are here *young fellows with fair full-bottomed periwigs*. I could scarce keep him this morning from going out *open-breasted*." My friend,

who is always extremely delighted with her agreeable humour, made her sit down with us. She did it with that easiness which is peculiar to women of sense ; and to keep up the good humour she had brought in with her, turned her raillery upon me. " Mr. Bickerstaff, you remember you followed me one night from the play-house ; suppose you should carry me thither to-morrow night, and lead me into the front box." This put us into a long field of discourse about the beauties, who were mothers to the present, and shined in the boxes twenty years ago. I told her, " I was glad she had transferred so many of her charms, and I did not question but her eldest daughter was within half a year of being a toast."

We were pleasing ourselves with this fantastical preferment of the young lady, when on a sudden we were alarmed with the noise of a drum, and immediately entered my little godson to give me a point of war. His mother, between laughing and chiding, would have put him out of the room ; but I would not part with him so. I found, upon conversation with him, though he was a little noisy in his mirth, that the child had excellent parts, and was a great master of all the learning on the other side eight years old. I perceived him a very great historian in *Æsop's Fables* : but he frankly declared to me his mind, " that he did not delight in that learning, because he did not believe they were true ; " for which reason I found he had very much turned his studies, for about a twelvemonth past, into the lives and adventures of Don Bellianis of Greece, Guy of Warwick, the Seven Champions, and other historians of that age. I could not but observe the satisfaction the father took in the forwardness of his son ; and that these diversions might turn to some profit, I found the boy had made remarks, which might be of service to him during the course of his whole life. He would tell you the mismanagements of John Hickerthrift, find fault with the passionate

temper in Bevis of Southampton, and loved Saint George for being the champion of England ; and by this means had his thoughts insensibly moulded into the notions of discretion, virtue, and honour. I was extolling his accomplishments, when the mother told me, " that the little girl who led me in this morning was in her way a better scholar than he. Betty," said she, " deals chiefly in fairies and sprites ; and sometimes in a winter night will terrify the maids with her accounts, until they are afraid to go up to bed."

I sat with them until it was very late, sometimes in merry, sometimes in serious discourse, with this particular pleasure, which gives the only true relish to all conversation, a sense that every one of us liked each other. I went home, considering the different conditions of a married life and that of a bachelor ; and I must confess it struck me with a secret concern, to reflect, that whenever I go off I shall leave no traces behind me. In this pensive mood I return to my family ; that is to say, to my maid, my dog, and my cat, who only can be the better or worse for what happens to me.

STEELE : *Tatler*, No. 95, November 17, 1709.

A VISION OF JUSTICE

Jam redit et Virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna.

VIRG. *Ecl.* iv. ver. 6.

Returning justice brings a golden age.—R. W.

Sheer Lane, November 28.

I WAS last week taking a solitary walk in the garden of Lincoln's Inn (a favour that is indulged me by several of the benchers, who are my intimate friends, and grown old with me in this neighbourhood) when, accord-

ing to the nature of men in years, who have made but little progress in the advancement of their fortune or their fame, I was repining at the sudden rise of many persons who are my juniors, and indeed, at the unequal distribution of wealth, honour, and all other blessings of life. I was lost in this thought, when the night came upon me, and drew my mind into a far more agreeable contemplation. The heaven above me appeared in all its glories, and presented me with such a hemisphere of stars as made the most agreeable prospect imaginable to one who delights in the study of nature. It happened to be a freezing night, which had purified the whole body of air into such a bright transparent ether, as made every constellation visible ; and, at the same time, gave such a particular glowing to the stars, that I thought it the richest sky I had ever seen. I could not behold a scene so wonderfully adorned and lighted up, if I may be allowed that expression, without suitable meditations on the author of such illustrious and amazing objects : for, on these occasions, philosophy suggests motives to religion, and religion adds pleasure to philosophy.

As soon as I had recovered my usual temper and serenity of soul, I retired to my lodgings, with the satisfaction of having passed away a few hours in the proper employments of a reasonable creature ; and promising myself that my slumbers would be sweet, I no sooner fell into them, but I dreamed a dream, or saw a vision, for I know not which to call it, that seemed to rise out of my evening meditation, and had something in it so solemn and serious, that I cannot forbear communicating it ; though, I must confess, the wildness of imagination, which, in a dream, is always loose and irregular, discovers itself too much in several parts of it.

Methought I saw the same azure sky diversified with the same glorious luminaries which had entertained me a little before I fell asleep. I was looking

very attentively on that sign in the heavens which is called by the name of the Balance, when, on a sudden, there appeared in it an extraordinary light, as if the sun should rise at midnight. By its increasing in breadth and lustre, I soon found that it approached towards the earth; and at length could discern something like a shadow hovering in the midst of a great glory, which, in a little time after, I distinctly perceived to be the figure of a woman. I fancied at first, it might have been the angel, or intelligence that guided the constellation from which it descended; but, upon a nearer view, I saw about her all the emblems with which the goddess of justice is usually described. Her countenance was unspeakably awful and majestic, but exquisitely beautiful to those whose eyes were strong enough to behold it; her smiles transported with rapture, her frowns terrified to despair. She held in her hand a mirror, endowed with the same qualities as that which the painters put into the hand of truth.

There streamed from it a light, which distinguished itself from all the splendours that surrounded her, more than a flash of lightning shines in the midst of daylight. As she moved it in her hand, it brightened the heavens, the air, or the earth. When she had descended so low as to be seen and heard by mortals, to make the pomp of her appearance more supportable, she threw darkness and clouds about her, that tempered the light into a thousand beautiful shades and colours, and multiplied that lustre, which was before too strong and dazzling, into a variety of milder glories.

In the meantime, the world was in an alarm, and all the inhabitants of it gathered together upon a spacious plain; so that I seemed to have the whole species

The Balance. Libra, or the Balance, is next the sign Virgo, into which Astræa, the goddess of justice, was translated, when she could no longer stay on earth.

before my eyes. A voice was heard from the clouds declaring the intention of this visit, which was to restore and appropriate to every one living what was his due. The fear and hope, joy and sorrow, which appeared in that great assembly, after this solemn declaration, are not to be expressed. The first edict was then pronounced, "That all titles and claims to riches and estates, or to any part of them, should be immediately vested in the rightful owner." Upon this, the inhabitants of the earth held up the instruments of their tenure, whether in parchment, paper, wax, or any other form of conveyance; and as the goddess moved the mirror of truth which she held in her hand, so that the light which flowed from it fell upon the multitude, they examined the several instruments by the beams of it. The rays of this mirror had a particular quality of setting fire to all forgery and falsehood. The blaze of papers, the melting of seals, and crackling of parchments, made a very odd scene. The fire very often ran through two or three lines only, and then stopped. Though I could not but observe that the flames chiefly broke out among the interlineations and codicils; the light of the mirror, as it was turned up and down, pierced into all the dark corners and recesses of the universe, and by that means detected many writings and records which had been hidden or buried by time, chance, or design. This occasioned a wonderful revolution among the people. At the same time, the spoils of extortion, fraud, and robbery, with all the fruits of bribery and corruption, were thrown together in a prodigious pile, that almost reached to the clouds, and was called, "The Mount of Restitution;" to which all injured persons were invited, to receive what belonged to them.

One might see crowds of people in tattered garments come up, and change clothes with others that were dressed with lace and embroidery. Several who

were *Plums*, or very near it, became men of moderate fortunes ; and many others, who were overgrown in wealth and possessions, had no more left than what they usually spent. What moved my concern most was, to see a certain street of the greatest credit in Europe, from one end to the other, become bankrupt.

The next command was "that all the posts of dignity and honour in the universe should be conferred on persons of the greatest merit, abilities, and perfection." The handsome, the strong, and the wealthy immediately pressed forward ; but, not being able to bear the splendour of the mirror, which played upon their faces, they immediately fell back among the crowd : but as the goddess tried the multitude by her glass, as the eagle does its young ones by the lustre of the sun, it was remarkable, that every one turned away his face from it, who had not distinguished himself either by virtue, knowledge, or capacity in business, either military or civil. This select assembly was drawn up in the centre of a prodigious multitude, which was diffused on all sides, and stood observing them, as idle people use to gather about a regiment that are exercising their arms. They were drawn up in three bodies : in the first, were the men of virtue ; in the second, men of knowledge ; and in the third, the men of business. It is impossible to look at the first column without a secret veneration, their aspects were so sweetened with humanity, raised with contemplation, emboldened with resolution, and adorned with the most agreeable airs, which are those that proceed from secret habits of virtue. I could not but take notice, that there were many faces among them which were unknown, not only to the multitude, but even to several of their own body.

In the second column, consisting of the men of knowledge, there had been great disputes before they

Plums, Those having a fortune of £100,000.

A certain street, A reference to the bankers in Lombard Street.

fell into the ranks, which they did not do at last without the positive command of the goddess who presided over the assembly. She had so ordered it, that men of the greatest genius and strongest sense were placed at the head of the column. Behind these were such as had formed their minds very much on the thoughts and writings of others. In the rear of the column were men who had more wit than sense, or more learning than understanding. All living authors of any value were ranged in one of these classes ; but, I must confess, I was very much surprised to see a great body of editors, critics, commentators, and grammarians meet with so very ill a reception. They had formed themselves into a body, and, with a great deal of arrogance, demanded the first station in the column of knowledge ; but, the goddess, instead of complying with their request, clapped them all into liveries, and bid them know themselves for no other but lackeys of the learned.

The third column were men of business, and consisting of persons in military and civil capacities. The former marched out from the rest, and placed themselves in the front ; at which the others shook their heads at them, but did not think fit to dispute the post with them. I could not but make several observations upon this last column of people ; but I have certain private reasons why I do not think fit to communicate them to the public. In order to fill up all the posts of honour, dignity, and profit, there was a draught made out of each column of men, who were masters of all three qualifications in some degree, and were preferred to stations of the first rank. The second draught was made out of such as were possessed of any two of the qualifications, who were disposed of in stations of a second dignity. Those who were left, and were endowed only with one of them, had their suitable posts. When this was over, there remained many places of trust and profit unfilled, for

which there were fresh draughts made out of the surrounding multitude, who had any appearance of these excellencies, or were recommended by those who possessed them in reality.

All were surprised to see so many new faces in the most eminent dignities ; and, for my own part, I was very well pleased to see that all my friends either kept their present posts, or were advanced to higher.

Having filled my paper with those particulars of my vision which concern the male part of mankind, I must reserve for another occasion the sequel of it, which relates to the fair sex.

ADDISON : *Tatler*, No. 100, November 29, 1709.

APPLICATIONS FOR PERMISSION TO CARRY CANES

—Hæ nagæ seria ducunt

In mala, derisum semel, exceptumque sinistre.

HOR. *Ars licet*. ver. 452.

These toys will once to serious mischiefs fall,
When he is laugh'd at, when he's jeer'd by all.

CREECH.

From my own Apartment, December 5.

THERE is nothing gives a man a greater satisfaction, than the sense of having dispatched a great deal of business, especially when it turns to the public emolument. I have much pleasure of this kind upon my spirits at present, occasioned by the fatigue of affairs which I went through last Saturday. It is some time since I set apart that day for examining the pretensions of several who had applied to me for canes, perspective-glasses, snuff-boxes, orange-flower waters,

Perspective-glasses, Spectacles.

and the like ornaments of life. In order to adjust this matter, I had before directed Charles Lillie, of Beaufort Buildings, to prepare a great bundle of blank licences in the following words :

“ You are hereby required to permit the bearer of this cane to pass and repass through the streets and suburbs of London, or any place within ten miles of it, without let or molestation, provided that he does not walk with it under his arm, brandish it in the air, or hang it on a button : in which case it shall be forfeited ; and I hereby declare it forfeited to any one who shall think it safe to take it from him.

“ ISAAC BICKERSTAFF.”

The same form, differing only in the provisos, will serve for a perspective, snuff-box, or perfumed handkerchief. I had placed myself in my elbow-chair at the upper end of my great parlour, having ordered Charles Lillie to take his place upon a joint stool, with a writing-desk before him. John Morpew also took his station at the door ; I having, for his good and faithful services, appointed him my chamber-keeper upon court days. He let me know, that there was a great number attending without. Upon which I ordered him to give notice, that I did not intend to sit upon snuff-boxes that day ; but that those who appeared for canes might enter. The first presented me with the following petition, which I ordered Mr. Lillie to read.

“ *To Isaac Bickerstaff, Esquire, Censor of
Great Britain*

“ The humble petition of Simon Trippit,

“ Showeth,

“ That your petitioner having been bred up to a cane from his youth, it is now become as necessary to him as any other of his limbs.

"That, a great part of his behaviour depending upon it, he should be reduced to the utmost necessities if he should lose the use of it.

"That the knocking of it upon his shoe, leaning one leg upon it, or whistling with it on his mouth, are such great reliefs to him in conversation, that he does not know how to be good company without it.

"That he is at present engaged in an amour, and must despair of success if it be taken from him.

"Your petitioner, therefore, hopes that, the premises tenderly considered, your worship will not deprive him of so useful and so necessary a support.

"And your petitioner shall ever, etc."

Upon hearing of his case, I was touched with some compassion, and the more so, when, upon observing him nearer, I found he was a *Prig*. I bid him produce his cane in court, which he had left at the door. He did so, and I finding it to be very curiously clouded, with a transparent amber head, and a blue ribband to hang upon his wrist, I immediately ordered my clerk, Lillie, to lay it up, and deliver out to him a plain joint, headed with walnut; and then, in order to wean him from it by degrees, permitted him to wear it three days in a week, and to abate proportionably until he found himself able to go alone.

The second who appeared came limping into the court: and setting forth in his petition many pretences for the use of a cane, I caused them to be examined one by one; but finding him in different stories, and confronting him with several witnesses who had seen him walk upright, I ordered Mr. Lillie to take in his cane, and rejected his petition as frivolous.

While I was thus dispensing justice, I heard a noise in my outward room; and inquiring what was the occasion of it, my doorkeeper told me, that they had taken up one in the very fact as he was passing by my door. They immediately brought in a lively fresh-

coloured young man, who made great resistance with hand and foot, but did not offer to make use of his cane, which hung upon his fifth button. Upon examination, I found him to be an Oxford scholar, who was just entered at the Temple. He at first disputed the jurisdiction of the court ; but being driven out of his little law and logic, he told me very pertly, " that he looked upon such a perpendicular creature as man to make a very imperfect figure without a cane in his hand. It is well known," says he, " we ought, according to the natural situation of our bodies, to walk upon our hands and feet ; and that the wisdom of the ancients had described man to be an animal of four legs in the morning, two at noon, and three at night ; by which they intimated, that the cane might very properly become part of us in some period of life." Upon which I asked him, " whether he wore it at his breast to have it in readiness when that period should arrive ? " My young lawyer immediately told me he had a property in it, and a right to hang it where he pleased, and to make use of it as he thought fit, provided that he did not break the peace with it ; " and further said, " that he never took it off his button, unless it were to lift it up at a coachman, hold it over the head of a drawer, point out the circumstances of a story, or for other services of the like nature, that are all within the laws of the land." I did not care for discouraging a young man, who, I saw, would come to good ; and, because his heart was set upon his new purchase, I only ordered him to wear it about his neck, instead of hanging it upon his button, and so dismissed him.

ADDISON and STEELE :

Tatler, No. 103, December 6, 1709.

CHARACTERS OF THE TRUMPET CLUB

Habeo senectuti magnam gratiam, quæ mihi sermonis aviditatem auxit, potionis et cibi sustulit.—TULL. *de Sen.*

I am much beholden to old age, which has increased my eagerness for conversation, in proportion as it has lessened my appetites of hunger and thirst.

Sheer Lane, February 10.

AFTER having applied my mind with more than ordinary attention to my studies, it is my usual custom to relax and unbend it in the conversation of such as are rather easy than shining companions. This I find particularly necessary for me before I retire to rest, in order to draw my slumbers upon me by degrees, and fall asleep insensibly. This is the particular use I make of a set of heavy honest men, with whom I have passed many hours with much indolence, though not with great pleasure. Their conversation is a kind of preparative for sleep: it takes the mind down from its abstractions, leads it into the familiar traces of thought, and lulls it into that state of tranquillity, which is the condition of a thinking man when he is but half awake. After this, my reader will not be surprised to hear the account which I am about to give of a club of my own contemporaries, among whom I pass two or three hours every evening. This I look upon as taking my first nap before I go to bed. The truth of it is, I should think myself unjust to posterity, as well as to the society at the *Trumpet*, of which I am a member, did not I in some part of my writings give

The Trumpet, A public-house in Sheer Lane.

an account of the persons among whom I have passed almost a sixth part of my time for these last forty years. Our club consisted originally of fifteen ; but, partly by the severity of the law in arbitrary times, and partly by the natural effects of old age, we are at present reduced to a third part of that number ; in which, however, we have this consolation, that the best company is said to consist of five persons. I must confess, besides the aforementioned benefit which I meet with in the conversation of this select society, I am not the less pleased with the company, in that I find myself the greatest wit among them, and am heard as their oracle in all points of learning and difficulty.

Sir Jeoffrey Notch, who is the oldest of the club, has been in possession of the right-hand chair time out of mind, and is the only man among us that has the liberty of stirring the fire. This, our foreman, is a gentleman of an ancient family, that came to a great estate some years before he had discretion, and run it out in hounds, horses, and cock-fighting ; for which reason he looks upon himself as an honest, worthy gentleman, who has had misfortunes in the world, and calls every thriving man a pitiful upstart.

Major Matchlock is the next senior, who served in the last civil wars, and has all the battles by heart. He does not think any action in Europe worth talking of since the fight of Marston Moor ; and every night tells us of his having been knocked off his horse at the rising of the London apprentices ; for which he is in great esteem among us.

Honest old Dick Reptile is the third of our society. He is a good-natured indolent man, who speaks little himself, but laughs at our jokes ; and brings his

London apprentices. On July 14, 1647, the London apprentices presented a petition signed by above 10,000 hands ; and on the 26th they forced their way into the House, menacing, until votes had passed desirable to their demands.

young nephew along with him, a youth of eighteen years old, to show him good company, and give him a taste of the world. This young fellow sits generally silent ; but whenever he opens his mouth, or laughs at anything that passes, he is constantly told by his uncle, after a jocular manner, " Ay, ay, Jack, you young men think us fools ; but we old men know you are."

The greatest wit of our company, next to myself, is a bencher of the neighbouring inn, who in his youth frequented the ordinaries about Charing Cross, and pretends to have been intimate with Jack Ogle. He has about ten distichs of Hudibras without book, and never leaves the club until he has applied them all. If any modern wit be mentioned, or any town frolic spoken of, he shakes his head at the dullness of the present age, and tells us a story of Jack Ogle.

For my own part, I am esteemed among them, because they see I am something respected by others ; though at the same time I understand by their behaviour, that I am considered by them as a man of a great deal of learning, but no knowledge of the world ; insomuch, that the major sometimes, in the height of his military pride, calls me the Philosopher : and Sir Jeoffrey, no longer ago than last night, upon a dispute what day of the month it was then in Holland, pulled his pipe out of his mouth, and cried, " What does the scholar say to it ? "

Our club meets precisely at *six o'clock in the evening* ; but I did not come last night until half an hour after seven, by which means I escaped the battle of Naseby, which the major usually begins at about three quarters after six : I found also, that my good friend the bencher had already spent three of his distichs ; and only waited an opportunity to hear a sermon spoken of, that he might introduce the couplet where " a stick " rhymes to " ecclesiastic." At my entrance

into the room, they were naming a red petticoat and a cloak, by which I found that the bencher had been diverting them with a story of Jack Ogle.

I had no sooner taken my seat, but Sir Jeoffrey, to show his goodwill towards me, gave me a pipe of his own tobacco, and stirred up the fire. I look upon it as a point of morality, to be obliged by those who endeavour to oblige me ; and therefore, in requital for his kindness, and to set the conversation a-going, I took the best occasion I could to put him upon telling us the story of old Gantlett, which he always does with very particular concern. He traced up his descent on both sides for several generations, describing his diet and manner of life, with his several battles, and particularly that in which he fell. This Gantlett was a game cock, upon whose head the knight, in his youth, had won five hundred pounds, and lost two thousand. This naturally set the major upon the account of Edgehill fight, and ended in a duel of Jack Ogle's.

Old Reptile was extremely attentive to all that was said, though it was the same he had heard every night for these twenty years, and, upon all occasions, winked upon his nephew to mind what passed.

This may suffice to give the world a taste of our innocent conversation, which we spun out until about ten of the clock, when my maid came with a lantern to light me home. I could not but reflect with myself, as I was going out, upon the talkative humour of old men, and the little figure which that part of life makes in one who cannot employ his natural propensity in discourses which would make him venerable. I must own, it makes me very melancholy in company, when I hear a young man begin a story ; and have often observed, that one of a quarter of an hour long in a man of five-and-twenty, gathers circumstances every time

Jack Ogle. Said to have been descended from a good family in Devonshire. He was a man of some genius and great extravagance, but rather artful than witty.

he tells it, until it grows into a long Canterbury tale of two hours by that time he is threescore.

The only way of avoiding such a trifling and frivolous old age is to lay up in our way to it such stores of knowledge and observation as may make us useful and agreeable in our declining years. The mind of man in a long life will become a magazine of wisdom or folly, and will consequently discharge itself in something impertinent or improving. For which reason, as there is nothing more ridiculous than an old trifling story-teller, so there is nothing more venerable than one who has turned his experience to the entertainment and advantage of mankind.

In short, we, who are in the last stage of life, and are apt to indulge ourselves in talk, ought to consider if what we speak be worth being heard, and endeavour to make our discourse like that of Nestor, which Homer compares to the flowing of honey for its sweetness.

I am afraid I shall be thought guilty of this excess I am speaking of, when I cannot conclude without observing, that Milton certainly thought of this passage in Homer, when, in his description of an eloquent spirit, he says,

“His tongue dropped manna.”

STEELE: *Tatler*, No. 132, February 11, 1709-10.

AN ACCOUNT OF A FEMALE CONCERT

—— Facile est inventis addere. ——

It is easy to improve an invention.

From my own Apartment, April 10.

I WAS last night in an assembly of very fine women. How I came among them is of no great importance to

the reader. I shall only let him know, that I was betrayed into so good company by the device of an old friend, who had promised to give some of his female acquaintance a sight of Mr. Bickerstaff. Upon hearing my name mentioned, a lady who sat by me told me they had brought together a female *consort* for my entertainment. "You must know," says she, "that we all of us look upon ourselves to be musical instruments, though we do not yet know of what kind ; which we hope to learn from you, if you will give us leave to play before you." This was followed by a general laugh, which I always look upon as a necessary flourish in the opening of a female *consort*. They then struck up together, and played a whole hour upon two grounds ; viz. the Trial and the Opera. I could not but observe, that several of their notes were more soft, and several more sharp, than any that I ever heard in a male *consort* ; though I must confess, there was not any regard to time, nor any of those rests and pauses which are frequent in the harmony of the other sex : besides that the music was generally full, and no particular instrument permitted to play long by itself.

I seemed so very well pleased with what every one said, and smiled with so much complaisance at all their pretty fancies, that though I did not put one word into their discourse, I have the vanity to think they looked upon me as very agreeable company. I then told them, "that if I were to draw the picture of so many charming musicians, it should be like one I had seen of the muses, with their several instruments in their hands ;" upon which the lady Kettle-drum tossed back her head, and cried, "A very pretty simile !" The *consort* again revived ; in which, with nods, smiles, and approbations, I bore the part rather of one who beats the time, than of a performer.

The Trial. A reference to the trial of Dr. Sacheverell, then a principal topic of conversation.

I was no sooner retired to my lodgings, but I ran over in my thoughts the several characters of this fair assembly ; which I shall give some account of, because they are various in their kind, and may each of them stand as a sample of a whole species.

The person who pleased me most was a Flute, an instrument, that, without any great compass, hath something exquisitely sweet and soft in its sound : it lulls and soothes the ear, and fills it with such a gentle kind of melody, as keeps the mind awake without startling it, and raises a most agreeable passion between transport and indolence. In short, the music of the Flute is the conversation of a mild and amiable woman, that has nothing in it very elevated, nor, at the same time, anything mean or trivial.

I must here observe, that the Hautboy is the most perfect of the *Flute species*, which, with all the sweetness of the sound, hath a great strength and variety of notes ; though at the same time I must observe, that the Hautboy in one sex is as scarce as the Harpsichord in the other.

By the side of the Flute there sat a Flageolet ; for so I must call a certain young lady, who, fancying herself a wit, despised the music of the Flute as low and insipid, and would be entertaining the company with tart ill-natured observations, pert fancies, and little turns, which she imagined to be full of life and spirit. The Flageolet therefore doth not differ from the Flute so much in the compass of its notes, as in the shrillness and sharpness of the sound. We must, however, take notice, that the Flageolets among their own sex are more valued and esteemed than the Flutes.

There chanced to be a Coquette in the *consort*, that, with a great many skittish notes, affected squeaks, and studied inconsistencies, distinguished herself from the rest of the company. She did not speak a word during the whole Trial ; but I thought she would

never have done upon the Opera. One while she would break out upon, "That hideous king!" then upon "The charming black-moor!" then, "O that dear lion!" then would hum over two or three notes; then run to the window to see what coach was coming. The Coquette, therefore, I must distinguish by that musical instrument which is commonly known by the name of a Kit, that is more jiggish than the Fiddle itself, and never sounds but to dance.

The fourth person who bore a part in the conversation was a Prude, who stuck to the Trial, and was silent upon the whole Opera. The gravity of her censures, and composure of her voice, which were often attended with supercilious casts of the eye, and a seeming contempt for the lightness of the conversation, put me in mind of that ancient, serious, matron-like instrument, the Virginal.

I must not pass over in silence a Lancashire Hornpipe, by which I would signify a young country lady, who, with a great deal of mirth and innocence, diverted the company very agreeably; and, if I am not mistaken, by that time the wildness of her notes is a little softened, and the redundancy of her music restrained by conversation and good company, will be improved into one of the most amiable Flutes about the town. Your Romps and boarding-school girls fall likewise under this denomination.

On the right hand of the Hornpipe sat a *Welsh Harp*, an instrument which very much delights in the tunes of old historical ballads, and in celebrating the renowned actions and exploits of ancient British heroes. By this instrument I therefore would describe a certain lady, who is one of those female historians that upon all occasions enters into pedigrees and descents, and finds herself related, by some off-shoot or other, to almost every great family in England: for which reason, she jars and

is out of tune very often in conversation, for the company's want of due attention and respect to her.

But the most sonorous part of our *consort* was a *Shedrum*, or, as the vulgar call it, a *Kettle-drum*, who accompanied her discourse with motions of the body, tosses of the head, and brandishes of the fan. Her music was loud, bold, and masculine. Every thump she gave alarmed the company, and very often set somebody or other in it a-blushing.

The last I shall mention was a certain romantic instrument called a *Dulcimer*, who talked of nothing but shady woods, flowery meadows, purling streams, larks, and nightingales, with all the beauties of the spring, and the pleasures of a country life. This instrument hath a fine melancholy sweetness in it, and goes very well with the *Flute*.

I think most of the conversable part of womankind may be found under one of the foregoing divisions ; but it must be confessed, that the generality of that sex, notwithstanding they have naturally a great genius for being talkative, are not mistresses of more than one note ; with which, however, by frequent repetition, they make a greater sound than those who are possessed of the whole *Gamut* ; as may be observed in your *Larums* or *Household-scolds*, and in your *Castanets* or impertinent *Tittle-tattles*, who have no other variety in their discourse but that of talking slower or faster.

Upon communicating this scheme of music to an old friend of mine, who was formerly a man of gallantry, and a rover, he told me, " that he believed he had been in love with every instrument in my *consort*." The first that smit him was a *Hornpipe*, who lived near his father's house in the country ; but upon his failing to meet her at an assize, according to appointment, she cast him off. His next passion was for a *Kettle-drum*, whom he fell in love with at a play ; but when he

became acquainted with her, not finding the softness of her sex in her conversation, he grew cool to her ; though at the same time he could not deny but that she behaved herself very much like a gentlewoman. His third mistress was a Dulcimer, who, he found, took great delight in sighing and languishing, but would go no farther than the preface of matrimony ; so that she would never let a lover have any more of her than her heart, which after having won, he was forced to leave her, as despairing of any further success. I must confess, says my friend, I have often considered her with a great deal of admiration ; and I find her pleasure is so much in this first step of an amour, that her life will pass away in dream, solitude, and soliloquy, until her decay of charms makes her snatch at the worst man that ever pretended to her. In the next place, says my friend, " I fell in love with a Kit, who led me such a dance through all the varieties of a familiar, cold, fond, and indifferent behaviour, that the world began to grow censorious, though without any cause ; for which reason, to recover our reputations, we parted by consent. To mend my hand," says he, " I made my next application to a Virginal, who gave me great encouragement, after her cautious manner, until some malicious companion told her of my long passion for the Kit, which made her turn me off as a scandalous fellow. At length, in despair," says he, " I betook myself to a *Welsh* harp, who rejected me with contempt, after having found that my great-grandmother was a brewer's daughter."

I found by the sequel of my friend's discourse, that he had never aspired to a Hautboy ; that he had been exasperated by a Flageolet ; and that, to this very day, he pines away for a Flute.

Upon the whole, having thoroughly considered how absolutely necessary it is that two instruments, which are to play together for life, should be exactly tuned, and go in perfect *consort* with each other, I would pro-

pose matches between the music of both sexes, according to the following "Table of Marriage:"

1. Drum and *Kettle*-drum.
2. Lute and Flute.
3. Harpsichord and Hautboy.
4. Violin and Flageolet.
5. Bass-Viol and Kit.
6. Trumpet and *Welsh* harp.
7. Hunting-horn and Hornpipe.
8. Bagpipe and Castanet.
9. *Passing*-Bell and Virginal.

ADDISON: *Tatler*, No. 157, April 11, 1710.

THE POLITICAL UPHOLSTERER

From my own Apartment, April 17.

A COMMON civility to an impertinent fellow often draws upon one a great many unforeseen troubles; and, if one doth not take particular care, will be interpreted by him as an overture of friendship and intimacy. This I was very sensible of this morning. About two hours before day, I heard a great rapping at my door, which continued some time, until my maid could get herself ready to go down and see what was the occasion of it. She then brought me up word, that there was a gentleman who seemed very much in haste, and said he must needs speak with me. By the description she gave me of him, and by his voice, which I could hear as I lay in my bed, I fancied him to be my old acquaintance the upholsterer, whom I met the other day in St. James's Park. For which reason, I bid her tell the gentleman, whoever he was, "that I was indisposed; that I could see nobody: and that, if he had anything to say to me, I desired he would leave it in writing." My maid, after having delivered her mes-

sage, told me that the gentleman said he would stay at the next coffee-house until I was stirring ; and bid her be sure to tell me that the French were driven from the scarp, and that Douay was invested." He gave her the name of another town, which I found she had dropped by the way.

As much as I love to be informed of the success of my brave countrymen, I do not care for hearing of a victory before day ; and was therefore very much out of humour at this unseasonable visit. I had no sooner recovered my temper, and was falling asleep, but I was immediately startled by a second rap ; and upon my maid's opening the door, heard the same voice ask her if her master was up yet ? and at the same time bid her tell me, that he was come on purpose to talk with me about a piece of home news, which everybody in town will be full of two hours hence. I ordered my maid, as soon as she came into the room, without hearing her message, to tell the gentleman, " that whatever his news was, I would rather hear it two hours hence than now ; and that I persisted in my resolution not to speak with anybody that morning." The wench delivered my answer presently, and shut the door. It was impossible for me to compose myself to sleep after two such unexpected alarms ; for which reason, I put on my clothes in a very peevish humour. I took several turns about my chamber, reflecting with a great deal of anger and contempt on these volunteers in politics, that undergo all the pain, watchfulness, and disquiet of a first minister, without turning it to the advantage either of themselves or their country ; and yet it is surprising to consider how numerous this species of men is. There is nothing more frequent than to find a tailor breaking his rest on the affairs of Europe, and to see a cluster of porters sitting upon the ministry. Our streets swarm with politicians, and there is scarce a shop which is not held by a statesman. As I was musing after this manner, I heard the up-

holsterer at the door delivering a letter to my maid, and begging her, in a very great hurry, to give it to her master as soon as ever he was awake ; which I opened, and found as follows :

“ MR. BICKERSTAFF,

“ I was to wait upon you about a week ago, to let you know that the honest gentlemen whom you conversed with upon the bench, at the end of the Mall, having heard that I had received five shillings of you, to give you a hundred pounds upon the great Turk’s being driven out of Europe, desired me to acquaint you, that every one of that company would be willing to receive five shillings, to pay a hundred pounds on the same condition. Our last advices from Muscovy making this a fairer bet than it was a week ago, I do not question but you will accept the wager.

“ But this is not my present business. If you remember, I whispered a word in your ear, as we were walking up the Mall ; and you see what has happened since. If I had seen you this morning, I would have told you in your ear another secret. I hope you will be recovered of your indisposition by to-morrow morning, when I will wait on you at the same hour as I did this ; my private circumstances being such, that I cannot well appear in this quarter of the town after it is day.

“ I have been so taken up with the late good news from Holland, and expectation of further particulars, as well as with other transactions, of which I will tell you more to-morrow morning, that I have not slept a wink these three nights.

“ I have reason to believe that Picardy will soon follow the example of Artois, in case the enemy continue in their present resolution of flying away from us. I think I told you the last time we were together my opinion about the Deulle.

“ The honest gentleman upon the bench bid me tell you, that he would be glad to see you often among

them. We shall be there all the warm hours of the day during the present posture of affairs.

“ This happy opening of the campaign will, I hope, give us a very joyful summer ; and I propose to take many a pleasant walk with you, if you will sometimes come into the Park ; for that is the only place in which I can be free from the malice of my enemies. Farewell, until three of the clock to-morrow morning !

“ I am, your most humble servant, &c.

“ P.S. The king of Sweden is still at Bender.”

I should have fretted myself to death at this promise of a second visit, if I had not found in his letter an intimation of the good news which I have since heard at large. I have, however, ordered my maid to tie up the knocker of my door, in such a manner as she would do if I was really indisposed. By which means I hope to escape breaking my morning's rest.

ADDISON : *Tatler*, No. 160, April 18, 1710.

ON THE DEATH OF BETTERTON

Segnius irritant animos demissa per aures,
Quam quæ sunt oculis submissa fidelibus.—

HOR.

—————What we hear,
With weaker passion will affect the heart,
Than when the faithful eye beholds the part.

FRANCIS.

From my own Apartment, May 2.

HAVING received notice that the famous actor, Mr. Betterton, was to be interred this evening in the cloisters near Westminster Abbey, I was resolved to

walk thither ; and see the last office done to a man whom I had always very much admired, and from whose action I had received more strong impressions of what is great and noble in human nature, than from the arguments of the most solid philosophers, or the descriptions of the most charming poets I had read. As the rude and untaught multitude are no way wrought upon more effectually than by seeing public punishments and executions, so men of letters and education feel their humanity most forcibly exercised when they attend the obsequies of men who had arrived at any perfection in liberal accomplishments. Theatrical action is to be esteemed as such, except it be objected that we cannot call that an art which cannot be attained by art. Voice, stature, motion, and other gifts must be very bountifully bestowed by nature, or labour and industry will but push the unhappy endeavourer in that way the further off his wishes.

Such an actor as Mr. Betterton ought to be recorded with the same respect as Roscius among the Romans. The greatest orator has thought fit to quote his judgment, and celebrate his life. Roscius was the example to all that would form themselves into proper and winning behaviour. His action was so well adapted to the sentiments he expressed, that the youth of Rome thought they wanted only to be virtuous, to be

Thomas Betterton (1635 ?-1710), the most famous actor of the times, has been accounted one of the greatest Hamlets (see Cibber's *Apology*). He made his first appearance in this part in 1661. In 1695, on the secession of the actors from Drury Lane Theatre, Betterton attempted to manage a newly formed company at Lincoln Inn Fields ; but, finding managerial responsibility a sore trial, he gave up his position on the opening of the Queen's Theatre in the Haymarket in 1705. He continued to act, however, until just before his death in 1710, his most famous appearance after 1705 being that mentioned in *Tatler*, No. 1, a benefit performance, which brought him a much needed £500. Of him Pepys writes (November 4, 1661), "But for Betterton, he is called by us both the best actor in the world."

as graceful in their appearance as Roscius. The imagination took a lively impression of what was great and good ; and they, who never thought of setting up for the art of imitation, became themselves inimitable characters.

There is no human invention so aptly calculated for the forming a free-born people as that of a theatre. Tully reports, that the celebrated player of whom I am speaking, used frequently to say, " The perfection of an actor is only to become what he is doing." Young men, who are too unattentive to receive lectures, are irresistibly taken with performances. Hence it is, that I extremely lament the little relish the gentry of this nation have, at present, for the just and noble representations in some of our tragedies. The operas, which are of late introduced, can leave no trace behind them that can be of service beyond the present moment. To sing and to dance are accomplishments very few have any thoughts of practising ; but to speak justly, and move gracefully, is what every man thinks he does perform, or wishes he did.

I have hardly a notion that any performer of antiquity could surpass the action of Mr. Betterton in any of the occasions in which he has appeared on our stage. The wonderful agony which he appeared in, when he examined the circumstance of the handkerchief in Othello ; the mixture of love that intruded upon his mind, upon the innocent answers Desdemona makes, betrayed in his gesture such a variety and vicissitude of passions, as would admonish a man to be afraid of his own heart ; and perfectly convince him that it is to stab it, to admit that worst of daggers, jealousy. Whoever reads in his closet this admirable scene, will find that he cannot, except he has as warm an imagination as Shakespeare himself, find any but dry, incoherent, and broken sentences : but a reader that has seen Betterton act it, observes there could not be a word added ; that longer speeches had been

unnatural, nay, impossible, in Othello's circumstances. The charming passage in the same tragedy, where he tells the manner of winning the affection of his mistress, was urged with so moving and graceful an energy, that, while I walked in the cloisters, I thought of him with the same concern as if I waited for the remains of a person who had in real life done all that I had seen him represent. The gloom of the place, and faint lights before the ceremony appeared, contributed to the melancholy disposition I was in ; and I began to be extremely afflicted, that Brutus and Cassius had any difference ; that Hotspur's gallantry was so unfortunate ; and that the mirth and good humour of Falstaff could not exempt him from the grave. Nay, this occasion, in me who look upon the distinctions amongst men to be merely scenical, raised reflections upon the emptiness of all human perfection and greatness in general ; and I could not but regret that the sacred heads which lie buried in the neighbourhood of this little portion of earth, in which my poor old friend is deposited, are returned to dust as well as he, and that there is no difference in the grave between the imaginary and the real monarch. This made me say of human life itself, with Macbeth—

To-morrow, to-morrow, and to-morrow,
 Creeps in a stealing pace from day to day
 To the last moment of recorded time !
 And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
 To their eternal night ! Out, out, short candle,
 Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
 That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
 And then is heard no more.

STEELE : *Tatler*, No. 167, May 4, 1710.*

* Isaac Bickerstaff does not appear to have verified his quotations.—EDITOR.

FROZEN VOICES

Splendidè mendax.—HOR. 2 *Od.* iii. 35.

Gloriously false.—FRANCIS.

From my own Apartment, November 22.

THERE are no books which I more delight in than in travels, especially those that describe remote countries, and give the writer an opportunity of showing his parts without incurring any danger of being examined or contradicted. Among all the authors of this kind, our renowned countryman, Sir John Mandeville, has distinguished himself by the copiousness of his invention, and the greatness of his genius. The second to Sir John I take to have been Ferdinand Mendez Pinto, a person of infinite adventure, and unbounded imagination. One reads the voyages of these two great wits with as much astonishment as the travels of Ulysses in Homer, or of the Red Cross Knight in Spenser. All is enchanted ground and fairy-land.

I have got into my hands, by great chance, several *manuscripts* of these two eminent authors, which are filled with greater wonders than any of those they have communicated to the public ; and indeed, were they not so well attested, they would appear altogether improbable. I am apt to think the ingenious authors did

Sir John Mandeville, the author of the *Voyage and Travel*, claimed in the Prologue to be an Englishman and to have experienced the adventures related in the book. In reality it is a book of wonders composed by a Frenchman, Jean de Bourgoyne, who died at Liège in 1372, after which date a translation into English was made. To the fourteenth and following centuries the book was what Robinson Crusoe has been to generations of boys since his creation by Defoe.

Mendez Pinto. A Portuguese of humble birth, a great adventurer, and no common genius, who wrote voyages and travels, remarkable for their marvellous exaggeration.

not publish them with the rest of their works, lest they should pass for fictions and fables : a caution not unnecessary, when the reputation of their veracity was not yet established in the world. But as this reason has now no further weight, I shall make the public a present of these curious pieces, at such times as I shall find myself unprovided with other subjects.

The present paper I intend to fill with an *extract* from Sir John's journal, in which that learned and worthy knight gives an account of the freezing and thawing of several short speeches, which he made in the territories of Nova Zembla. I need not inform my reader, that the author of Hudibras alludes to this strange quality in that cold climate, when, speaking of abstracted notions clothed in visible shape, he adds that apt simile—

“ Like words congealed in northern air.”

Not to keep my reader any longer in suspense, the relation, put into modern language, is as follows :

“ We were separated by a storm in the latitude of *seventy-three*, insomuch that only the ship which I was in, with a Dutch and French vessel, got safe into a creek of Nova Zembla. We landed, in order to refit our vessels and store ourselves with provisions. The crew of each vessel made themselves a cabin of turf and wood, at some distance from each other, to fence themselves against the inclemencies of the weather, which was severe beyond imagination. We soon observed, that in talking to one another we lost several of our words, and could not hear one another at above two yards' distance, and that too when we sat very near the fire. After much perplexity, I found that our words froze in the air before they could reach the ears of the persons to whom they were spoken. I was soon confirmed in this conjecture, when, upon the increase of the cold, the whole company grew dumb, or rather deaf ; for every man was sensible, as we afterwards

found, that he spoke as well as ever ; but the sounds no sooner took air than they were condensed and lost. It was now a miserable spectacle to see us nodding and gaping at one another, every man talking, and no man heard. One might observe a seaman that could hail a ship at a league's distance, beckoning with his hand, straining his lungs, and tearing his throat ; but all in vain—

“ ——— Nec vox nec verba sequuntur.—OVID.

“ Nor voice, nor words ensued.

“ We continued here three weeks in this dismal plight. At length, upon a turn of wind, the air about us began to thaw. Our cabin was immediately filled with a dry clattering sound, which I afterwards found to be the crackling of consonants that broke above our heads, and were often mixed with a gentle hissing, which I imputed to the letter *s*, that occurs so frequently in the English tongue. I soon after felt a breeze of whispers rushing by my ear ; for those, being of a soft and gentle substance, immediately liquefied in the warm wind that blew across our cabin. These were soon followed by syllables and short words, and at length by entire sentences, that melted sooner or later, as they were more or less congealed ; so that we now heard everything that had been *spoken* during the whole three weeks that we had been *silent*, if I may use that expression. It was now very early in the morning, and yet, to my surprise, I heard somebody say, ‘ Sir John, it is midnight, and time for the ship’s crew to go to bed.’ This I knew to be the pilot’s voice ; and, upon recollecting myself, I concluded that he had spoken these words to me some days before, though I could not hear them until the present thaw. My reader will easily imagine how the whole crew was amazed to hear every man talking, and see no man opening his mouth. In the midst of this great surprise we were all in, we heard a volley of oaths and curses,

lasting for a long while, and uttered in a very hoarse voice, which I knew belonged to the boatswain, who was a very choleric fellow, and had taken his opportunity of cursing and swearing at me when he thought I could not hear him ; for I had several times given him the strappado on that account, as I did not fail to repeat it for these his pious soliloquies, when I got him on ship-board.

“ I must not omit the names of several beauties in Wapping, which were heard every now and then, in the midst of a long sigh that accompanied them ; as, ‘ Dear Kate ! ’ ‘ Pretty Mrs. Peggy ! ’ ‘ When shall I see my Sue again ! ’ This betrayed several amours which had been concealed until that time, and furnished us with a great deal of mirth in our return to England.

“ When this confusion of voices was pretty well over, though I was afraid to offer at speaking, as fearing I should not be heard, I proposed a visit to the Dutch cabin, which lay about a mile farther up in the country. My crew were extremely rejoiced to find they had again recovered their hearing ; though every man uttered his voice with the same apprehensions that I had done—

“ —Et timide verba intermissu retentat.

OVID. *Met.* i. 747.

“ And try’d his tongue, his silence softly broke.—DRYD.

“ At about half a mile’s distance from our cabin we heard the groanings of a bear, which at first startled us ; but, upon inquiry, we were informed by some of our company, that he was dead, and now lay in salt, having been killed upon that very spot about a fortnight before, in the time of the frost. Not far from the same place, we were likewise entertained with some posthumous snarls, and barkings of a fox.

“ We at length arrived at the little Dutch settlement ; and, upon entering the room, found it filled

with sighs that smelt of brandy, and several other unsavoury sounds, that were altogether inarticulate. My valet, who was an Irishman, fell into so great a rage at what he heard, that he drew his sword ; but not knowing where to lay the blame, he put it up again. We were stunned with these confused noises, but did not hear a single word until about half an hour after ; which I ascribed to the harsh and obdurate sounds of that language, which wanted more time than ours to melt, and become audible.

“ After having here met with a very hearty welcome, we went to the cabin of the French, who, to make amends for their three weeks’ silence, were talking and disputing with greater rapidity and confusion than I ever heard in an assembly, even of that nation. Their language, as I found, upon the first giving of the weather, fell asunder and dissolved. I was here convinced of an error into which I had before fallen : for I fancied, that for the freezing of the sound, it was necessary for it to be wrapped up, and, as it were, preserved in breath : but I found my mistake when I heard the sound of a kit playing a minuet over our heads. I asked the occasion of it ; upon which one of the company told me that it would play there above a week longer ; ‘ for,’ says he, ‘ finding ourselves bereft of speech, we prevailed upon one of the company, who had his musical instrument about him, to play to us from morning to night ; all which time we employed in dancing, in order to dissipate our chagrin, *et tuer le temps.*’ ”

Here Sir John gives very good philosophical reasons why the kit could not be heard during the frost ; but, as they are something prolix, I pass them over in silence, and shall only observe, that the honourable author seems, by his quotations, to have been well versed in the ancient poets, which perhaps raised his fancy above the ordinary pitch of historians, and very much contributed to the embellishment of his writings.

ADDISON : *Tatler*, No. 254, November 23, 1710.

ON THE DIFFERENT HOURS KEPT
IN MODERN TIMES

Minimâ contentos nocte Britannos.

JUV. *Sat.* ii. 161.

Britons contented with the shortest night.

From my own Apartment, December 13.

AN old friend of mine being lately come to town, I went to see him on Tuesday last about eight o'clock in the evening, with a design to sit with him an hour or two, and talk over old stories ; but, upon inquiry after him, I found he was gone to bed. The next morning, as soon as I was up and dressed, and had dispatched a little business, I came again to my friend's house about eleven o'clock, with a design to renew my visit ; but, upon asking for him, his servant told me he was just sat down to dinner. In short, I found that my old-fashioned friend religiously adhered to the example of his forefathers, and observed the same hours that had been kept in the family ever since the Conquest.

It is very plain that the night was much longer formerly in this island than it is at present. By the night, I mean that portion of time which nature has thrown into darkness, and which the wisdom of mankind had formerly dedicated to rest and silence. This used to begin at eight o'clock in the evening, and conclude at six in the morning. The curfew, or eight o'clock bell, was the signal throughout the nation for putting out their candles and going to bed.

Our grandmothers, though they were wont to sit up the last in the family, were all of them fast asleep at the same hours that their daughters are busy at crimp and basset. Modern statesmen are concerting schemes, and engaged in the depths of politics, at the

time when their forefathers were laid down quietly to rest, and had nothing in their heads but dreams. As we have thus thrown business and pleasure into the hours of rest, and by that means made the natural night but half as long as it should be, we are forced to piece it out with a great part of the morning ; so that near two-thirds of the nation lie fast asleep for several hours in broad daylight. This irregularity is grown so very fashionable at present, that there is scarce a lady of quality in Great Britain that ever saw the sun rise. And, if the humour increases in proportion to what it has done of late years, it is not impossible but our children may hear the bellman going about the streets at nine o'clock in the morning, and the watch making their rounds until eleven. This unaccountable disposition in mankind to continue awake in the night, and sleep in the sunshine, has made me inquire whether the same change of inclination has happened to any other animals ? For this reason, I desired a friend of mine in the country to let me know, whether the lark rises as early as he did formerly ; and whether the cock begins to crow at his usual hour. My friend has answered me, " that his poultry are as regular as ever, and that all the birds and beasts of his neighbourhood keep the same hours that they have observed in the memory of man ; and the same which, in all probability, they have kept for these five thousand years."

If you would see the innovations that have been made among us in this particular, you may only look into the hours of colleges, where they still *dine at eleven*, and *sup at six*, which were doubtless the hours of the whole nation at the time when those places were founded. But at present, the courts of justice are scarce opened in Westminster Hall at the time when William Rufus used to go to dinner in it. All business is driven forward. The landmarks of our fathers, if I may so call them, are removed, and planted further up into the day ; insomuch, that I am afraid our clergy

will be obliged, if they expect full congregations, not to look any more upon ten o'clock in the morning as a canonical hour. In my own memory, the dinner has crept by degrees from *twelve* o'clock to *three*, and where it will fix nobody knows.

I have sometimes thought to draw up a memorial in the behalf of Supper against Dinner, setting forth that the said Dinner has made several encroachments upon the said Supper, and entered very far upon his frontiers ; that he has banished him out of several families, and in all has driven him from his headquarters, and forced him to make his retreat into the hours of midnight ; and, in short, that he is now in danger of being entirely confounded and lost in a breakfast. Those who have read Lucian, and seen the complaints of the letter *T* against *S*, upon account of many injuries and usurpations of the same nature, will not, I believe, think such a memorial forced and unnatural. If dinner has been thus postponed, or, if you please, kept back from time to time, you may be sure that it has been in compliance with the other business of the day, and that supper has still observed a proportionable distance. There is a venerable proverb, which we have all of us heard in our infancy, of " putting the children to bed, and laying the goose to the fire." This was one of the jocular sayings of our forefathers, but may be properly used in the literal sense at present. Who would not wonder at this perverted relish of those who are reckoned the most polite part of mankind, that prefer sea-coals and candles to the sun, and exchange so many cheerful morning hours for the pleasures of midnight revels and debauches ? If a man was only to consult his health, he would choose to live his whole time, if possible, in daylight ; and to retire out of the world into silence and sleep while the raw damps and unwholesome vapours fly abroad, without a sun to disperse, moderate, or control them. For my own part, I value an hour in the morning as much as common

libertines do an hour at midnight. When I find myself awakened into being, and perceive my life renewed within me, and at the same time see the whole face of nature recovered out of the dark uncomfortable state in which it lay for several hours, my heart overflows with such secret sentiments of joy and gratitude as are a kind of implicit praise to the great Author of Nature. The mind, in these early seasons of the day, is so refreshed in all its faculties, and borne up with such new supplies of animal spirits, that she finds herself in a state of youth, especially when she is entertained with the breath of flowers, the melody of birds, the dews that hang upon the plants, and all those other sweets of nature that are peculiar to the morning.

It is impossible for a man to have this relish of being, this exquisite taste of life, who does not come into the world before it is in all its noise and hurry ; who loses the rising of the sun, the still hours of the day, and, immediately upon his first getting up, plunges himself into the ordinary cares or follies of the world.

I shall conclude this paper with Milton's inimitable description of Adam's awakening his Eve in Paradise, which indeed would have been a place as little delightful as a barren heath or desert to those who slept in it. The fondness of the posture in which Adam is represented, and the softness of his whisper, are passages in this divine poem that are above all commendation, and rather to be admired than praised.

Now Morn, her rosy steps in th' eastern clime
Advancing, sow'd the earth with orient pearl,
When Adam wak'd, so custom'd ; for his sleep
Was airy-light from pure digestion bred,
And temperate vapours bland, which th' only sound
Of leaves and fuming rills, Aurora's fan,
Lightly dispers'd, and the shrill matin song
Of birds on every bough ; so much the more
His wonder was to find unwak'n'd Eve,
With tresses discompos'd, and glowing cheek,
As through unquiet rest. He, on his side

Leaning half-rais'd, with looks of cordial love
 Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld
 Beauty, which, whether waking or asleep,
 Shot forth peculiar graces. Then, with voice
 Mild as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes,
 Her hand soft touching, whisper'd thus : Awake,
 My fairest, my espous'd, my latest found,
 Heaven's last best gift, my ever-new delight !
 Awake ; the morning shines, and the fresh field
 Calls us ; we lose the prime, to mark how spring
 Our tended plants, how blows the citron grove,
 What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed,
 How nature paints her colours, how the bee
 Sits on the bloom extracting liquid sweet.

Such whispering wak'd her, but with startled eye
 On Adam, whom embracing, thus she spake :

O sole ! in whom my thoughts find all repose,
 My glory, my perfection, glad I see
 Thy face, and morn return'd——

MILTON's *Par. Lost*, b. v. l. 1, etc.

STEELE : *Tatler*, No. 263, December 14, 1710.

On the hours kept in the eighteenth century, see also Pope,
Epistle to Augustus.

JOURNAL OF THE COURT OF HONOUR

Arbiter hic igitur factus de lite jocosâ.

— OVID. *Met.* iii. 331.

————— Him therefore they create
 The sov'reign umpire of their droll debate.

CONTINUATION OF THE JOURNAL OF THE COURT OF HONOUR, ETC.

As soon as the court was sat, the ladies of the bench
 presented, according to order, a table of all the laws

Court was sat. For the institution of the Court of Honour, see
Tatler, No. 250.

now in force relating to visits and visiting-days, methodically digested under their respective heads, which the censor ordered to be laid upon the table, and afterwards proceeded upon the business of the day.

Henry Heedless, Esquire, was indicted by Colonel Touchy, of her majesty's trained bands, upon an action of assault and battery ; for that he, the said Mr. Heedless, having espied a feather upon the shoulder of the said colonel, struck it off gently with the end of a walking-staff, value threepence. It appeared that the prosecutor did not think himself injured until a few days after the aforesaid blow was given him ; but that having ruminated with himself for several days and conferred upon it with other officers of the militia, he concluded that he had in effect been cudgelled by Mr. Heedless, and that he ought to resent it accordingly. The counsel for the prosecutor alleged, that the shoulder was the tenderest part in a man of honour ; that it had a natural antipathy to a stick ; and that every touch of it, with anything made in the fashion of a cane, was to be interpreted as a wound in that part, and a violation of the person's honour who received it. Mr. Heedless replied, " that what he had done was out of kindness to the prosecutor, as not thinking it proper for him to appear at the head of the trained bands with a feather upon his shoulder ; " and further added, " that the stick he had made use of on this occasion was so very small, that the prosecutor could not have felt it had he broken it on his shoulders." The censor hereupon directed the jury to examine into the nature of the staff, for that a great deal would depend upon that particular. Upon which he explained to them the different degrees of offence that might be given by the touch of crab-tree from that of cane, and by the touch of cane from that of a plain hazel stick. The jury, after a short perusal

of the staff, declared their opinion by the mouth of their foreman, "that the substance of the staff was British oak." The censor then observing that there was some dust on the skirts of the criminal's coat, ordered the prosecutor to beat it off with the aforesaid oaken plant; "and thus," said the censor, "I shall decide this cause by the law of retaliation. If Mr. Heedless did the colonel a good office, the colonel will by this means return it in kind; but if Mr. Heedless should at any time boast that he had cudgelled the colonel, or laid his staff over his shoulders, the colonel might boast, in his turn, that he has brushed Mr. Heedless's jacket, or, to use the phrase of an ingenious author, that he has rubbed him down with an oaken towel."

Benjamin Busy, of London, merchant, was indicted by Jasper Tattle, Esquire, for having pulled out his watch, and looked upon it thrice while the said Esquire Tattle was giving him an account of the funeral of the said Esquire Tattle's first wife. The prisoner alleged, in his defence, that he was going to buy stocks at the time when he met the prosecutor; and that, during the story of the prosecutor, the said stocks rose above two per cent., to the great detriment of the prisoner. The prisoner further brought several witnesses to prove that the said Jasper Tattle, Esquire, was a most notorious story-teller; that, before he met the prisoner, he had hindered one of the prisoner's acquaintance from the pursuit of his lawful business, with the account of his second marriage; and that he had detained another by the button of his coat that very morning, until he had heard several witty sayings and contrivances of the prosecutor's eldest son, who was a boy of about five years of age. Upon the whole matter Mr. Bickerstaff dismissed the accusation as frivolous, and sentenced the prosecutor "to pay damages to the prisoner, for what the prisoner had lost by giving him so long and patient a hearing." He

further reprimanded the prosecutor very severely, and told him "that if he proceeded in his usual manner to interrupt the business of mankind, he would set a fine upon him for every quarter of an hour's impertinence, and regulate the said fine according as the time of the person so injured should appear to be more or less precious."

Sir Paul Swash, Knight, was indicted by Peter Double, gentleman, for not returning the bow which he received of the said Peter Double, on Wednesday the sixth instant, at the playhouse in the Haymarket. The prisoner denied the receipt of any such bow, and alleged in his defence, that the prosecutor would oftentimes look full in his face, but that when he bowed to the said prosecutor, he would take no notice of it, or bow to somebody else that sat quite on the other side of him. He likewise alleged, that several ladies had complained of the prosecutor, who, after ogling them a quarter of an hour, upon their making a curtsy to him, would not return the civility of a bow. The censor observing several glances of the prosecutor's eye, and perceiving that when he talked to the court he looked upon the jury, found reason to suspect there was a wrong cast in his sight, which, upon examination, proved true. The censor therefore ordered the prisoner, that he might not produce any more confusions in public assemblies, "never to bow to anybody whom he did not at the time call to by name."

Oliver Bluff and Benjamin Browbeat were indicted for going to fight a duel since the erection of the "Court of Honour." It appeared that they were both taken up in the street as they passed by the court on their way to the fields behind Montague House. The criminals would answer nothing for themselves, but that they were going to execute a challenge which had been made a week before the "Court of Honour" was erected. The censor finding some reason to suspect, by the sturdiness of their behaviour, that they were

not so very brave as they would have the court believe them, ordered them both to be searched by the grand jury, who found a breastplate upon the one, and two quires of paper upon the other. The breastplate was immediately ordered to be hung upon a peg over Mr. Bickerstaff's tribunal, and the paper to be laid upon the table for the use of his clerk. He then ordered the criminals to button up their bosoms, and, if they pleased, proceed to their duel. Upon which, they both went very quietly out of the court, and retired to their respective lodgings.—The court then adjourned until after the holidays.

Copia vera.

CHARLES LILLIE.

ADDISON: *Tatler*, No. 265, December 19, 1710.

THE CHARACTERS OF THE SPECTATOR CLUB

—Ast alii sex
Et plures, uno conclamant ore.

Juv. *Sat.* vii. 167.

Six more, at least, join their consenting voice.

THE first of our society is a gentleman of Worcestershire, of an ancient descent, a baronet, his name Sir Roger de Coverley. His great-grandfather was inventor of that famous country-dance which is called after him. All who know that shire are very well acquainted with the parts and merits of Sir Roger. He is a gentleman that is very singular in his behaviour, but his singularities proceed from his good sense, and are contradictions to the manners of the world only as he thinks the world is in the wrong. However, this humour creates him no enemies, for he does nothing with sourness or obstinacy; and his

being unconfined to modes and forms makes him but the readier and more capable to please and oblige all who know him. When he is in town, he lives in Soho-square. It is said, he keeps himself a bachelor by reason he was crossed in love by a perverse beautiful widow of the next county to him. Before this disappointment, Sir Roger was what you call a fine gentleman, had often supped with my Lord Rochester and Sir George Etherege, fought a duel upon his first coming to town, and kicked Bully Dawson in a public coffee-house for calling him youngster. But being ill-used by the above-mentioned widow, he was very serious for a year and a-half ; and though, his temper being naturally jovial, he at last got over it, he grew careless of himself, and never dressed afterward. He continues to wear a coat and doublet of the same cut that were in fashion at the time of his repulse, which, in his merry humours, he tells us, has been in and out twelve times since he first wore it. It is said Sir Roger grew humble in his desires after he had forgot his cruel beauty, insomuch that it is reported he has frequently offended in point of chastity with beggars and gipsies : but this is looked upon, by his friends, rather as matter of raillery, than truth. He is now in his fifty-sixth year, cheerful, gay, and hearty ; keeps a good house both in town and country ; a great lover of mankind ; but there is such a mirthful cast in his behaviour, that he is rather beloved than esteemed.

His tenants grow rich, his servants look satisfied, all the young women profess love to him, and the young men are glad of his company. When he comes into a house he calls the servants by their names, and talks all the way up stairs to a visit. I must not omit that Sir Roger is a justice of the quorum ; that he fills

Soho-square, At that time an aristocratic quarter.

Bully Dawson, A noted sharper, swaggerer, and debauchee about town, at the time here pointed out ; well known in Blackfriars and its then infamous purlieus.

the chair at a quarter-session with great abilities, and three months ago gained universal applause, by explaining a passage in the game act.

The gentleman next in esteem and authority among us is another bachelor, who is a member of the Inner Temple, a man of great probity, wit, and understanding; but he has chosen his place of residence rather to obey the direction of an old humoursome father, than in pursuit of his own inclinations. He was placed there to study the laws of the land, and is the most learned of any of the house in those of the stage. Aristotle and Longinus are much better understood by him than Littleton or Coke. The father sends up every post questions relating to marriage-articles, leases, and tenures in the neighbourhood; all which questions he agrees with an attorney to answer and take care of in the lump. He is studying the passions themselves when he should be inquiring into the debates among men which arise from them. He knows the argument of each of the orations of Demosthenes and Tully, but not one case in the reports of our own courts. No one ever took him for a fool; but none, except his intimate friends, know he has a great deal of wit. This turn makes him at once both disinterested and agreeable; as few of his thoughts are drawn from business, they are most of them fit for conversation. His taste for books is a little too just for the age he lives in; he has read all, but approves of very few. His familiarity with the customs, manners, actions, and writings of the ancients, makes him a very delicate observer of what occurs to him in the present world. He is an excellent critic, and the time of the play is his hour of business; exactly at five he passes through New-Inn, crosses through Russell-court, and takes a turn at Will's till the play begins; he has his shoes rubbed and his periwig powdered

Will's, A famous coffee-house, always associated with the name of Dryden, as was Button's with that of Addison. See *Tatler*, No. 1.

at the barber's as you go into the Rose. It is for the good of the audience when he is at a play, for the actors have an ambition to please him.

The person of next consideration is Sir Andrew Freeport, a merchant of great eminence in the city of London: a person of indefatigable industry, strong reason, and great experience. His notions of trade are noble and generous, and (as every rich man has usually some sly way of jesting, which would make no great figure were he not a rich man) he calls the sea the British Common. He is acquainted with commerce in all its parts, and will tell you that it is a stupid and barbarous way to extend dominion by arms: for true power is to be got by arts and industry. He will often argue, that if this part of our trade were well cultivated, we should gain from one nation; and if another, from another. I have heard him prove that diligence makes more lasting acquisitions than valour, and that sloth has ruined more nations than the sword. He abounds in several frugal maxims, amongst which the greatest favourite is, "A penny saved is a penny got." A general trader of good sense is pleasanter company than a general scholar; and Sir Andrew having a natural, unaffected eloquence, the perspicuity of his discourse gives the same pleasure that wit would in another man. He has made his fortune himself; and says that England may be richer than other kingdoms, by as plain methods as he himself is richer than other men; though at the same time I can say this of him, that there is not a point in the compass, but blows home a ship in which he is an owner.

Next to Sir Andrew in the club-room sits Captain Sentry, a gentleman of great courage, good under-

The Rose, A well-known tavern, later known as the Marybone, and alluded to under this name in the *Beggar's Opera*.

Captain Sentry. It has been said that the real person here alluded to under this name was C. Kempenfelt, father of the Admiral Kempenfelt who lost his life when the *Royal George* sank at Spithead, August 29, 1782.

standing, but invincible modesty. He is one of those that deserve very well, but are very awkward at putting their talents within the observation of such as should take notice of them. He was some years a captain, and behaved himself with great gallantry in several engagements and at several sieges ; but having a small estate of his own, and being next heir to Sir Roger, he has quitted a way of life in which no man can rise suitably to his merit, who is not something of a courtier as well as a soldier. I have heard him often lament, that in a profession where merit is placed in so conspicuous a view, impudence should get the better of modesty. When he had talked to this purpose, I never heard him make a sour expression, but frankly confess that he left the world, because he was not fit for it. A strict honesty, and an even, regular behaviour, are in themselves obstacles to him that must press through crowds, who endeavour at the same end with himself, the favour of a commander. He will, however, in his way of talk excuse generals, for not disposing according to men's desert, or inquiring into it ; for, says he, that great man who has a mind to help me, has as many to break through to come at me, as I have to come at him : therefore he will conclude, that the man who would make a figure, especially in a military way, must get over all false modesty, and assist his patron against the importunity of other pretenders, by a proper assurance in his own vindication. He says it is a civil cowardice to be backward in asserting what you ought to expect, as it is a military fear to be slow in attacking when it is your duty. With this candour does the gentleman speak of himself and others. The same frankness runs through all his conversation. The military part of his life has furnished him with many adventures, in the relation of which he is very agreeable to the company ; for he is never overbearing, though accustomed to command men in the utmost degree

below him ; nor ever too obsequious, from a habit of obeying men highly above him.

But that our society may not appear a set of humourists, unacquainted with the gallantries and pleasures of the age, we have amongst us the gallant Will Honeycomb, a gentleman who, according to his years, should be in the decline of his life, but having been very careful of his person, and always had a very easy fortune, time has made but very little impression, either by wrinkles on his forehead, or traces on his brain. His person is well turned, and of a good height. He is very ready at that sort of discourse with which men usually entertain women. He has all his life dressed very well, and remembers habits as others do men. He can smile when one speaks to him, and laughs easily. He knows the history of every mode, and can inform you from which of the French king's wenches our wives and daughters had this manner of curling their hair, that way of placing their hoods—whose frailty was covered by such a sort of petticoat, and whose vanity to shew her foot made that part of the dress so short in such a year. In a word, all his conversation and knowledge has been in the female world. As other men of his age will take notice to you what such a minister said upon such an occasion, he will tell you, when the Duke of Monmouth danced at court, such a woman was then smitten—another was taken with him at the head of his troop in the Park. In all these important relations, he has ever about the same time received a kind glance, or a blow of a fan from some celebrated beauty, mother of the present Lord Such a-one. If you speak of a young commoner that said a livery thing in the house, he starts up, “ He has good blood in his veins, Tom Mirable begot him ; the rogue cheated me in that

affair ; that young fellow's mother used me more like a dog than any woman I ever made advances to." This way of talking of his very much enlivens the conversation among us of a more sedate turn ; and I find there is not one of the company, but myself, who rarely speak at all, but speaks of him as of that sort of man, who is usually called a well-bred fine gentleman. To conclude his character, where women are not concerned, he is an honest, worthy man.

I cannot tell whether I am to account him whom I am next to speak of, as one of our company ; for he visits us but seldom ; but when he does, it adds to every man else a new enjoyment of himself. He is a clergyman, a very philosophic man, of general learning, great sanctity of life, and the most exact good breeding. He has the misfortune to be of a very weak constitution, and consequently, cannot accept of such cares and business as preferments in his function would oblige him to ; he is therefore among divines what a chamber-counsellor is among lawyers. The probity of his mind, and the integrity of his life, create him followers, as being eloquent or loud advances others. He seldom introduces the subject he speaks upon ; but we are so far gone in years, that he observes, when he is among us, an earnestness to have him fall on some divine topic, which he always treats with much authority, as one who has no interest in this world, as one who is hastening to the object of all his wishes, and conceives hope from his decays and infirmities. These are my ordinary companions.

R.

STEELE : *Spectator*, No. 2, March 2, 1710-II.

ON SUPERSTITION

Somnia, terrores magicos, miracula, sagas,
Nocturnos lemures, portentaque Thessala rides ?
HOR. 2 *Ep.* ii. 208.

Visions and magic spells can you despise,
And laugh at witches, ghosts, and prodigies ?

GOING yesterday to dine with an old acquaintance, I had the misfortune to find his whole family very much dejected. Upon asking him the occasion of it, he told me that his wife had dreamt a strange dream the night before, which they were afraid portended some misfortune to themselves or to their children. At her coming into the room, I observed a settled melancholy in her countenance, which I should have been troubled for, had I not heard from whence it proceeded. We were no sooner sat down, but after having looked upon me a little while, "My dear," says she, turning to her husband, "you may now see the stranger that was in the candle last night." Soon after this, as they began to talk of family affairs, a little boy at the lower end of the table told her, that he was to go into join-hand on Thursday. "Thursday!" says she. "No, child, if it please God, you shall not begin upon Childermas-day; tell your writing-master that Friday will be soon enough." I was reflecting with myself on the oddness of her fancy, and wondering that any body would establish it as a rule, to lose a day in every week. In the midst of these my musings, she desired me to reach her a little salt upon the point of my knife, which I did in such a trepidation and hurry of obedience, that I let it drop by the way; at which she immediately startled, and said it fell towards her. Upon this I looked very blank; and observing the concern of the whole table, began to consider myself,

with some confusion, as a person that had brought a disaster upon the family. The lady, however, recovering herself after a little space, said to her husband with a sigh, "My dear, misfortunes never come single." My friend, I found, acted but an under part at his table, and being a man of more good-nature than understanding, thinks himself obliged to fall in with all the passions and humours of his yoke-fellow. "Do not you remember, child," says she, "that the pigeon-house fell the very afternoon that our careless wench spilt the salt upon the table?" "Yes," says he, "my dear, and the next post brought us an account of the battle of Almanza." The reader may guess at the figure I made, after having done all this mischief. I dispatched my dinner as soon as I could, with my usual taciturnity; when, to my utter confusion, the lady seeing me quitting my knife and fork, and laying them across one another on my plate, desired me that I would humour her so far as to take them out of that figure, and place them side by side. What the absurdity was which I had committed I did not know, but I suppose there was some traditionary superstition in it; and therefore, in obedience to the lady of the house, I disposed of my knife and fork in two parallel lines, which is the figure I shall always lay them in for the future, though I do not know any reason for it.

It is not difficult for a man to see that a person has conceived an aversion to him. For my own part, I quickly found, by the lady's looks, that she regarded me as a very odd kind of fellow, with an unfortunate aspect. For which reason I took my leave immediately after dinner, and withdrew to my own lodgings. Upon my return home, I fell into a profound contemplation on the evils that attend these superstitious follies of mankind; how they subject us to imaginary afflictions, and additional sorrows, that do not properly come within our lot. As if the natural calamities

of life were not sufficient for it, we turn the most indifferent circumstances into misfortunes, and suffer as much from trifling accidents as from real evils. I have known the shooting of a star spoil a night's rest; and have seen a man in love grow pale, and lose his appetite, upon the plucking of a merry-thought. A screech-owl at midnight has alarmed a family more than a band of robbers; nay, the voice of a cricket hath struck more terror than the roaring of a lion. There is nothing so inconsiderable, which may not appear dreadful to an imagination that is filled with omens and prognostics. A rusty nail, or a crooked pin, shoot up into prodigies.

An old maid that is troubled with the vapours produces infinite disturbances of this kind among her friends and neighbours. I know a maiden aunt of a great family, who is one of these antiquated sybils, that forbodes and prophesies from one end of the year to the other. She is always seeing apparitions, and hearing death-watches; and was the other day almost frightened out of her wits by the great house-dog that howled in the stable, at a time when she lay ill with the tooth-ache. Such an extravagant cast of mind engages multitudes of people, not only in impertinent terrors, but in supernumerary duties of life; and arises from that fear and ignorance which are natural to the soul of man. The horror with which we entertain the thoughts of death (or indeed of any future evil) and the uncertainty of its approach, fill a melancholy mind with innumerable apprehensions and suspicions, and consequently dispose it to the observation of such groundless prodigies and predictions. For as it is the chief concern of wise men to retrench the evils of life by the reasonings of philosophy, it is the employment of fools to multiply them by the sentiments of superstition.

For my own part, I should be very much troubled were I endowed with this divining quality, though it

should inform me truly of every thing that can befall me. I would not anticipate the relish of any happiness, nor feel the weight of any misery, before it actually arrives.

I know but one way of fortifying my soul against these gloomy presages and terrors of mind, and that is, by securing to myself the friendship and protection of that Being who disposes of events and governs futurity. He sees, at one view, the whole thread of my existence, not only that part of it which I have already passed through, but that which runs forward into all the depths of eternity. When I lay me down to sleep, I recommend myself to his care; when I awake, I give myself up to his direction. Amidst all the evils that threaten me, I will look up to him for help, and question not but he will either avert them, or turn them to my advantage. Though I know neither the time nor the manner of the death I am to die, I am not at all solicitous about it; because I am sure that he knows them both, and that he will not fail to comfort and support me under them.

STEELE: *Spectator*, No. 7, March 8, 1710-II.

Addition?

ON THE ITALIAN OPERA

—— Equitis quoque jam migravit ab aure voluptas
Omnis ad incertos oculos, et gauda vana.

HOR. 2 *Ep.* i. 187.

But now our nobles too are fops and vain,
Neglect the sense, but love the painted scene.—CREECH.

It is my design in this paper to deliver down to posterity a faithful account of the Italian opera, and of

The Italian Opera. Opera grew in popularity in Restoration days, and during the last decade of the seventeenth century French and Italian singers were introduced; but the first real attempt to popularize Italian Opera was made in 1705, when *Arsinoe*, sung entirely in English, was produced at Drury Lane. This

the gradual progress which it has made upon the English stage; for there is no question but our great-grandchildren will be curious to know the reason why their forefathers used to sit together like an audience of foreigners in their own country, and to hear whole plays acted before them in a tongue which they did not understand.

Arsinoë was the first opera that gave us a taste of Italian music. The great success this opera met with produced some attempts of forming pieces upon Italian plans, which should give a more natural and reasonable entertainment than what can be met with in the elaborate trifles of that nation. This alarmed the poetasters and fiddlers of the town, who were used to deal in a more ordinary kind of ware; and therefore laid down an established rule, which is received as such to this day, "That nothing is capable of being well set to music that is not nonsense."

This maxim was no sooner received, but we immediately fell to translating the Italian operas; and as there was no great danger of hurting the sense of those extraordinary pieces, our authors would often make words of their own which were entirely foreign to the meaning of the passages they pretended to translate; their chief care being to make the numbers of the English verse to answer to those of the Italian, that both of them might go to the same tune. Thus the famous song in *Camilla*—

Barbara, sì, t'intendo, &c.

(Barbarous woman, yes, I know your meaning),

led the way for other experiments; the Haymarket Theatre, opened in 1705, was early given over to operatic performances, which, with varying success and much subsidizing, continued to be produced here for some thirty years. (*Camilla*, however, was produced at Drury Lane.) Addison's objections to the performance of Italian Opera, though sound in themselves, are possibly based on pique at the failure of his own opera, *Rosamund*, in 1706-7.

which expresses the resentments of an angry lover, was translated into that English lamentation—

Frail are a lover's hopes, &c.

And it was pleasant enough to see the most refined persons of the British nation dying away and languishing to notes that were filled with a spirit of rage and indignation. It happened also very frequently, where the sense was rightly translated, the necessary transposition of words, which were drawn out of the phrase of one tongue into that of another, made the music appear very absurd in one tongue that was very natural in the other. I remember an Italian verse that ran thus, word for word—

And turn'd my rage into pity,

which the English for rhyme-sake translated—

And into pity turned my rage.

By this means the soft notes that were adapted to pity in the Italian fell upon the word rage in the English; and the angry sounds that were turned to rage in the original were made to express pity in the translation. It oftentimes happened likewise, that the finest notes in the air fell upon the most insignificant words in the sentence. I have known the word "and" pursued through the whole gamut, have been entertained with many a melodious "the," and have heard the most beautiful graces, quavers, and divisions bestowed upon "then," "for," and "from," to the eternal honour of our English particles.

The next step to our refinement was the introducing of Italian actors into our opera; who sang their parts in their own language, at the same time that our countrymen performed theirs in our native tongue.

The king or hero of the play generally spoke in Italian, and his slaves answered him in English. The lover frequently made his court, and gained the heart of his princess, in a language which she did not understand. One would have thought it very difficult to have carried on dialogues after this manner, without an interpreter between the persons that conversed together ; but this was the state of the English stage for about three years.

At length the audience grew tired of understanding half the opera ; and therefore, to ease themselves entirely of the fatigue of thinking, have so ordered it at present, that the whole opera is performed in an unknown tongue. We no longer understand the language of our own stage ; insomuch that I have often been afraid, when I have seen our Italian performers chattering in the vehemence of action, that they have been calling us names, and abusing us among themselves ; but I hope, since we put such an entire confidence in them, they will not talk against us before our faces, though they may do it with the same safety as if it were behind our backs. In the meantime, I cannot forbear thinking how naturally an historian who writes two or three hundred years hence, and does not know the taste of his wise forefathers, will make the following reflections : “ In the beginning of the eighteenth century, the Italian tongue was so well understood in England, that operas were acted on the public stage in that language.”

One scarce knows how to be serious in the confutation of an absurdity that shews itself at first sight. It does not want any great measure of sense to see the ridicule of this monstrous practice ; but what makes it the more astonishing, it is not the taste of the rabble, but of persons of the greatest politeness, which has established it.

If the Italians have a genius for music above the

English, the English have a genius for other performances of a much higher nature, and capable of giving the mind a much nobler entertainment. Would one think it was possible (at a time when an author lived that was able to write the *Phædra* and *Hippolitus*) for a people to be so stupidly fond of the Italian opera, as scarce to give a third day's hearing to that admirable tragedy? Music is certainly a very agreeable entertainment: but if it would take the entire possession of our ears, if it would make us incapable of hearing sense, if it would exclude arts that have a much greater tendency to the refinement of human nature, I must confess I would allow it no better quarter than Plato has done, who banishes it out of his commonwealth.

At present our notions of music are so very uncertain, that we do not know what it is we like; only, in general, we are transported with any thing that is not English: so it be of a foreign growth, let it be Italian, French, or High Dutch, it is the same thing. In short, our English music is quite rooted out, and nothing yet planted in its stead.

When a royal palace is burnt to the ground, every man is at liberty to present his plan for a new one; and though it be but indifferently put together, it may furnish several hints that may be of use to a good architect. I shall take the same liberty, in a following paper, of giving my opinion upon the subject of music; which I shall lay down only in a problematical manner, to be considered by those who are masters in the art.

C.

ADDISON: *Spectator*, No. 18, March 21, 1710-11.

Author, Edmund Smith, 1707.

Third day, Always the author's benefit performance.

“STILL LIFE PARTS” ON THE STAGE

Quodcunque ostendis mihi sic, incredulus odi.

HOR. *Ars. Poet.* ver. 5.

—Whatever contradicts my sense
I hate to see, and never can believe.

ROSCOMMON.

THE word Spectator being most usually understood as one of the audience at public representations in our theatres, I seldom fail of many letters relating to plays and operas. But indeed there are such monstrous things done in both, that if one had not been an eye-witness of them, one could not believe that such matters had really been exhibited. There is very little which concerns human life, or is a picture of nature, that is regarded by the greater part of the company. The understanding is dismissed from our entertainments. Our mirth is the laughter of fools, and our admiration the wonder of idiots ; else such improbable, monstrous, and incoherent dreams could not go off as they do, not only without the utmost scorn and contempt, but even with the loudest applause and approbation. But the letters of my correspondents will represent this affair in a more lively manner than any discourse of my own ; I shall therefore give them to my reader with only this preparation, that they all come from players, and that the business of playing is now so managed, that you are not to be surprised when I say one or two of them are rational, others sensitive and vegetative actors, and others wholly inanimate. I shall not place these as I have named them, but as they have precedence in the opinion of their audiences.

" MR. SPECTATOR,

" Your having been so humble as to take notice of the epistles of other animals, emboldens me, who am the wild boar that was killed by Mrs. Tofts, to represent to you, that I think I was hardly used in not having the part of the lion in *Hydaspes* given to me. It would have been but a natural step for me to have personated that noble creature, after having behaved myself to satisfaction in the part above-mentioned. That of a lion is too great a character for one that never trod the stage before but upon two legs. As to the little resistance which I made, I hope it may be excused, when it is considered that the dart was thrown at me by so fair a hand. I must confess I had but just put on my brutality ; and Camilla's charms were such, that beholding her erect mien, hearing her charming voice, and astonished with her graceful motion, I could not keep up my assumed fierceness, but died like a man.

" I am, Sir, your most humble admirer,

" THOMAS PRONE."

" MR. SPECTATOR,

" This is to let you understand, that the playhouse is a representation of the world in nothing so much as in this particular, that no one rises in it according to his merit. I have acted several parts of household-stuff with great applause for many years : I am one of the men in the hangings in *The Emperor of the Moon* ; I have twice performed the third chair in an English opera ; and have rehearsed the pump in *The Fortune-Hunters*. I am now grown old, and hope you will

Mrs. Tofts, A famous English operatic singer.

" *Hydaspes* " (1709-10), The second wholly Italian opera produced at the Haymarket Theatre.

" *Emperor of the Moon*," " *Fortune-Hunters*," Restoration plays—the former by Mrs. Aphra Behn (produced in the early eighteenth century as an opera), the latter by Carlisle.

recommend me so effectually, as that I may say something before I go off the stage ; in which you will do a great act of charity to

“ Your most humble servant,

“ WILLIAM SCREENE.”

“ MR. SPECTATOR,

“ Understanding that Mr. Screene has writ to you, and desired to be raised from dumb and still parts ; I desire, if you give him motion or speech, that you would advance me in my way, and let me keep on in what I humbly presume I am master, to wit, in representing human and still life together. I have several times acted one of the finest flower-pots in the same opera wherein Mr. Screene is a chair ; therefore, upon his promotion, request that I may succeed him in the hangings, with my hand in the orange-trees.

“ Your humble servant,

“ RALPH SIMPLE.”

Drury-lane, *March 24, 1710-11.*

“ SIR,

“ I saw your friend the Templar this evening in the pit, and thought he looked very little pleased with the representation of the mad scene of *The Pilgrim*. I wish, Sir, you would do us the favour to animadvert frequently upon the false taste the town is in, with relation to plays as well as operas. It certainly requires a degree of understanding to play justly : but such is our condition, that we are to suspend our reason to perform our parts. As to scenes of madness, you know, Sir, there are noble instances of this kind in Shakespeare : but then it is the disturbance of a noble mind, from generous and humane resentments. It is like that grief which we have for the decease of our friends. It is no diminution, but a recommenda-

The Pilgrim, by Beaumont and Fletcher, now produced as an opera.

tion of human nature, that, in such incidents, passion gets the better of reason ; and all we can think to combat ourselves is impotent against half what we feel. I will not mention that we had an idiot in the scene, and all the sense it is represented to have is that of lust. As for myself, who have long taken pains in personating the passions, I have to-night acted only an appetite. The part I played is Thirst, but it is represented as written rather by a drayman than a poet. I come in with a tub about me, that tub hung with quart pots, with a full gallon at my mouth. I am ashamed to tell you that I pleased very much, and this was introduced as a madness ; but sure it was not human madness, for a mule or an ass may have been as dry as ever I was in my life.

“ I am, Sir, your most obedient
“ and humble servant.”

From the Savoy, in the Strand.

“ MR. SPECTATOR,

“ If you can read it with dry eyes, I give you this trouble to acquaint you, that I am the unfortunate King Latinus, and I believe I am the first prince that dated from this palace since John of Gaunt. Such is the uncertainty of all human greatness, that I, who lately never moved without a guard, am now pressed as a common soldier, and am to sail with the first fair wind against my brother Louis of France. It is a very hard thing to put off a character which one has appeared in with applause. This I experienced since the loss of my diadem ; for, upon quarrelling with another recruit, I spoke my indignation out of my part in *recitativo*—

————— Most audacious slave,
Dar'st thou an angry monarch's fury brave ?

The words were no sooner out of my mouth, when a serjeant knocked me down, and asked me if I had a

mind to mutiny, in talking things nobody understood. You see, Sir, my unhappy circumstances ; and if by your mediation you can procure a subsidy for a prince (who never failed to make all that beheld him merry at his appearance), you will merit the thanks of

“ Your friend,

“ THE KING OF LATIUM.”

STEELE : *Spectator*, No. 22, March 26, 1711.

ON SHOP SIGNS

—— Neque semper arcum

Tendit Apollo.—— HOR. 2 *Od.* x. 19.

Nor does Apollo always bend his bow.

I SHALL here present my reader with a letter from a projector, concerning a new office which he thinks may very much contribute to the embellishments of the city, and to the driving barbarity out of our streets. I consider it as a satire upon projectors in general, and a lively picture of the whole art of modern criticism.

“ SIR,

“ Observing that you have thoughts of creating certain officers under you, for the inspection of several petty enormities you yourself cannot attend to ; and finding daily absurdities hung out upon the sign-posts of this city, to the great scandal of foreigners, as well as those of our own country, who are curious spectators of the same : I do humbly propose that you would be pleased to make me your superintendent of all such figures and devices as are or shall be made use of on this occasion ; with full powers to rectify or expunge whatever I shall find irregular or defective. For want of such an officer, there is nothing like sound literature

and good sense to be met with in those objects that are everywhere thrusting themselves out to the eye, and endeavouring to become visible. Our streets are filled with blue boars, black swans, and red lions ; not to mention flying pigs, and hogs in armour, with many other creatures more extraordinary than any in the deserts of Africa. Strange ! that one who has all the birds and beasts in nature to choose out of, should live at the sign of an *Ens Rationis* !

“ My first task therefore should be, like that of Hercules, to clear the city from monsters. In the second place, I would forbid that creatures of jarring and incongruous natures should be joined together in the same sign ; such as the bell and the neat’s tongue, the dog and the gridiron. The fox and the goose may be supposed to have met, but what has the fox and the seven stars to do together ? And when did the lamb and the dolphin ever meet, except upon a sign-post ? As for the cat and fiddle, there is a conceit in it ; and therefore I do not intend that anything I have here said should affect it. / I must, however, observe to you upon this subject, that it is usual for a young tradesman, at his first setting up, to add to his own sign that of the master whom he served ; as the husband, after marriage, gives a place to his mistress’s arms in his own coat. This I take to have given rise to many of those absurdities which are committed over our heads ; and, as I am informed, first occasioned the three nuns and a hare, which we see so frequently joined together. I would therefore establish certain rules, for the determining how far one tradesman may give the sign of another, and in what cases he may be allowed to quarter it with his own.

“ In the third place, I would enjoin every shop to make use of a sign which bears some affinity to the wares in which it deals. What can be more incon-

interesting
type of dis.

J.

sistent than to see a bawd at the sign of the angel, or a tailor at the lion ? A cook should not live at the boot, nor a shoemaker at the roasted pig ; and yet, for want of this regulation, I have seen a goat set up before the door of a perfumer, and the French king's head at a sword-cutler's.

“ An ingenious foreigner observes, that several of those gentlemen, who value themselves upon their families, and overlook such as are bred to trade, bear the tools of their forefathers in their coats of arms. I will not examine how true this is in fact. But though it may not be necessary for posterity thus to set up the sign of their forefathers, I think it highly proper for those who actually profess the trade to show some such marks of it before their doors.

“ When the name gives an occasion for an ingenious sign-post, I would likewise advise the owner to take that opportunity of letting the world know who he is. It would have been ridiculous for the ingenious Mrs. Salmon to have lived at the sign of the trout ; for which reason she has erected before her house the figure of the fish that is her namesake. Mr. Bell has likewise distinguished himself by a device of the same nature : and here, Sir, I must beg leave to observe to you, that this particular figure of a bell has given occasion to several pieces of wit in this kind. A man of your reading must know that Abel Drugger gained great applause by it in the time of Ben Jonson. Our apocryphal heathen god is also represented by this figure ; which, in conjunction with the dragon, makes a very handsome picture in several of our streets. As for the bell-savage, which is the sign of a savage man standing by a bell, I was formerly very much puzzled upon the conceit of it, till I accidentally fell into the reading of an old romance translated out of the French ; which gives an account of a very beautiful

woman who was found in a wilderness, and is called in the French *La belle Sauvage* ; and is everywhere translated by our countrymen the bell-savage. This piece of philosophy will, I hope, convince you that I have made sign-posts my study, and consequently qualified myself for the employment which I solicit at your hands. But before I conclude my letter, I must communicate to you another remark, which I have made upon the subject with which I am now entertaining you, namely, that I can give a shrewd guess at the humour of the inhabitant by the sign that hangs before his door. A surly choleric fellow generally makes choice of a bear ; as men of milder dispositions frequently live at the sign of the lamb. Seeing a punch-bowl painted upon a sign near Charing-cross, and very curiously garnished with a couple of angels hovering over it, and squeezing a lemon into it, I had the curiosity to ask after the master of the house, and found, upon inquiry, as I had guessed by the little *agrémens* upon his sign, that he was a Frenchman. I know, sir, it is not requisite for me to enlarge upon these hints to a gentleman of your great abilities ; so, humbly recommending myself to your favour and patronage,

I remain, &c."

ADDISON : *Spectator*, No. 28, April 2, 1711.

PARTY PATCHES

Qualis ubi audito venantum murmure tigris
Horruit in maculas——— STAT. *Theb.* ii. 128.

As when the tigress hears the hunter's din,
Dark angry spots distain her glossy skin.

ABOUT the middle of last winter I went to see an opera at the theatre in the Hay-market, where I could not but take notice of two parties of very fine women,

that had placed themselves in the opposite side-boxes, and seemed drawn up in a kind of battle array one against another. After a short survey of them, I found they were patched differently ; the faces on one hand being spotted on the right side of the forehead, and those upon the other on the left. I quickly perceived that they cast hostile glances upon one another ; and that their patches were placed in those different situations, as party-signals to distinguish friends from foes. In the middle-boxes, between these two opposite bodies, were several ladies who patched indifferently on both sides of their faces, and seemed to sit there with no other intention but to see the opera. Upon inquiry I found that the body of Amazons on my right hand were whigs, and those on my left tories ; and that those who had placed themselves in the middle boxes were a neutral party, whose faces had not yet declared themselves. These last, however, as I afterward found, diminished daily, and took their party with one side or the other ; insomuch that I observed, in several of them, the patches which were before dispersed equally, are now all gone over to the whig or tory side of the face. The censorious say, that the men, whose hearts are aimed at, are very often the occasions that one part of the face is thus dishonoured, and lies under a kind of disgrace, while the other is so much set off and adorned by the owner ; and that the patches turn to the right or to the left, according to the principles of the man who is most in favour. But whatever may be the motives of a few fantastical coquettes, who do not patch for the public good so much as for their own private advantage, it is certain that there are several women of honour who patch out of principle, and with an eye to the interest of their country.—Nay, I am informed that some of them adhere so steadfastly to their party, and are so far from sacrificing their zeal for the public to their passion for any particular person, that, in a late

draught of marriage articles, a lady has stipulated with her husband, that whatever his opinions are, she shall be at liberty to patch on which side she pleases.

I must here take notice, that Rosalinda, a famous whig partisan, has most unfortunately a very beautiful mole on the tory part of her forehead ; which being very conspicuous, has occasioned many mistakes, and given a handle to her enemies to misrepresent her face, as though it had revolted from the whig interest. But, whatever this natural patch may seem to insinuate, it is well known that her notions of government are still the same. This unlucky mole, however, has misled several coxcombs ; and, like the hanging out of false colours, made some of them converse with Rosalinda in what they thought the spirit of her party, when on a sudden she has given them an unexpected fire, that has sunk them all at once. If Rosalinda is unfortunate in her mole, Nigranilla is as unhappy in a pimple, which forces her, against her inclinations, to patch on the Whig side.

I am told that many virtuous matrons, who formerly have been taught to believe that this artificial spotting of the face was unlawful, are now reconciled by a zeal for their cause, to what they could not be prompted to by a concern for their beauty. This way of declaring war upon one another puts me in mind of what is reported of the tigress—that several spots rise in her skin when she is angry, or, as Mr. Cowley has imitated the verses that stand as the motto of this paper—

—She swells with angry pride,
And calls forth all her spots on every side.

When I was in the theatre the time above mentioned, I had the curiosity to count the patches on both sides, and found the tory patches to be about twenty stronger than the whig ; but to make amends

She swells. Cowley, *Davideis*, Book iii.

for this small inequality, I the next morning found the whole puppet-show filled with faces spotted after the whiggish manner. Whether or no the ladies had retreated hither in order to rally their forces I cannot tell ; but the next night they came in so great a body to the opera, that they outnumbered the enemy.

This account of party-patches will, I am afraid, appear improbable to those who live at a distance from the fashionable world ; but as it is a distinction of a very singular nature, and what perhaps may never meet with a parallel, I think I should not have discharged the office of a faithful Spectator, had not I recorded it.

I have, in former papers, endeavoured to expose this party-rage in women, as it only serves to aggravate the hatreds and animosities that reign among men, and in a great measure deprives the fair sex of those peculiar charms with which nature has endowed them.

When the Romans and Sabines were at war, and just upon the point of giving battle, the women who were allied to both of them interposed with so many tears and entreaties, that they prevented the mutual slaughter which threatened both parties, and united them together in a firm and lasting peace.

I would recommend this noble example to our British ladies, at a time when their country is torn with so many unnatural divisions, that if they continue, it will be a misfortune to be born in it. The Greeks thought it so improper for women to interest themselves in competitions and contentions, that for this reason, among others, they forbade them, under pain of death, to be present at the Olympic games, notwithstanding these were the public diversions of all Greece.

As our English women exceed those of all nations in beauty, they should endeavour to outshine them in all other accomplishments proper to the sex, and to

distinguish themselves as tender mothers and faithful wives, rather than as furious partisans. Female virtues are of a domestic turn. The family is the proper province for private women to shine in. If they must be shewing their zeal for the public, let it not be against those who are perhaps of the same family, or at least of the same religion or nation, but against those who are the open, professed, undoubted enemies of their faith, liberty, and country. When the Romans were pressed with a foreign enemy, the ladies voluntarily contributed all their rings and jewels to assist the government under a public exigence, which appeared so laudable an action in the eyes of their countrymen, that from thenceforth it was permitted by a law to pronounce public orations at the funeral of a woman in praise of the deceased person, which till that time was peculiar to men. Would our English ladies, instead of sticking on a patch against those of their own country, shew themselves so truly public-spirited as to sacrifice every one her necklace against the common enemy, what decrees ought not to be made in favour of them?

Since I am recollecting upon this subject such passages as occur to my memory out of ancient authors, I cannot omit a sentence in the celebrated funeral oration of Pericles, which he made in honour of those brave Athenians that were slain in a fight with the Lacedæmonians. After having addressed himself to the several ranks and orders of his countrymen, and shewn them how they should behave themselves in the public cause, he turns to the female part of his audience: "And as for you," says he, "I shall advise you in very few words. Aspire only to those virtues that are peculiar to your sex; follow your natural modesty, and think it your greatest commendation not to be talked of one way or other."

C.

LADIES' HEAD-DRESS

—————Tanta est quærendi cura decoris.
Juv. *Sat.* vi. 500.

So studiously their persons they adorn.

THERE is not so variable a thing in nature as a lady's head-dress. Within my own memory, I have known it rise and fall above thirty degrees. About ten years ago it shot up to a very great height, insomuch that the female part of our species were much taller than the men. The women were of such an enormous stature that "we appeared as grasshoppers before them." At present the whole sex is in a manner dwarfed, and shrunk into a race of beauties that seems almost another species. I remember several ladies, who were once very near seven foot high, that at present want some inches of five. How they came to be thus curtailed I cannot learn; whether the whole sex be at present under any penance which we know nothing of; or whether they have cast their head-dresses in order to surprise us with something in that kind which shall be entirely new; or whether some of the tallest of the sex, being too cunning for the rest, have contrived this method to make themselves appear sizeable—is still a secret; though I find most are of opinion, they are at present like trees new lopped and pruned, that will certainly sprout up and flourish with greater heads than before. For my own part, as I do not love to be

Taller than men. This refers to the commode, a kind of head-dress worn by the ladies at the beginning of the eighteenth century, which, by means of a wire, bore up their hair and the fore part of their cap, consisting of many folds of fine lace, to a great height. On this subject, see the *Lively Lady Townshend*, by Mr. Erroll Sherson.

As grasshoppers, Numbers xiii. 33.

insulted by women who are taller than myself, I admire the sex much more in their present humiliation, which has reduced them to their natural dimensions, than when they had extended their persons and lengthened themselves out into formidable and gigantic figures. / I am not for adding to the beautiful edifices of nature, nor for raising any whimsical superstructure upon her plans : I must therefore repeat it, that I am highly pleased with the coiffure now in fashion, and think it shews the good sense which at present very much reigns among the valuable part of the sex. One may observe that women in all ages have taken more pains than men to adorn the outside of their heads ; and indeed I very much admire, that those female architects, who raise such wonderful structures out of ribands, lace, and wire, have not been recorded for their respective inventions. It is certain there have been as many orders in these kinds of building, as in those which have been made of marble. Sometimes they rise in the shape of a pyramid, sometimes like a tower, and sometimes like a steeple. In Juvenal's time the building grew by several orders and stories, as he has very humorously described it :

Tot premit ordinibus, tot adhuc compagibus altum
Ædificat caput ; Andromachen a fronte videbis ;
Post minor est ; aliam credas.—

JUV. *Sat.* vi. 501.

With curls on curls they build her head before,
And mount it with a formidable tow'r ;
A giantess she seems ; but look behind,
And then she dwindles to the pigmy kind.

DRYDEN.

But I do not remember in any part of my reading, that the head-dress aspired to so great an extravagance as in the fourteenth century ; when it was built up in a couple of cones or spires, which stood so exceedingly high on each side of the head, that a woman, who was but a pigmy without her head-dress,

appeared like a colossus upon putting it on. Monsieur Paradin says, "that these old-fashioned fontanges rose an ell above the head; that they were pointed like steeples, and had long loose pieces of crape fastened to the tops of them, which were curiously fringed, and hung down their backs like streamers."

The women might possibly have carried this Gothic building much higher, had not a famous monk, Thomas Conecte by name, attacked it with great zeal and resolution. This holy man travelled from place to place to preach down this monstrous commode; and succeeded so well in it, that, as the magicians sacrificed their books to the flames upon the preaching of an apostle, many of the women threw down their head-dresses in the middle of the sermon, and made a bonfire of them within sight of the pulpit. He was so renowned as well for the sanctity of his life as his manner of preaching, that he had often a congregation of twenty thousand people; the men placing themselves on the one side of his pulpit, and the women on the other, that appeared (to use the similitude of an ingenious writer) like a forest of cedars with their heads reaching to the clouds. He so warmed and animated the people against this monstrous ornament that it lay under a kind of persecution; and whenever it appeared in public, was pelted down by the rabble, who flung stones at the persons that wore it. But notwithstanding this prodigy vanished while the preacher was among them, it began to appear again some months after his departure, or, to tell it in Monsieur Paradin's own words, "the women that, like snails in a fright, had drawn in their horns, shot them out again as soon as the danger was over." This extravagance of the women's head-dresses in that age is taken notice of by Monsieur d'Argentre in his history of Bretagne, and by other historians, as well as the person I have here quoted.

It is usually observed, that a good reign is the only

proper time for making laws against the exorbitance of power ; in the same manner an excessive head-dress may be attacked the most effectually when the fashion is against it. I do therefore recommend this paper to my female readers by way of prevention.

I would desire the fair sex to consider how impossible it is for them to add anything that can be ornamental to what is already the master-piece of nature. The head has the most beautiful appearance, as well as the highest station, in a human figure. Nature has laid out all her art in beautifying the face ; she has touched it with vermilion, planted in it a double row of ivory, made it the seat of smiles and blushes, lighted it up and enlivened it with the brightness of the eyes, hung it on each side with curious organs of sense, given it airs and graces that cannot be described, and surrounded it with such a flowing shade of hair as sets all its beauties in the most agreeable light. In short, she seems to have designed the head as the cupola to the most glorious of her works : and when we load it with such a pile of supernumerary ornaments, we destroy the symmetry of the human figure, and foolishly contrive to call off the eye from great and real beauties, to childish gew-gaws, ribands, and bone-lace.

L.

ADDISON : *Spectator*, No. 98, June 22, 1711.

FAN DRILL

—— Lusur animo debent aliquando dari,
Ad cogitandum melior ut redeat sibi.

PHÆDR. *Fab.* xiv. 3.

The mind ought sometimes to be diverted, that it may return the better to thinking.

I do not know whether to call the following letter a satire upon coquettes, or a representation of their

several fantastical accomplishments, or what other title to give it ; but, as it is, I shall communicate it to the public. It will sufficiently explain its own intentions, so that I shall give it my reader at length, without either preface or postscript.

“ MR. SPECTATOR,

“ Women are armed with fans as men with swords, and sometimes do more execution with them. To the end, therefore, that ladies may be entire mistresses of the weapon they bear, I have erected an academy for the training up of young women in the exercise of the fan, according to the most fashionable airs and motions that are now practised at court. The ladies who carry fans under me are drawn up twice a-day in my great hall, where they are instructed in the use of their arms, and exercised by the following words of command : Handle your fans, Unfurl your fans, Discharge your fans, Ground your fans, Recover your fans, Flutter your fans. By the right observation of these few plain words of command, a woman of a tolerable genius, who will apply herself diligently to her exercise for the space of but one half-year, shall be able to give her fan all the graces that can possibly enter into that little modish machine.

“ But to the end that my readers may form to themselves a right notion of this exercise, I beg leave to explain it to them in all its parts. When my female regiment is drawn up in array, with every one her weapon in her hand, upon my giving the word to Handle their fans, each of them shakes her fan at me with a smile, then gives her right-hand woman a tap upon the shoulder, then presses her lips with the extremity of her fan, then lets her arms fall in an easy motion, and stands in readiness to receive the next word of command. All this is done with a close fan, and is generally learned in the first week.

“ The next motion is that of Unfurling the fan, in

which are comprehended several little flirts and vibrations, as also gradual and deliberate openings, with many voluntary fallings asunder in the fan itself, that are seldom learned under a month's practice. This part of the exercise pleases the spectators more than any other, as it discovers on a sudden an infinite number of cupids, garlands, altars, birds, beasts, rainbows, and the like agreeable figures that display themselves to view—whilst every one in the regiment holds a picture in her hand.

“ Upon my giving the word to Discharge their fans, they give one general crack that may be heard at a considerable distance when the wind sets fair. This is one of the most difficult parts of the exercise : but I have several ladies with me, who at their first entrance could not give a pop loud enough to be heard at the farther end of a room, who can now discharge a fan in such a manner, that it shall make a report like a pocket-pistol. I have likewise taken care (in order to hinder young women from letting off their fans in wrong places or on unsuitable occasions) to shew upon what subject the crack of a fan may come in properly : I have likewise invented a fan, with which a girl of sixteen, by the help of a little wind which is enclosed about one of the largest sticks, can make as loud a crack as a woman of fifty with an ordinary fan.

“ When the fans are thus discharged, the word of command, of course, is to Ground their fans. This teaches a lady to quit her fan gracefully when she throws it aside in order to take up a pack of cards, adjust a curl of hair, replace a falling pin, or apply herself to any other matter of importance. This part of the exercise, as it only consists in tossing a fan with an air upon a long table (which stands by for that purpose), may be learned in two days' time as well as in a twelvemonth.

“ When my female regiment is thus disarmed, I generally let them walk about the room for some time ;

when, on a sudden (like ladies that look upon their watches after a long visit), they all of them hasten to their arms, catch them up in a hurry, and place themselves in their proper stations, upon my calling out, Recover your fans. This part of the exercise is not difficult, provided a woman applies her thoughts to it.

“ The fluttering of the fan is the last, and indeed the master-piece of the whole exercise ; but if a lady does not mis-spend her time, she may make herself mistress of it in three months. I generally lay aside the dog-days and the hot time of the summer for the teaching this part of the exercise ; for as soon as ever I pronounce, Flutter your fans, the place is filled with so many zephyrs and gentle breezes as are very refreshing in that season of the year, though they might be dangerous to ladies of a tender constitution in any other.

“ There is an infinite variety of motions to be made use of in the flutter of a fan. There is the angry flutter, the modest flutter, the timorous flutter, and the amorous flutter. Not to be tedious, there is scarce any emotion in the mind which does not produce a suitable agitation in the fan ; insomuch, that if I only see the fan of a disciplined lady, I know very well whether she laughs, frowns, or blushes. I have seen a fan so very angry, that it would have been dangerous for the absent lover who provoked it to have come within the wind of it ; and at other times so very languishing, that I have been glad for the lady's sake the lover was at a sufficient distance from it. I need not add, that a fan is either a prude or coquette, according to the nature of the person who bears it. To conclude my letter, I must acquaint you that I have from my own observation compiled a little treatise for the use of my scholars, entitled, The Passions of the Fan ; which I will communicate to you, if you think it may be of use to the public. I shall have a general review on Thursday next ; to which

you shall be very welcome if you will honour it with your presence. I am, &c.

“ P.S. I teach young gentlemen the whole art of gallanting a fan.

“ N.B. I have several little plain fans made for this use, to avoid expense.”

ADDISON: *Spectator*, No. 102, June 27, 1711.

SUNDAY IN THE COUNTRY

First, in obedience to thy country's rites,
Worship th' immortal gods.—PYTHAG.

I AM always very well pleased with a country Sunday, and think, if keeping holy the seventh day were only a human institution, it would be the best method that could have been thought of for polishing and civilizing of mankind. It is certain, the country people would soon degenerate into a kind of savages and barbarians, were there not such frequent returns of a stated time, in which the whole village meet together with their best faces, and in their cleanliest habits, to converse with one another upon different subjects, hear their duties explained to them, and join together in adoration of the Supreme Being. Sunday clears away the rust of the whole week, not only as it refreshes in their minds the notions of religion, but as it puts both the sexes upon appearing in their most agreeable forms, and exerting all such qualities as are apt to give them a figure in the eye of the village. A country fellow distinguishes himself as much in the churchyard, as a citizen does upon the 'Change, the whole parish politics being generally discussed in that place either after sermon or before the bell rings.

My friend Sir Roger, being a good Churchman, has beautified the inside of his church with several texts

of his own choosing. He has likewise given a handsome pulpit-cloth, and railed in the communion-table at his own expense. He has often told me, that at his coming to his estate he found his parishioners very irregular : and that in order to make them kneel and join in the responses, he gave every one of them a hassock and a common-prayer book : and at the same time employed an itinerant singing-master, who goes about the country for that purpose, to instruct them rightly in the tunes of the Psalms ; upon which they now very much value themselves, and indeed outdo most of the country churches that I have ever heard.

As Sir Roger is landlord to the whole congregation, he keeps them in very good order, and will suffer nobody to sleep in it besides himself ; for if by chance he has been surprised into a short nap at sermon, upon recovering out of it he stands up and looks about him, and if he sees any body else nodding, either wakes them himself or sends his servants to them. Several other of the old knight's particularities break out upon these occasions. Sometimes he will be lengthening out a verse in the singing Psalms half a minute after the rest of the congregation have done with it ; sometimes, when he is pleased with the matter of his devotion, he pronounces amen three or four times to the same prayer ; and sometimes stands up when every body else is upon their knees, to count the congregation, or see if any of his tenants are missing.

I was yesterday very much surprised to hear my old friend, in the midst of the service, calling out to one John Matthews to mind what he was about and not disturb the congregation. This John Matthews it seems is remarkable for being an idle fellow, and at that time was kicking his heels for his diversion. This authority of the knight, though exerted in that odd manner which accompanies him in all the circumstances of life, has a very good effect upon the parish, who are not polite enough to see anything ridiculous

in his behaviour ; besides that the general good sense and worthiness of his character make his friends observe these little singularities as foils that rather set off than blemish his good qualities.

As soon as the sermon is finished, nobody presumes to stir till Sir Roger is gone out of the church. The knight walks down from his seat in the chancel between a double row of his tenants, that stand bowing to him on each side ; and every now and then inquires how such a one's wife, or mother, or son, or father do, whom he does not see at church ; which is understood as a secret reprimand to the person that is absent.

The chaplain has often told me that, upon a catechizing day, when Sir Roger has been pleased with a boy that answers well, he has ordered a Bible to be given to him next day for his encouragement ; and sometimes accompanies it with a flitch of bacon to his mother. Sir Roger has likewise added five pounds a year to the clerk's place ; and that he may encourage the young fellows to make themselves perfect in the church service, has promised upon the death of the present incumbent, who is very old, to bestow it according to merit.

The fair understanding between Sir Roger and his chaplain, and their mutual concurrence in doing good, is the more remarkable because the very next village is famous for the differences and contentions that arise between the parson and the squire, who live in a perpetual state of war. The parson is always preaching at the squire ; and the squire, to be revenged on the parson, never comes to church. The squire has made all his tenants atheists and tithe-stealers ; while the parson instructs them every Sunday in the dignity of his order, and insinuates to them, in almost every sermon, that he is a better man than his patron. In short, matters are come to such an extremity, that the squire has not said his prayers either in public or private this half year ; and the parson threatens him,

if he does not mend his manners, to pray for him in the face of the whole congregation.

Feuds of this nature, though too frequent in the country, are very fatal to the ordinary people, who are so used to be dazzled with riches, that they pay as much deference to the understanding of a man of an estate, as of a man of learning; and are very hardly brought to regard any truth, how important soever it may be, that is preached to them, when they know there are several men of five hundred a year who do not believe it. L.

ADDISON: *Spectator*, No. 112, July 9, 1711.

SIR ROGER AND HUNTING

————— *Vocat ingenti clamore Cithæron,
Taygetique canes.* VIRG. *Georg.* iii. 43.

The echoing hills and chiding hounds invite.

THOSE who have searched into human nature observe that nothing so much shews the nobleness of the soul, as that its felicity consists in action. Every man has such an active principle in him, that he will find out something to employ himself upon, in whatever place or state of life he is posted. I have heard of a gentleman who was under close confinement in the Bastile seven years, during which time he amused himself in scattering a few small pins about his chamber, gathering them up again, and placing them in different figures on the arm of a great chair. He often told his friends afterward, that unless he had found out this piece of exercise, he verily believed he should have lost his senses.

After what has been said, I need not inform my readers that Sir Roger, with whose character I hope they are at present pretty well acquainted, has in his

youth gone through the whole course of those rural diversions which the country abounds in ; and which seem to be extremely well suited to that laborious industry a man may observe here in a far greater degree than in towns and cities. I have before hinted at some of my friend's exploits : he has in his youthful days taken forty coveys of partridges in a season : and tired many a salmon with a line consisting of but a single hair. The constant thanks and good wishes of the neighbourhood always attended him on account of his remarkable enmity towards foxes ; having destroyed more of those vermin in one year, than it was thought the whole country could have produced. Indeed the knight does not scruple to own among his most intimate friends, that in order to establish his reputation this way, he has secretly sent for great numbers of them out of other counties, which he used to turn loose about the country by night, that he might the better signalize himself in their destruction the next day. His hunting horses were the finest and best managed in all these parts. His tenants are still full of the praises of a grey stone-horse that unhappily staked himself several years since, and was buried with great solemnity in the orchard.

Sir Roger being at present too old for fox-hunting, to keep himself in action, has disposed of his beagles and got a pack of stop-hounds. What these want in speed, he endeavours to make amends for by the deepness of their mouths and the variety of their notes, which are suited in such a manner to each other, that the whole cry makes up a complete concert. He is so nice in this particular, that a gentleman having made him a present of a very fine hound the other day, the knight returned it by the servant with a great many expressions of civility ; but desired him to tell his master that the dog he had sent was indeed a most excellent bass, but that at present he only wanted a counter-tenor. Could I believe my friend

had ever read Shakespeare, I should certainly conclude he had taken the hint from Theseus in the *Midsummer Night's Dream* :

My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
So flu'd, so sanded ; and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew.
Crook'd-kneed and dew-lap'd like Thessalian bulls,
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tuneable
Was never halloo'd to, nor cheer'd with horn.

Sir Roger is so keen at this sport, that he has been out almost every day since I came down ; and upon the chaplain's offering to lend me his easy pad, I was prevailed on yesterday morning to make one of the company. I was extremely pleased, as we rid along, to observe the general benevolence of all the neighbourhood towards my friend. The farmers' sons thought themselves happy if they could open a gate for the good old knight as he passed by ; which he generally requited with a nod or a smile, and a kind inquiry after their fathers or uncles.

After we had rid about a mile from home, we came upon a large heath, and the sportsmen began to beat. They had done so for some time, when, as I was at a little distance from the rest of the company, I saw a hare pop out from a small furze-brake almost under my horse's feet. I marked the way she took, which I endeavoured to make the company sensible of by extending my arm ; but to no purpose, till Sir Roger, who knows that none of my extraordinary motions are insignificant, rode up to me and asked me if puss was gone that way ? Upon my answering yes, he immediately called in the dogs, and put them upon the scent. As they were going off, I heard one of the country fellows muttering to his companion, " that 'twas a wonder they had not lost all their sport, for want of the silent gentleman's crying, Stole away."

This, with my aversion to leaping hedges, made me withdraw to a rising ground, from whence I could have the pleasure of the whole chase, without the fatigue of keeping in with the hounds. The hare immediately threw them above a mile behind her ; but I was pleased to find that, instead of running straight forwards, or, in hunter's language, " flying the country," as I was afraid she might have done, she wheeled about and described a sort of circle round the hill where I had taken my station, in such a manner as gave me a very distinct view of the sport. I could see her first pass by, and the dogs some time afterward unravelling the whole track she had made, and following her through all her doubles. I was at the same time delighted in observing that deference which the rest of the pack paid to each particular hound, according to the character he had acquired among them. If they were at fault, and an old hound of reputation opened but once, he was immediately followed by the whole cry ; while a raw dog, or one who was a noted liar, might have yelped his heart out, without being taken notice of.

The hare now, after having squatted two or three times, and being put up again as often, came still nearer to the place where she was at first started. The dogs pursued her, and these were followed by the jolly knight, who rode upon a white gelding, encompassed by his tenants and servants, and cheering his hounds with all the gaiety of five-and-twenty. One of the sportsmen rode up to me, and told me, that he was sure the chase was almost at an end, because the old dogs, which had hitherto lain behind, now headed the pack. The fellow was in the right. Our hare took a large field just under us, followed by the full cry in view. I must confess the brightness of the weather, the cheerfulness of every thing around me, the chiding of the hounds, which was returned upon us in a double echo from two neighbouring hills, with the hallooing

of the sportsmen, and the sounding of the horn, lifted my spirits into a most lively pleasure, which I freely indulged because I was sure it was innocent. If I was under any concern, it was on account of the poor hare, that was now quite spent, and almost within the reach of her enemies ; when the huntsman getting forward, threw down his pole before the dogs. They were now within eight yards of that game which they had been pursuing for almost as many hours ; yet on the signal before-mentioned they all made a sudden stand, and though they continued opening as much as before, durst not once attempt to pass beyond the pole. At the same time Sir Roger rode forward, and alighting, took up the hare in his arms ; which he soon after delivered up to one of his servants with an order if she could be kept alive, to let her go in his great orchard ; where it seems he has several of these prisoners of war, who live together in a very comfortable captivity. I was highly pleased to see the discipline of the pack, and the good-nature of the knight, who could not find in his heart to murder a creature that had given him so much diversion.

As we were returning home, I remembered that Monsieur Paschal, in his most excellent discourse on the Misery of Man, tells us, that all our endeavours after greatness proceed from nothing but a desire of being surrounded by a multitude of persons and affairs that may hinder us from looking into ourselves, which is a view we cannot bear. He afterwards goes on to shew that our love of sports comes from the same reason, and is particularly severe upon hunting. " What," says he, " unless it be to drown thought, can make them throw away so much time and pains upon a silly animal, which they might buy cheaper in the market ? " The foregoing reflection is certainly just, when a man suffers his whole mind to be drawn into his sports, and altogether loses himself in the woods ; but does not affect those who propose a far

more laudable end from this exercise, I mean the preservation of health, and keeping all the organs of the soul in a condition to execute her orders. Had that incomparable person whom I last quoted been a little more indulgent to himself in this point, the world might probably have enjoyed him much longer ; whereas, through too great an application to his studies in his youth, he contracted that ill habit of body, which, after a tedious sickness, carried him off in the fortieth year of his age ; and the whole history we have of his life till that time is but one continued account of the behaviour of a noble soul struggling under innumerable pains and distempers.

For my own part, I intend to hunt twice a week during my stay with Sir Roger ; and shall prescribe the moderate use of this exercise to all my country friends, as the best kind of physic for mending a bad constitution, and preserving a good one.

I cannot do this better, than in the following lines out of Mr. Dryden :

The first physicians by debauch were made ;
 Excess began, and Sloth sustains the trade.
 By chase our long-liv'd fathers earn'd their food ;
 Toil strung the nerves, and purify'd the blood ;
 But we their sons, a pamper'd race of men,
 Are dwindled down to three-score years and ten.
 Better to hunt in fields for health unbought,
 Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught.
 The wise for cure on exercise depend :
 God never made His work for man to mend.

X.

BUDGELL: *Spectator*, No. 116, July 13, 1711.

The first physicians . . . Dryden, "An Address to My Honoured Kinsman, John Driden," lines 73, 74, 88-95.

ON COUNTRY WAKES

Ipse dies agitat festos, fususque per herbam,
 Ignis ubi in medio et socii cratera coronant,
 Te libans, I enæe, vocat : pecorisque magistris
 Velocis jaculi certamina ponit in ulmo,
 Corporaque agresti nudat prædura palæstra.
 Hanc olim veteres vitam celuere Sabini,
 Hanc Remus et frater. Sic fortis Etruria crevit,
 Scilicet et rerum facta est pulcherrima Roma.

VIRG. *Georg.* ii. 527.

Himself, in rustic pomp, on holydays,
 To rural pow'rs a just oblation pays ;
 And on the green his careless limbs displays :
 The hearth is in the midst : the herdsman, round
 The cheerful fire, provoke his health in goblets crown'd.
 He calls on Bacchus, and propounds the prize,
 The groom his fellow-groom at butts defies,
 And bends his bow, and levels with his eyes :
 Or, stript for wrestling, smears his limbs with oil,
 And watches with a trip his foe to foil.
 Such was the life the frugal Sabines led :
 So Remus and his brother king were bred :
 From whom th' austere Etrurian virtue rose ;
 And this rude life our homely fathers chose ;
 Old Rome from such a race deriv'd her birth,
 The seat of empire, and the conquer'd earth.

DRYDEN.

I AM glad that my late going into the country has increased the number of my correspondents, one of whom sends me the following letter :

“ SIR,

“ Though you are pleased to retire from us so soon into the city, I hope you will not think the affairs of the country altogether unworthy of your inspection for the future. I had the honour of seeing your short face at Sir Roger de Coverley's, and have ever since

thought your person and writings both extraordinary. Had you stayed there a few days longer, you would have seen a country wake, which you know in most parts of England is the eve-feast of the dedication of our churches. I was last week at one of these assemblies which was held in a neighbouring parish ; where I found their green covered with a promiscuous multitude of all ages and both sexes, who esteem one another more or less the following part of the year, according as they distinguish themselves at this time. The whole company were in their holiday clothes, and divided into several parties, all of them endeavouring to shew themselves in those exercises wherein they excelled, and to gain the approbation of the lookers-on.

“ I found a ring of cudgel players, who were breaking one another’s heads in order to make some impression on their mistresses’ hearts. I observed a lusty young fellow, who had the misfortune of a broken pate ; but what considerably added to the anguish of the wound, was his overhearing an old man who shook his head, and said, ‘ that he questioned now if Black Kate would marry him these three years.’ I was diverted from a farther observation of these combatants by a foot-ball match, which was on the other side of the green : where Tom Short behaved himself so well, that most people seemed to agree, ‘ it was impossible that he should remain a bachelor until the next wake.’ Having played many a match myself, I could have looked longer on this sport had I not observed a country girl, who was posted on an eminence at some distance from me, and was making so many odd grimaces, and writhing and distorting her whole body in so strange a manner, as made me very desirous to know the meaning of it. Upon my coming up to her, I found that she was overlooking a ring of wrestlers, and that her sweetheart, a person of small stature, was contending with a huge brawny fellow,

who twirled him about, and shook the little man so violently, that by a secret sympathy of hearts it produced all those agitations in the person of his mistress, who, I dare say, like Celia in Shakespeare on the same occasion, could have wished herself 'invisible to catch the strong fellow by the leg.' The squire of the parish treats the whole company every year with a hogshead of ale; and proposes a beaver hat as a recompense to him who gives most falls. This has raised such a spirit of emulation in the youth of the place, that some of them have rendered themselves very expert at this exercise! and I was often surprised to see a fellow's heels fly up, by a trip which was given him so smartly that I could scarcely discern it. I found that the old wrestlers seldom entered the ring until some one was grown formidable by having thrown two or three of his opponents; but kept themselves as it were a reserved body to defend the hat, which is always hung up by the person who gets it in one of the most conspicuous parts of the house, and looked upon by the whole family as redounding much more to their honour than a coat of arms. There was a fellow who was so busy in regulating all the ceremonies, and seemed to carry such an air of importance in his looks, that I could not help inquiring who he was, and was immediately answered, 'That he did not value himself upon nothing, for that he and his ancestors had won so many hats, that his parlour looked like a haberdasher's shop.' However, this thirst of glory in them all was the reason that no one man stood 'lord of the ring' for above three falls while I was among them.

"The young maids who were not lookers-on at these exercises were themselves engaged in some diversion; and upon my asking a farmer's son of my own parish what he was gazing at with so much attention, he told me, 'That he was seeing Betty Welch,' whom I knew to be his sweetheart, 'pitch a bar.'

“In short, I found the men endeavoured to shew the women they were no cowards, and that the whole company strived to recommend themselves to each other, by making it appear that they were all in a perfect state of health, and fit to undergo any fatigues of bodily labour.

“Your judgment upon this method of love and gallantry, as it is at present practised among us in the country, will very much oblige, Sir, your’s, &c.”

If I would here put on the scholar and politician, I might inform my readers how these bodily exercises or games were formerly encouraged in all the commonwealths of Greece; from whence the Romans afterwards borrowed their *pentathlum*, which was composed of running, wrestling, leaping, throwing, and boxing, though the prizes were generally nothing but a crown of cypress or parsley, hats not being in fashion in those days; that there is an old statute, which obliges every man in England, having such an estate, to keep and exercise the long-bow: by which means our ancestors excelled all other nations in the use of that weapon, and we had all the real advantages, without the inconvenience of a standing army; and that I once met with a book of projects, in which the author considering to what noble ends that spirit of emulation, which so remarkably shews itself among our common people in these wakes, might be directed, proposes that for the improvement of all our handicraft trades there should be annual prizes set up for such persons as were most excellent in their several arts. But laying aside all these political considerations, which might tempt me to pass the limits of my paper, I confess the greatest benefit and convenience that I can observe in these country festivals, is the bringing young people together, and giving them an opportunity of shewing themselves in the most advantageous light. A country fellow that throws his rival upon his back, has gener-

ally as good success with their common mistress ; as nothing is more usual than for a nimble-footed wench to get a husband at the same time that she wins a smock. Love and marriages are the natural effects of these anniversary assemblies.

I am the more pleased with having love made the principal end and design of these meetings, as it seems to be most agreeable to the intent for which they were at first instituted, as we are informed by the learned Dr. Kennett, with whose words I shall conclude my present paper.

“ These wakes,” said he, “ were in imitation of the ancient love-feasts ; and were first established in England by Pope Gregory the Great, who, in an epistle to Melitus the abbot, gave orders that they should be kept in sheds or arbories made up with the branches or boughs of trees round the church.”

He adds, “ that this laudable custom of wakes prevailed for many ages, until the nice Puritans began to exclaim against it as a remnant of popery : and by degrees the precise humour grew so popular, that at an Exeter assizes the Lord Chief Baron Walter made an order for the suppression of all wakes ; but on Bishop Laud’s complaining of this innovating humour, the king commanded the order to be reversed.”—X.

ADDISON : *Spectator*, No. 161, September 4, 1711.

AN APPRECIATIVE LISTENER

————— Populares

Vincentem strepitus————— HOR. *Ars. Poet.* v. 81.

Awes the tumultuous noises of the pit.—ROSCOMMON.

THERE is nothing which lies more within the province of a Spectator than public shows and diversions : and

Dr. Kennett, in his Parochial Antiquities.

as among these there are none which can pretend to vie with those elegant entertainments that are exhibited in our theatres, I think it particularly incumbent on me to take notice of every thing that is remarkable in such numerous and refined assemblies.

It is observed, that of late years there has been a certain person in the upper gallery of the playhouse, who, when he is pleased with any thing that is acted upon the stage, expresses his approbation by a loud knock upon the benches or the wainscot, which may be heard over the whole theatre. This person is commonly known by the name of the "Trunk-maker in the upper gallery." Whether it be that the blow he gives on these occasions resembles that which is often heard in the shops of such artisans, or that he was supposed to have been a real trunk-maker, who, after the finishing of his day's work, used to unbend his mind at these public diversions with his hammer in his hand, I cannot certainly tell. There are some, I know, who have been foolish enough to imagine it is a spirit which haunts the upper gallery, and from time to time makes those strange noises ; and the rather, because he is observed to be louder than ordinary every time the ghost of Hamlet appears. Others have reported that it is a dumb man, who has chosen this way of uttering himself when he is transported with any thing he sees or hears. Others will have it to be the playhouse thunderer, that exerts himself after this manner in the upper gallery, when he has nothing to do upon the roof.

But having made it my business to get the best information I could in a matter of this moment, I find that the trunk-maker, as he is commonly called, is a large black man whom nobody knows. He generally leans forward on a huge oaken plank with great attention to every thing that passes upon the stage. He is never seen to smile ; but upon hearing any thing that pleases him, he takes up his staff with both hands, and

lays it upon the next piece of timber that stands in his way with exceeding vehemence : after which, he composes himself in his former posture, till such time as something new sets him again at work.

It has been observed, his blow is so well-timed, that the most judicious critic could never except against it. As soon as any shining thought is expressed in the poet, or any uncommon grace appears in the actor, he smites the bench or wainscot. If the audience does not concur with him, he smites a second time ; and if the audience is not yet awakened, looks round him with great wrath, and repeats the blow a third time, which never fails to produce the clap. He sometimes lets the audience begin the clap of themselves, and at the conclusion of their applause ratifies it with a single thwack.

He is of so great use to the playhouse, that it is said a former director of it, upon his not being able to pay his attendance by reason of sickness, kept one in pay to officiate for him until such time as he recovered ; but the person so employed, though he laid about him with incredible violence, did it in such wrong places, that the audience soon found out that it was not their old friend the trunk-maker.

It has been remarked, that he has not yet exerted himself with vigour this season. He sometimes plies at the opera ; and upon Nicolini's first appearance was said to have demolished three benches in the fury of his applause. He has broken half a dozen oaken planks upon Dogget, and seldom goes away from a tragedy of Shakespeare without leaving the wainscot extremely shattered.

The players do not only connive at his obstreperous approbation, but very cheerfully repair at their own

Nicolini, A famous Italian operatic singer.

Dogget. Thomas Dogget, an excellent comic actor, who was for many years joint-manager of Drury Lane with Wilkes and Colley Cibber. See Cibber's *Apology*.

cost whatever damages he makes. They once had a thought of erecting a kind of wooden anvil for his use, that should be made of a very sounding plank, in order to render his strokes more deep and mellow ; but as this might not have been distinguished from the music of a kettle-drum, the project was laid aside.

In the meanwhile, I cannot but take notice of the great use it is to an audience, that a person should thus preside over their heads like the director of a concert, in order to awaken their attention, and beat time to their applauses ; or, to raise my simile, I have sometimes fancied the trunk-maker in the upper gallery to be like Virgil's ruler of the winds, seated upon the top of a mountain, who, when he struck his sceptre upon the side of it, roused a hurricane, and set the whole cavern in an uproar.

It is certain the trunk-maker has saved many a good play, and brought many a graceful actor into reputation, who would not otherwise have been taken notice of. It is very visible, as the audience is not a little abashed, if they find themselves betrayed into a clap, when their friend in the upper gallery does not come into it ; so the actors do not value themselves upon the clap, but regard it as a mere *brutum fulmen*, or empty noise, when it has not the sound of the oaken plant in it. I know it has been given out by those who are enemies to the trunk-maker, that he has sometimes been bribed to be in the interest of a bad poet, or a vicious player ; but this is a surmise which has no foundation : his strokes are always just, and his admonitions seasonable : he does not deal about his blows at random, but always hits the right nail upon the head. The inexpressible force wherewith he lays them on sufficiently shows the evidence and strength of his conviction. His zeal for a good author is indeed outrageous, and breaks down every fence

and partition, every board and plank, that stands within the expression of his applause.

As I do not care for terminating my thoughts in barren speculations, or in reports of pure matter of fact, without drawing something from them for the advantage of my countrymen, I shall take the liberty to make a humble proposal, that whenever the trunk-maker shall depart this life, or whenever he shall have lost the spring of his arm by sickness, old age, infirmity, or the like, some able-bodied critic should be advanced to this post, and have a competent salary settled on him for life, to be furnished with bamboos for operas, crab-tree cudgels for comedies, and oaken plants for tragedy, at the public expense. And to the end that this place should be always disposed of according to merit, I would have none preferred to it who has not given convincing proofs both of a sound judgment and a strong arm; and who could not, upon occasion, either knock down an ox, or write a comment upon Horace's Art of Poetry. In short, I would have him a due composition of Hercules and Apollo, and so rightly qualified for this important office, that the trunk-maker may not be missed by our posterity.

C.

ADDISON : *Spectator*, No. 235, November 30, 1711.

ON THE CRIES OF LONDON

————— *Linguae centum sunt, oraque centum,*
Ferrea vox ————— *VIRG. Æn. vi. 625.*

————— A hundred mouths, a hundred tongues,
 And throats of brass inspir'd with iron lungs.
DRYDEN.

THERE is nothing which more astonishes a foreigner, and frights a country squire, than the Cries of London.

My good friend Sir Roger often declares that he cannot get them out of his head or go to sleep for them, the first week that he is in town. On the contrary, Will Honeycomb calls them the *Ramage de la Ville*, and prefers them to the sound of larks and nightingales, with all the music of fields and woods. I have lately received a letter from some very odd fellow upon this subject, which I shall leave with my reader, without saying anything further of it.

“ SIR,

“ I am a man out of all business, and would willingly turn my head to anything for an honest livelihood. I have invented several projects for raising many millions of money without burdening the subject, but I cannot get the parliament to listen to me, who look upon me, forsooth, as a crack, and a projector; so that despairing to enrich either myself or my country by this public-spiritedness, I would make some proposals to you relating to a design which I have very much at heart, and which may procure me a handsome subsistence, if you will be pleased to recommend it to the cities of London and Westminster.

“ The post I would aim at, is to be comptroller-general of the London Cries, which are at present under no manner of rules or discipline. I think I am pretty well qualified for this place, as being a man of very strong lungs, of great insight into all the branches of our British trades and manufactures, and of a competent skill in music.

“ The Cries of London may be divided into vocal and instrumental. As for the latter, they are at present under a very great disorder. A freeman of London has the privilege of disturbing a whole street for an hour together, with a twanking of a brass kettle or frying-pan. The watchman's thump at midnight startles us in our beds as much as the breaking in of a thief. The sowgelder's horn has indeed something

musical in it, but this is seldom heard within the liberties. I would therefore propose, that no instrument of this nature should be made use of, which I have not tuned and licensed, after having carefully examined in what manner it may affect the ears of her majesty's liege subjects.

"Vocal cries are of a much larger extent, and indeed so full of incongruities and barbarisms, that we appear a distracted city to foreigners, who do not comprehend the meaning of such enormous outcries. Milk is generally sold in a note above E-la, and in sounds so exceedingly shrill, that it often sets our teeth on edge. The chimney-sweeper is confined to no certain pitch ; he sometimes utters himself in the deepest bass, and sometimes in the sharpest treble ; sometimes in the highest, and sometimes in the lowest, note of the gamut. The same observation might be made on the retailers of small-coal, not to mention broken glasses, or brick-dust. In these, therefore, and the like cases, it should be my care to sweeten and mellow the voices of these itinerant tradesmen, before they make their appearance in our streets, as also to accommodate their cries to their respective wares ; and to take care in particular, that those may not make the most noise who have the least to sell, which is very observable in the venders of card-matches, to whom I cannot but apply that old proverb of ' Much cry, but little wool.'

"Some of these last-mentioned musicians are so very loud in the sale of these trifling manufactures, that an honest splenetic gentleman of my acquaintance bargained with one of them never to come into the street where he lived. But what was the effect of this contract ? Why, the whole tribe of card-match-makers which frequent that quarter passed by his door the very next day, in hopes of being bought off after the same manner.

"It is another great imperfection in our London Cries, that there is no just time nor measure observed

in them. Our news should indeed be published in a very quick time, because it is a commodity that will not keep cold. It should not, however, be cried with the same precipitation as fire. Yet this is generally the case. A bloody battle alarms the town from one end to another in an instant. Every motion of the French is published in so great a hurry, that one would think the enemy were at our gates. This likewise I would take upon me to regulate in such a manner, that there should be some distinction made between the spreading of a victory, a march, or an encampment, a Dutch, a Portugal, or a Spanish mail. Nor must I omit under this head those excessive alarms with which several boisterous rustics infest our streets in turnip season ; and which are more inexcusable, because they are wares which are in no danger of cooling upon their hands.

“ There are others who affect a very slow time, and are in my opinion much more tuneable than the former. The cooper in particular swells his last note in a hollow voice, that is not without its harmony ; nor can I forbear being inspired with a most agreeable melancholy, when I hear that sad and solemn air with which the public are very often asked if they have any chairs to mend ? Your own memory may suggest to you many other lamentable ditties of the same nature, in which the music is wonderfully languishing and melodious.

“ I am always pleased with that particular time of the year which is proper for the pickling of dill and cucumbers ; but alas ! this cry, like the song of the nightingale, is not heard above two months. It would therefore be worth while to consider whether the same air might not in some cases be adapted to other words.

“ It might likewise deserve our most serious con-

sideration, how far, in a well-regulated city, those humourists are to be tolerated, who, not contented with the traditional cries of their forefathers, have invented particular songs and tunes of their own : such as was, not many years since, the pastry-man, commonly known by the name of the Colly-Molly-Puff : and such as is at this day the vender of powder and wash-balls, who, if I am rightly informed, goes under the name of Powder-Wat.

“ I must not here omit one particular absurdity which runs through this whole vociferous generation, and which renders their cries very often not only incommodious, but altogether useless to the public. I mean that idle accomplishment which they all of them aim at, of crying so as not to be understood. Whether or no they have learned this from several of our affected singers, I will not take upon me to say ; but most certain it is, that people know the wares they deal in rather by their tunes than by their words ; insomuch that I have sometimes seen a country boy run out to buy apples of a bellows-mender, and gingerbread from a grinder of knives and scissars. Nay, so strangely infatuated are some very eminent artists of this particular grace in a cry, that none but their acquaintance are able to guess at their profession ; for who else can know, that ‘ work if I had it ’ should be the signification of a corn-cutter ?

“ Forasmuch, therefore, as persons of this rank are seldom men of genius or capacity I think it would be very proper that some men of good sense and sound judgment should preside over these public cries, who should permit none to lift up their voices in our streets that have not tuneable throats, and are not only able to overcome the noise of the crowd, and the rattling

Colly-Molly-Puff. This little man was just able to support the basket of pastry which he carried on his head, and sang in a very peculiar tone the cant words which passed into his name, Colly-Molly-Puff.

of coaches, but also to vend their respective merchandises in apt phrases, and in the most distinct and agreeable sounds. I do therefore humbly recommend myself as a person rightly qualified for this post ; and if I meet with fitting encouragement, shall communicate some other projects which I have by me, that may no less conduce to the emolument of the public.

“ I am, Sir, &c.

“ RALPH CROTCHET.”

C.

ADDISON : *Spectator*, No. 251, December 18, 1711.

A CITIZEN'S DIARY

—— Fruges consumere nati.—HOR. *1 Ep.* ii. 27.

—— Born to drink and eat.—CREECH.

AUGUSTUS, a few minutes before his death, asked his friends who stood about him, if they thought he had acted his part well ; and upon receiving such an answer as was due to his extraordinary merit, “ Let me then,” says he, “ go off the stage with your applause ; ” using the expression with which the Roman actors made their exit at the conclusion of a dramatic piece. I could wish that men, while they are in health, would consider well the nature of the part they are engaged in, and what figure it will make in the minds of those they leave behind them, whether it was worth coming into the world for ; whether it be suitable to a reasonable being ; in short, whether it appears graceful in this life, or will turn to advantage in the next. Let the sycophant or the buffoon, the satirist or the good companion, consider with himself, when his body shall be laid in the grave, and his soul pass into another state of existence, how much it will

Exit. Vos valetē et plaudete.

redound to his praise to have it said of him, that no man in England ate better, that he had an admirable talent at turning his friends into ridicule, that nobody outdid him at an ill-natured jest, or that he never went to bed before he had dispatched his third bottle. These are, however, very common funeral orations, and eulogiums on deceased persons who have acted among mankind with some figure and reputation.

But if we look into the bulk of our species, they are such as are not likely to be remembered a moment after their disappearance. They leave behind them no traces of their existence, but are forgotten as though they had never been. They are neither wanted by the poor, regretted by the rich, nor celebrated by the learned. They are neither missed in the commonwealth, nor lamented by private persons. Their actions are of no significance to mankind, and might have been performed by creatures of much less dignity than those who are distinguished by the faculty of reason. An eminent French author speaks somewhere to the following purpose : I have often seen from my chamber-window two noble creatures, both of them of an erect countenance and endowed with reason. These two intellectual beings are employed from morning to night in rubbing two smooth stones one upon another : that is, as the vulgar phrase is, in polishing marble.

My friend, Sir Andrew Freeport, as we were sitting in the club last night, gave us an account of a sober citizen, who died a few days since. This honest man of greater consequence in his own thoughts than in the eye of the world, had for some years past kept a journal of his life. Sir Andrew shewed us one week of it. Since the occurrences set down in it mark out such a road of action as that I have been speaking of, I shall present my reader with a faithful copy of it ;

Faithful copy. This journal was, it may be, genuine, but certainly was published here as a banter on a gentleman who was a

after having first informed him, that the deceased person had in his youth been bred to trade, but finding himself not so well turned for business, he had for several years last past lived altogether upon a moderate annuity.

Monday, eight o'clock. I put on my clothes, and walked into the parlour.

Nine o'clock, ditto. Tied my knee-strings and washed my hands.

Hours ten, eleven, and twelve. Smoked three pipes of Virginia. Read the Supplement and Daily Courant. Things go ill in the north. Mr. Nisby's opinion thereupon.

One o'clock in the afternoon. Chid Ralph for mislaying my tobacco-box.

Two o'clock. Sat down to dinner. Mem. Too many plums and no suet.

From three to four. Took my afternoon's nap.

From four to six. Walked into the fields. Wind S.S.E.

From six to ten. At the club. Mr. Nisby's opinion about the peace.

Ten o'clock. Went to bed, slept sound.

Tuesday, being holiday, eight o'clock. Rose as usual.

Nine o'clock. Washed hands and face, shaved, put on my double-soled shoes.

Ten, eleven, twelve. Took a walk to Islington.

One. Took a pot of Mother Cob's mild.

Between two and three. Returned, dined on a knuckle of veal and bacon. Mem. Sprouts wanting.

Three. Nap as usual.

From four to six. Coffee-house. Read the news. A dish of twist. Grand vizier strangled.

member of a congregation of Dissenters, commonly called Independents, where a Mr. Nesbit officiated at that time as minister. Of him an account is given in John Dunton's *Life, Errors, and Opinions*.

From six to ten. At the club. Mr. Nisby's account of the Great Turk.

Ten. Dream of the grand vizier. Broken sleep.

Wednesday, eight o'clock. Tongue of my shoe-buckle broke. Hands but not face.

Nine. Paid off the butcher's bill. Mem. To be allowed for the last leg of mutton.

Ten, eleven. At the coffee-house. More work in the north. Stranger in a black wig asked me how stocks went.

From twelve to one. Walked in the fields. Wind to the south.

From one to two. Smoked a pipe and a half.

Two. Dined as usual. Stomach good.

Three. Nap broke by the falling of a pewter dish. Mem. Cook-maid in love, and grown careless.

From four to six. At the coffee-house. Advice from Smyrna that the grand vizier was first of all strangled, and afterward beheaded.

Six o'clock in the evening. Was half an hour in the club before any body else came. Mr. Nisby of opinion that the grand vizier was not strangled the sixth instant.

Ten at night. Went to bed. Slept without waking until nine the next morning.

Thursday, nine o'clock. Stayed within until two o'clock for Sir Timothy ; who did not bring me my annuity according to his promise.

Two in the afternoon. Sat down to dinner. Loss of appetite. Small beer sour. Beef over-corned.

Three. Could not take my nap.

Four and five. Gave Ralph a box on the ear. Turned off my cook-maid. Sent a messenger to Sir Timothy. Mem. I did not go to the club to-night. Went to bed at nine o'clock.

Friday. Passed the morning in meditation upon Sir Timothy, who was with me a quarter before twelve.

Twelve o'clock. Bought a new head to my cane, and a tongue to my buckle. Drank a glass of purl to recover appetite.

Two and three. Dined and slept well.

From four to six. Went to the coffee-house. Met Mr. Nisby there. Smoked several pipes. Mr. Nisby of opinion that laced coffee is bad for the head.

Six o'clock. At the club as steward. Sat late.

Twelve o'clock. Went to bed. Dreamt that I drank small beer with the grand vizier.

Saturday. Waked at eleven. Walked in the fields, wind N.E.

Twelve. Caught in a shower.

One in the afternoon. Returned home and dried myself.

Two. Mr. Nisby dined with me. First course, marrow-bones; second, ox-cheek, with a bottle of Brooks and Hellier.

Three. Overslept myself.

Six. Went to the club. Like to have fallen into a gutter. Grand vizier certainly dead.

I question not but the reader will be surprised to find the above-mentioned journalist taking so much care of a life that was filled with such inconsiderable actions, and received so very small improvements; and yet if we look into the behaviour of many whom we daily converse with, we shall find that most of their hours are taken up in those three important articles of eating, drinking, and sleeping. I do not suppose that man loses his time, who is not engaged in public affairs, or in an illustrious course of action. On the contrary, I believe our hours may very often be more profitably laid out in such transactions as make no figure in the world, than in such as are apt to draw upon them the attention of mankind. One may become wiser and better by several methods of employing one's self in secrecy and silence, and do what is laudable without noise or ostentation. I

would, however, recommend to every one of my readers, the keeping a journal of their lives for one week, and setting down punctually their whole series of employment during that space of time. This kind of self-examination would give them a true state of themselves, and incline them to consider seriously what they are about. One day would rectify the omissions of another, and make a man weigh all those indifferent actions, which, though they are easily forgotten, must certainly be accounted for. L.

ADDISON: *Spectator*, No. 317, March 4, 1711-12.

A FINE LADY'S JOURNAL

DEAR MR. SPECTATOR,

You having set your readers an exercise in one of your last week's papers, I have performed mine according to your orders, and herewith send it you enclosed. You must know, MR. SPECTATOR, that I am a maiden lady of a good fortune, who have had several good matches offered me for these ten years last past, and have at present warm applications made to me by "A Very Pretty Fellow." As I am at my own disposal, I come up to town every winter, and pass my time in it after the manner you will find in the following journal, which I began to write the very day after your SPECTATOR upon that subject.

Tuesday night. Could not go to sleep till one in the morning for thinking of my journal.

Wednesday. From eight till ten. Drank two dishes of chocolate in bed, and fell asleep after them.

From ten to eleven. Ate a slice of bread and butter, drank a dish of bohea, and read the SPECTATOR.

"A Very Pretty Fellow." See *Tatler*, Nos. 21, 22, 24.

From eleven to one. At my toilette ; tried a new hood. Gave orders for Veny to be combed and washed. Mem. I look best in blue.

From one till half an hour after two. Drove to the 'Change. Cheapened a couple of fans.

Till four. At dinner. Mem. Mr. Froth passed by in his new liveries.

From four to six. Dressed ; paid a visit to old Lady Blithe and her sister, having before heard they were gone out of town that day.

From six to eleven. At basset. Mem. Never set again upon the ace of diamonds.

Thursday. From eleven at night to eight in the morning. Dreamed that I punted to Mr. Froth.

From eight to ten. Chocolate. Read two acts in *Aurengzebe* a-bed.

From ten to eleven. Tea-table. Sent to borrow Lady Faddle's Cupid for Veny. Read the play-bills. Received a letter from Mr. Froth. Mem. Locked it up in my strong box.

Rest of the morning. Fontange, the tire-woman, her account of my Lady Blithe's wash. Broke a tooth in my little tortoise-shell comb. Sent Frank to know how my Lady Hectic rested after her monkey's leaping out at window. Looked pale. Fontange tells me my glass is not true. Dressed by three.

From three to four. Dinner cold before I sat down.

From four to eleven. Saw company. Mr. Froth's opinion of Milton. His accounts of the Mohocks. His fancy for a pincushion. Picture in the lid of his snuff-box. Old Lady Faddle promises me her woman to cut my hair. Lost five guineas at crimp.

Twelve o'clock at night. Went to bed.

Friday. Eight in the morning. A-bed. Read over all Mr. Froth's letters. Cupid and Veny.

Punted, A term in basset.

"*Aurengzebe*," An heroic play produced by Dryden in 1675.

Mohocks. See *Spectator*, No. 324.

Ten o'clock. Stayed within all day, not at home.

From ten to twelve. In conference with my mantua-maker. Sorted a suit of ribands. Broke my blue china cup.

From twelve to one. Shut myself up in my chamber, practised Lady Betty Modley's skuttle.

One in the afternoon. Called for my flowered handkerchief. Worked half a violet leaf in it. Eyes ached and head out of order. Threw by my work, and read over the remaining part of *Aurengzebe*.

From three to four. Dined.

From four to twelve. Changed my mind, dressed, went abroad, and played at crimp till midnight. Found Mrs. Spiteley at home. Conversation: Mrs. Brilliant's necklace false stones. Old Lady Loveday going to be married to a young fellow that is not worth a groat. Miss Prue gone into the country. Tom Townley has red hair. Mem. Mrs. Spiteley whispered in my ear, that she had something to tell me about Mr. Froth; I am sure it is not true.

Between twelve and one. Dreamed that Mr. Froth lay at my feet and called me Indamora.

Saturday. Rose at eight o'clock in the morning. Sat down to my toilette.

From eight to nine. Shifted a patch for half an hour before I could determine it. Fixed it above my left eye-brow.

From nine to twelve. Drank my tea and dressed.

From twelve to two. At chapel. A great deal of good company. Mem. The third air in the new opera. Lady Blithe dressed frightfully.

From three to four. Dined. Miss Kitty called upon me to go to the opera before I was risen from table.

From dinner to six. Drank tea. Turned off a footman for being rude to Veny.

Six o'clock. Went to the opera. I did not see Mr. Froth till the beginning of the second act. Mr. Froth talked to a gentleman in a black wig : bowed to a lady in the front box. Mr. Froth and his friend clapped Nicolini in the third act. Mr. Froth cried out " Ancora." Mr. Froth led me to my chair. I think he squeezed my hand.

Eleven at night. Went to bed. Melancholy dreams. Methought Nicolini said he was Mr. Froth.

Sunday. Indisposed.

Monday. Eight o'clock. Waked by Miss Kitty. *Aurengzebe* lay upon the chair by me. Kitty repeated without book the eight best lines in the play. Went in our mobs to the dumb man, according to appointment. Told me that my lover's name began with a G. Mem. The conjuror was within a letter of Mr. Froth's name, &c.

" Upon looking back into this journal, I find that I am at a loss to know whether I pass my time well or ill ; and indeed never thought of considering how I did it before I perused your speculation upon that subject. I scarce find a single action in these five days that I can thoroughly approve of, except in the working upon the violet-leaf, which I am resolved to finish the first day I am at leisure. As for Mr. Froth and Veny, I did not think they took up so much of my time and thoughts as I find they do upon my journal. The latter of them I will turn off, if you insist upon it ; and if Mr. Froth does not bring matters to a conclusion very suddenly, I will not let my life run away in a dream.

" Your humble Servant,

" CLARINDA."

Mobs, A huddled economy of dress so-called.

The dumb man. Duncan Campbell, a fashionable fortune-teller, about whom De Foe composed a popular life (published in 1720). See also *Spectator*, No. 474.

To resume one of the morals of my first paper, and to confirm Clarinda in her good inclinations, I would have her consider what a pretty figure she would make among posterity, were the history of her whole life published like these five days of it. I shall conclude my paper with an epitaph written by an uncertain author on Sir Philip Sidney's sister, a lady who seems to have been of a temper very much different from that of Clarinda. The last thought of it is so very noble, that I dare say my reader will pardon me the quotation.

ON THE COUNTESS DOWAGER OF PEMBROKE

“ Underneath this marble hearse
Lies the subject of all verse,
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother ;
Death, ere thou hast kill'd another,
Fair and learn'd, and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee.”

ADDISON : *Spectator*, No. 323, March 11, 1711-12.

SIR ROGER IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY

Ire tamen restat, Numa quo devenit et Ancus.

HOR. *1 Ep.* vi. 27.

With Ancus, and with Numa, kings of Rome,
We must descend into the silent tomb.

My friend Sir Roger de Coverley told me t'other night that he had been reading my paper upon Westminster-abbey, in which, says he, there are a great many ingenious fancies. He told me at the same time, that he observed I had promised another paper upon

Ingenious fancies. See *Spectator*, No. 26.

the tombs, and that he should be glad to go and see them with me, not having visited them since he had read history. I could not imagine at first how this came into the knight's head, till I recollected that he had been busy all last summer upon Baker's Chronicle, which he has quoted several times in his disputes with Sir Andrew Freeport since his last coming to town. Accordingly I promised to call upon him the next morning, that we might go together to the abbey.

I found the knight under the butler's hands, who always shaves him. He was no sooner dressed, than he called for a glass of the widow Truby's water, which he told me he always drank before he went abroad. He recommended me a dram of it at the same time, with so much heartiness, that I could not forbear drinking it. As soon as I had got it down, I found it very unpalatable ; upon which the knight, observing that I had made several wry faces, told me that he knew I should not like it at first, but that it was the best thing in the world against the stone or gravel.

I could have wished indeed that he had acquainted me with the virtues of it sooner ; but it was too late to complain, and I knew what he had done was out of good-will. Sir Roger told me further, that he looked upon it to be very good for a man whilst he stayed in town, to keep off infection, and that he got together a quantity of it upon the first news of the sickness being at Dantzick : when of a sudden turning short to one of his servants, who stood behind him, he bid him call a hackney-coach, and take care it was an elderly man that drove it.

He then resumed his discourse upon Mrs. Truby's water, telling me that the widow Truby was one who did more good than all the doctors and apothecaries in the country ; that she distilled every poppy that grew within five miles of her ; that she distributed her water gratis among ail sorts of people : to which the knight added, that she had a very great jointure,

and that the whole country would fain have it a match between him and her ; “ and truly,” says Sir Roger, “ if I had not been engaged, perhaps I could not have done better.”

His discourse was broken off by his man’s telling him he had called a coach. Upon our going to it, after having cast his eye upon the wheels, he asked the coachman if his axle-tree was good ; upon the fellow’s telling him he would warrant it, the knight turned to me, told me he looked like an honest man, and went in without further ceremony.

We had not gone far, when Sir Roger, popping out his head, called the coachman down from his box, and, upon presenting himself at the window, asked him if he smoked. As I was considering what this would end in, he bid him stop by the way at any good tobacconist’s, and take in a roll of their best Virginia. Nothing material happened in the remaining part of our journey, till we were set down at the west end of the abbey.

As we went up the body of the church, the knight pointed at the trophies upon one of the new monuments, and cried out, “ A brave man, I warrant him ! ” Passing afterward by Sir Cloudesly Shovel, he flung his hand that way, and cried, “ Sir Cloudesly Shovel ! a very gallant man.” As we stood before Busby’s tomb, the knight uttered himself again after the same manner : “ Dr. Busby ! a great man ! he whipped my grandfather ; a very great man ! I should have gone to him myself, if I had not been a blockhead : a very great man ! ”

We were immediately conducted into the little chapel on the right hand. Sir Roger planting himself at our historian’s elbow, was very attentive to every thing he said, particularly to the account he gave us of the lord who had cut off the king of Morocco’s head. Among several other figures, he was very well pleased to see the statesman Cecil upon his knees ; and con-

cluding them all to be great men, was conducted to the figure which represents that martyr to good housewifery who died by the prick of a needle. Upon our interpreter's telling us that she was a maid of honour to Queen Elizabeth, the knight was very inquisitive into her name and family ; and after having regarded her finger for some time, " I wonder," says he, " that Sir Richard Baker has said nothing of her in his Chronicle."

We were then conveyed to the two coronation chairs, where my old friend, after having heard that the stone under the most ancient of them, which was brought from Scotland, was called Jacob's pillar, sat himself down in the chair, and, looking like the figure of an old Gothic king, asked our interpreter what authority they had to say that Jacob had ever been in Scotland ? The fellow, instead of returning him an answer, told him that he hoped his honour would pay his forfeit. I could observe Sir Roger a little ruffled upon being thus trepanned ; but our guide not insisting upon his demand, the knight soon recovered his good humour, and whispered in my ear that if Will Wimble were with us, and saw those chairs, it would go hard but he would get a tobacco stopper out of one or t'other of them.

Sir Roger in the next place laid his hand upon Edward the Third's sword, and leaning upon the pommel of it, gave us the whole history of the Black Prince : concluding, that in Sir Richard Baker's opinion Edward the Third was one of the greatest princes that ever sat upon the English throne.

We were then shown Edward the Confessor's tomb ; upon which Sir Roger acquainted us that he was of the first who touched for the evil : and afterward Henry the Fourth's ; upon which he shook his head, and told us there was fine reading in the casualties of that reign.

Our conductor then pointed to that monument

where there is the figure of one of our English kings without a head ; and upon giving us to know that the head, which was of beaten silver, had been stolen away several years since, " Some whig, I'll warrant you," says Sir Roger ; " you ought to lock up your kings better ; they will carry off the body too, if you don't take care."

The glorious names of Henry the Fifth and Queen Elizabeth gave the knight great opportunities of shining, and of doing justice to Sir Richard Baker, who, as our knight observed with some surprise, had a great many kings in him, whose monuments he had not seen in the abbey.

For my own part, I could not but be pleased to see the knight show such an honest passion for the glory of his country, and such a respectful gratitude to the memory of its princes.

I must not omit, that the benevolence of my good old friend, which flows out towards every one he converses with, made him very kind to our interpreter, whom he looked upon as an extraordinary man : for which reason he shook him by the hand at parting, telling him that he should be very glad to see him at his lodgings in Norfolk-buildings, and talk over these matters with him more at leisure. L.

ADDISON : *Spectator*, No. 329, March 18, 1711-12.

SIR ROGER VISITS THE THEATRE

Respicere exemplar vitæ morumque jubebo
Doctum imitatore, et veras hinc ducere voces.

HOR. *Ars. Poet.* 327.

Keep nature's great original in view,
And thence the living images pursue.—FRANCIS.

My friend Sir Roger de Coverley, when we last met together at the club, told me that he had a great mind

to see the new tragedy with me, assuring me at the same time, that he had not been at a play these twenty years. "The last I saw," said Sir Roger, "was the Committee, which I should not have gone to neither, had not I been told beforehand that it was a good church of England comedy." He then proceeded to inquire of me who this distress mother was ; and upon hearing that she was Hector's widow, he told me that her husband was a brave man, and that when he was a school-boy he had read his life at the end of the dictionary. My friend asked me in the next place, if there would not be some danger in coming home late, in case the Mohocks should be abroad. "I assure you," says he, "I thought I had fallen into their hands last night ; for I observed two or three lusty black men that followed me half way up Fleet-street, and mended their pace behind me, in proportion as I put on to get away from them. You must know," continued the knight with a smile, "I fancied they had a mind to hunt me ; for I remember an honest gentleman in my neighbourhood who was served such a trick in King Charles the Second's time, for which reason he has not ventured himself in town ever since. I might have shown them very good sport, had this been their design ; for, as I am an old fox-hunter, I should have turned and dodged, and have played them a thousand tricks they had never seen in their lives before." Sir Roger added that "if these gentlemen had any such intention, they did not succeed very well in it ; for I threw them out," says he, "at the end of Norfolk-street, where I doubled the corner, and got shelter in my lodgings before they could imagine what was become of me. However," says the knight, "if Captain Sentry will make one with us to-morrow night, and you will both of you

call upon me about four o'clock, that we may be at the house before it is full, I will have my own coach in readiness to attend you, for John tells me he has got the fore-wheels mended."

The captain, who did not fail to meet me there at the appointed hour, bid Sir Roger fear nothing, for that he had put on the same sword which he made use of at the battle of Steenkirk. Sir Roger's servants, and among the rest my old friend the butler, had, I found, provided themselves with good oaken plants, to attend their master upon this occasion. When we had placed him in his coach, with myself at his left hand, the captain before him, and his butler at the head of his footmen in the rear, we conveyed him in safety to the playhouse, where, after having marched up the entry in good order, the captain and I went in with him, and seated him betwixt us in the pit. As soon as the house was full, and the candles lighted, my old friend stood up, and looked about him with that pleasure which a mind seasoned with humanity naturally feels in itself at the sight of a multitude of people who seem pleased with one another, and partake of the same common entertainment. I could not but fancy to myself, as the old man stood up in the middle of the pit, that he made a very proper centre to a tragic audience. Upon the entering of Pyrrhus, the knight told me that he did not believe the king of France himself had a better strut. I was indeed very attentive to my old friend's remarks, because I looked upon them as a piece of natural criticism, and was well pleased to hear him, at the conclusion of almost every scene, telling me that he could not imagine how the play would end. One while he appeared much concerned for Andromache; and a little while after as much for Hermione; and

Steenkirk, in 1692. Gentlemen wore about this time a kind of neck-cloth called a Steenkirk, probably from its being taken notice of first after this battle.

was extremely puzzled to think what would become of Pyrrhus.

When Sir Roger saw Andromache's obstinate refusal to her lover's importunities, he whispered me in the ear, that he was sure she would never have him ; to which he added, with a more than ordinary vehemence, " You can't imagine, Sir, what it is to have to do with a widow." Upon Pyrrhus his threatening to leave her, the knight shook his head and muttered to himself, " Ay, do if you can." This part dwelt so much upon my friend's imagination, that at the close of the third act, as I was thinking on something else, he whispered me in my ear, " These widows, Sir, are the most perverse creatures in the world. But pray," says he, " you that are a critic, is the play according to your dramatic rules, as you call them ? Should your people in tragedy always talk to be understood ? Why, there is not a single sentence in this play that I do not know the meaning of."

The fourth act very luckily began before I had time to give the old gentleman an answer. " Well," says the knight, sitting down with great satisfaction, " I suppose we are now to see Hector's ghost." He then renewed his attention, and from time to time fell a-praising the widow. He made, indeed, a little mistake as to one of her pages, whom at his first entering he took for Astyanax ; but quickly set himself right in that particular, though, at the same time, he owned he should have been very glad to have seen the little boy, who, says he, must needs be a very fine child by the account that is given of him. Upon Hermione's going off with a menace to Pyrrhus, the audience gave a loud clap, to which Sir Roger added, " On my word, a notable young baggage !"

As there was a very remarkable silence and stillness in the audience during the whole action, it was natural for them to take the opportunity of the intervals between the acts to express their opinion of the players,

and of their respective parts. Sir Roger, hearing a cluster of them praise Orestes, struck in with them, and told them that he thought his friend Pylades was a very sensible man. As they were afterwards applauding Pyrrhus, Sir Roger put in a second time: "And let me tell you," says he, "though he speaks but little, I like the old fellow in whiskers as well as any of them." Captain Sentry, seeing two or three wags who sat near us lean with an attentive ear towards Sir Roger, and fearing lest they should smoke the knight, plucked him by the elbow, and whispered something in his ear, that lasted till the opening of the fifth act. The knight was wonderfully attentive to the account which Orestes gives of Pyrrhus's death, and, at the conclusion of it, told me it was such a bloody piece of work that he was glad it was not done upon the stage. Seeing afterward Orestes in his raving fit, he grew more than ordinarily serious, and took occasion to moralize (in his way) upon an evil conscience, adding that Orestes, in his madness, looked as if he saw something.

As we were the first that came into the house, so we were the last that went out of it: being resolved to have a clear passage for our old friend, whom we did not care to venture among the justling of the crowd. Sir Roger went out fully satisfied with his entertainment, and we guarded him to his lodging in the same manner that we brought him to the play-house, being highly pleased for my own part, not only with the performance of the excellent piece which had been presented, but with the satisfaction which it had given to the good old man. L.

ADDISON: *Spectator*, No. 335, March 25, 1711-12.

Smoke, Practice on one's credulity (cf. modern "leg-pulling").

A MORNING RAMBLE THROUGH LONDON

Sine me, vacivum tempus ne quod dem mihi

Laboris.

TER. *Heaut.* act i. sc. 1.

Give me leave to allow myself no respite from labour.

It is an inexpressible pleasure to know a little of the world, and be of no character or significancy in it.

To be ever unconcerned, and ever looking on new objects with an endless curiosity, is a delight known only to those who are turned for speculation: nay, they who enjoy it must value things only as they are the objects of speculation, without drawing any worldly advantage to themselves from them, but just as they are what contribute to their amusement, or the improvement of the mind. I lay one night last week at Richmond; and being restless, not out of dissatisfaction, but a certain busy inclination one sometimes has, I rose at four in the morning, and took boat for London, with a resolution to rove by boat and coach for the next four-and-twenty hours, till the many objects I must needs meet with should tire my imagination, and give me an inclination to a repose more profound than I was at that time capable of. I beg people's pardon for an odd humour I am guilty of, and was often that day, which is saluting any person whom I like, whether I know him or not. This is a particularity would be tolerated in me, if they considered that the greatest pleasure I know I receive at my eyes, and that I am obliged to an agreeable person for coming abroad into my view, as another is for a visit of conversation at their own houses.

The hours of the day and night are taken up in

the cities of London and Westminster, by people as different from each other as those who are born in different centuries. Men of six o'clock give way to those of nine, they of nine to the generation of twelve ; and they of twelve disappear, and make room for the fashionable world, who have made two o'clock the noon of the day.

When we first put off from shore, we soon fell in with a fleet of gardeners, bound for the several market ports of London ; and it was the most pleasing scene imaginable to see the cheerfulness with which those industrious people plied their way to a certain sale of their goods. The banks on each side are as well peopled, and beautified with as agreeable plantations, as any spot on the earth ; but the Thames itself, loaded with the product of each shore, added very much to the landscape. It was very easy to observe by their sailing, and the countenances of the ruddy virgins, who were supercargoes, the parts of the town to which they were bound. There was an air in the purveyors for Covent-garden, who frequently converse with morning rakes, very unlike the seeming sobriety of those bound for Stocks-market.

Nothing remarkable happened in our voyage ; but I landed with ten sail of apricot-boats, at Strand-bridge, after having put in at Nine-Elms, and taken in melons, consigned by Mr. Cuffe of that place to Sarah Sewell and Company, at their stall in Covent-garden. We arrived at Strand-bridge at six of the clock, and were unloading ; when the hackney-coachmen of the foregoing night took their leave of each other at the Dark-house, to go to bed before the day was too far spent. Chimney-sweepers passed by us as we made up to the market, and some raillery happened between one of the fruit-wenches and those black men about the Devil and Eve, with allusion to

Stocks-market. Stood on the site of the present Mansion House.

their several professions. I could not believe any place more entertaining than Covent-garden ; where I strolled from one fruit-shop to another, with crowds of agreeable young women around me, who were purchasing fruit for their respective families. It was almost eight of the clock before I could leave that variety of objects. I took coach and followed a young lady, who tripped into another just before me, attended by her maid. I saw immediately she was of the family of the Vain-likes. There are a set of these, who, of all things, affect the play of Blindman's buff, and leading men into love for they know not whom, who are fled they know not where. This sort of woman is usually a janty slattern ; she hangs on her clothes, plays her head, varies her posture, and changes place incessantly, and all with an appearance of striving at the same time to hide herself, and yet give you to understand she is in humour to laugh at you. You must have often seen the coachmen make signs with their fingers, as they drive by each other, to intimate how much they have got that day. They can carry on that language to give intelligence where they are driving. In an instant my coachman took the wink to pursue ; and the lady's driver gave the hint that he was going through Long-acre towards St. James's ; while he whipped up James-street, we drove for King-street, to save the pass at St. Martin's-lane. The coachmen took care to meet, jostle, and threaten each other for way, and be entangled at the end of Newport-street and Long-acre. The fright, you must believe, brought down the lady's coach-door, and obliged her, with her mask off, to inquire into the bustle,—when she sees the man she would avoid. The tackle of the coach-window is so bad she cannot draw it up again, and she drives on sometimes wholly discovered, and sometimes half escaped, according to the accident of carriages in her way. One of these ladies keeps her seat in a hackney-coach, as well as

the best rider does on a managed horse. The laced shoe on her left foot, with a careless gesture, just appearing on the opposite cushion, held her both firm and in a proper attitude to receive the next jolt.

As she was an excellent coach-woman, many were the glances at each other which we had for an hour and a half, in all parts of the town, by the skill of our drivers ; till at last my lady was conveniently lost, with notice from her coachman to ours to make off, and he should hear where she went. This chase was now at an end : and the fellow who drove her came to us, and discovered that he was ordered to come again in an hour, for that she was a silk-worm. I was surprised with this phrase, but found it was a cant among the hackney fraternity for their best customers, women who ramble twice or thrice a week from shop to shop, to turn over all the goods in town without buying any thing. The silk-worms are, it seems, indulged by the tradesmen ; for, though they never buy, they are ever talking of new silks, laces, and ribands, and serve the owners in getting them customers, as their common dunners do in making them pay.

The day of people of fashion began now to break, and carts and hacks were mingled with equipages of show and vanity ; when I resolved to walk it, out of cheapness ; but my unhappy curiosity is such, that I find it always my interest to take coach ; for some odd adventure among beggars, ballad-singers, or the like, detains and throws me into expense. It happened so immediately : for at the corner of Warwick-street, as I was listening to a new ballad, a ragged

Silk-worm. See also Cowper, *The Task*, Book vi. :

“ . . . Miss, the mercer’s plague, from shop to shop
Wandering, and littering with unfolded silks
The polished counter, and approving none,
Or promising with smiles to call again.”

rascal, a beggar who knew me, came up to me, and began to turn the eyes of the good company upon me, by telling me he was extremely poor, and should die in the street for want of drink, except I immediately would have the charity to give him six-pence to go into the next ale-house and save his life. He urged, with a melancholy face, that all his family had died of thirst. All the mob have humour, and two or three began to take the jest ; by which Mr. Sturdy carried his point, and let me sneak off to a coach. As I drove along, it was a pleasing reflection to see the world so prettily checkered since I left Richmond, and the scene still filling with children of a new hour. This satisfaction increased as I moved towards the city ; and gay signs, well-disposed streets, magnificent public structures, and wealthy shops adorned with contented faces, made the joy still rising till we came into the centre of the city, and centre of the world of trade, the Exchange of London. As other men in the crowds about me were pleased with their hopes and bargains, I found my account in observing them, in attention to their several interests. I, indeed, looked upon myself as the richest man that walked the Exchange that day ; for my benevolence made me share the gains of every bargain that was made. It was not the least of my satisfaction in my survey, to go up stairs, and pass the shops of agreeable females ; to observe so many pretty hands busy in the folding of ribands, and the utmost eagerness of agreeable faces in the sale of patches, pins, and wires, on each side of the counters, was an amusement in which I could longer have indulged myself, had not the dear creatures called to me, to ask what I wanted, when I could not answer, only "To look at you." I went to one of the windows which opened to the area below, where all the several voices lost their distinction, and rose up in a confused humming ; which created in me a reflection that could not come into

the mind of any but of one a little too studious ; for I said to myself with a kind of pun in thought, " What nonsense is all the hurry of this world to those who are above it ? " In these, or not much wiser thoughts, I had like to have lost my place at the chop-house, where every man, according to the natural bashfulness or sullenness of our nation, eats in a public room a mess of broth, or chop of meat, in dumb silence, as if they had no pretence to speak to each other on the foot of being men, except they were of each other's acquaintance.

I went afterward to Robin's, and saw people, who had dined with me at the five-penny ordinary just before, give bills for the value of large estates ; and could not but behold with great pleasure, property lodged in, and transferred in a moment from, such as would never be masters of half as much as is seemingly in them, and given from them, every day they live. But before five in the afternoon I left the city, came to my common scene of Covent-garden, and passed the evening at Will's in attending the discourses of several sets of people, who relieved each other within my hearing on the subjects of cards, dice, love, learning, and politics. The last subject kept me till I heard the streets in the possession of the bellman, who had now the world to himself, and cried, " Past two o'clock." This roused me from my seat ; and I went to my lodgings, led by a light, whom I put into the discourse of his private economy, and made him give me an account of the charge, hazard, profit, and loss, of a family that depended upon a link, with a design to end my trivial day with the generosity of six-pence, instead of a third part of that sum. When I came to my chambers, I writ down these minutes ; but was at a loss what instruction I should propose to my reader from the enumeration of so many insignificant matters and occurrences ; and I thought it of great use, if they could learn with me to keep their

minds open to gratification, and ready to receive it from any thing it meets with. This one circumstance will make every—face you see give you the satisfaction you now take in beholding that of a friend ; will make every object a pleasing one ; will make all the good which arrives to any man, an increase of happiness to yourself.

T.

STEELE : *Spectator*, No. 454, August 11, 1712.

ON CHINESE TASTES

Exilis domus est, ubi non et multa supersunt,
Et dominum fallunt, et prosunt furibus.

HOR.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

There is a species of luxury, which though you must often have observed, I do not find that you have hitherto taken notice of. I mean that extravagance of expense, which people of all ranks and conditions are daily running into in the article of furniture. In the houses of the great (not to mention the profusion of French ornament, and costly glitter of every room) the meanest utensils of the kitchen are all of plate. But it is not upon the follies of other people that I am going to descant ; it is of myself and my country-house, or rather of my wife and her villa, that I intend to be particular. The house I am speaking of, together with a very considerable estate, was left me by an uncle in the city, with whom I lived from the age of sixteen. As he intended me for trade, you may be sure he gave me no other education (a little school learning excepted) than what was necessary to a counting-house. But finding myself at his death in possession of a plentiful fortune, I resolved to commence gentleman ; and accordingly disposed of my

effects in business, and took a house at the other end of the town.

Here I became acquainted with a lady of quality, who, though she had the highest notions of birth, yet from so trifling a circumstance as want of fortune, condescended to give me her hand, notwithstanding the meanness of my family, and the difference of our educations. As I thought myself extremely honoured by an alliance with so great a lady, I gave the management of everything into her hands, and grew as indolent as if I had really been a man of fashion. My wife was a woman of exceeding FINE TASTE as it is called ; or in other words, one who liked to have everything about her in the newest and most expensive manner. As soon as I brought her to my country-house, I thought she would have fainted away at the sight of my furniture ; the whole of it (to use her own words) was so frightful, so odious, and so out of TASTE ! Her upholsterer must be sent for that instant ! for there was no enduring life in the midst of so much antiquated lumber. I forgot to tell you that I had entirely new-furnished the house about three months before ; but though everything was extremely good and neat, I must do my wife the justice to own there was very little in it but what was of real use. Early the next day down comes the upholsterer. “ Lord, Mr. Kifang,” says she, “ I am glad you are come. Pray rest yourself a little ; but I am afraid you can’t find a chair fit for a Christian to sit down upon. Such seats ! such backs ! such legs ! such—but they are so of apiece with the rest of the furniture !—Dear Kifang, I am glad you are come ! ” So, without waiting for his reply, or suffering him to sit down, she conducted him through all the apartments, except the offices, which indeed she has never once condescended to visit since her becoming mistress of my family.

Mr. Kifang, who is said to be of Chinese extraction, and who must be allowed to understand his business as

well as any man alive, agreed perfectly with her la'ship, and observed, " that such out-of-fashion things might do well enough for a citizen ; but that persons of quality and distinction, who had a TASTE and all that, should have something foreign and superb, and quite in another-guess sort of a manner." In short, Sir, by the indefatigable zeal of this Chinese upholsterer, in about four months my house was entirely new furnished ; but so disguised and altered, that I hardly knew it again.—There is not a bed, a table, a chair, or even a grate, that is not twisted into so many ridiculous and grotesque figures, and so decorated with the heads, beaks, wings, and claws of birds and beasts, that Milton's

"Gorgons, and hydras, and chimæras dire,"

are not to be compared with them. Every room is completely covered with a Wilton carpet ; I suppose to save the floors, which are all new-laid, and in the most expensive manner. In each of these rooms is a pair or two of stands, supported by different figures of men or beasts, on which are placed branches of Chelsea china ; representing lions, bears, and other animals, holding in their mouths or paws sprigs of bay, orange, or myrtle ; among the leaves of which are fixed sockets for the reception of wax candles, which by dispersing the light among the foliage, I own, make a very agreeable appearance. But I can see no use for the lions and bears : to say the truth, I cannot help thinking it a little unnatural ; for it is well known that all kinds of savages are afraid of fire. But this I submit to you, having observed of late several wild beasts exhibited on the stage, without their showing the least surprise at the lamps, or even at the loud shouts of applause which have been bestowed upon them from the galleries. The upper apartments of my house, which were before handsomely wainscoted, are now hung

with the richest Chinese and India paper, where all the powers of fancy are exhausted in a thousand fantastic figures of birds, beasts, and fishes, which never had existence. And what adds to the curiosity is, that the fishes are seen flying in the air, or perching upon the trees ; which puts me in mind of a passage I learnt at school (for I have not absolutely forgot my Latin)—

“*Delphinum appingit sylvis*——”

the oddness of which, I suppose, was the reason of my remembering it.

The best, or, as my wife calls it, the state bed-chamber, is furnished in a manner that has half undone me. The hangings are white satin, with French flowers and artificial moss stuck upon it with gum, and interspersed with ten thousand spangles, beads, and shells. The bed stands in an alcove, at the top of which are painted Cupids strewing flowers, and sprinkling perfumes. This is divided from the room by two twisted pillars, adorned with wreaths of flowers, and intermixed with shell-work. In this apartment there is a cabinet of most curious workmanship, highly finished with stones, gems, and shells, dispersed in such a manner as to represent several sorts of flowers. The top of this cabinet is adorned with a prodigious pyramid of china of all colours, shapes, and sizes. At every corner of the room are great jars filled with dried leaves of roses and jessamine. The chimney-piece also (and indeed every one in the house) is covered with immense quantities of china of various figures ; among which are Talapoins and Bonzes, and all the religious orders of the east.

The next room that presents itself is my wife's dressing-room ; but I will not attempt to describe it to you minutely, it is so full of trinkets. The walls are covered round with looking-glass, interspersed with pictures made of moss, butterflies, and sea-weeds.

Under a very magnificent Chinese canopy stands the toilette, furnished with a set of boxes of gilt plate for combs, brushes, paints, pastes, patches, pomatums, powders white, gray, and blue, bottles of Hungary, lavender, and orange-flower water, and, in short, all the apparatus for disguising beauty. Here she constantly pays her devotions two hours every morning ; but what kind of divinity she adores, may be safer for you to guess than for me to tell. By this time I imagine you will conceive my house to be much fuller of furniture than my head. Alas ! sir, I am but a husband, and my wife is a woman of quality. But I could submit with some degree of patience to all this folly and expence, if my children (and I have two fine boys and a girl) were not either kept close prisoners in the nursery, or driven into the kitchen among the servants, to prevent their playing about the rooms, and making havoc of the crockery.

I have a thousand other curiosities in my house, of which I neither know the uses nor the names. But I cannot help mentioning the gravel-walks, rivers, groves, and temples, which on a grand day make their appearance at the dessert. For you are not to suppose that all this profusion of ornament is only to gratify my wife's curiosity ; it is meant as a preparative to the greatest happiness of life, that of seeing company. And I assure you she gives above twenty entertainments in a year to people for whom she has no manner of regard, for no other reason in the world than to show them her house. In short, Sir, it is become so great a sight that I am no longer master of it ; being continually driven from room to room, to give opportunity for strangers to admire it. But as we have lately missed a favourite Chinese tumbler, and some other valuable movables, we have entertained thoughts of confining the show to one day in the week, and of admitting no persons whatsoever without tickets ; unless they happen to be acquainted with the

names,* at least, of some of my wife's relations. For my own part, if everything in the house was stolen, it would give me less concern than I have felt for many years past at every India sale, or at the shortest visit that she has made at DEARD'S: for I find to my sorrow that as my furniture increases, my acres diminish; and that a new fashion never fails of producing a fresh mortgage.

If you think my case may be of service to any of those husbands who are unhappy enough to be married to wives of TASTE, you have free leave to publish it from,

SIR,

Your most humble servant,

SAMUEL SIMPLE.

PARRATT: *World*, No. 38, September 20, 1753.

CHARACTERS IN CONVERSATION

AN old friend and fellow-student of mine at the university called upon me the other morning, and found me reading Plato's Symposium. I laid down my book to receive him, which, after the first usual compliments, he took up, saying, "You will give me leave to see what was the object of your studies." "Nothing less than the divine Plato," said I, "that amiable philosopher——" "with whom (interrupted my friend) Cicero declares that he would rather be in the wrong, than in the right way with any other." "I cannot," replied I, "carry my veneration for him to that degree of enthusiasm; but yet, wherever I understand him (for I confess I do not everywhere) I prefer him to all the ancient philosophers. His Symposium more particularly engages and entertains me, as I see there the manners and characters of the most eminent men, of the politest times, of the politest city of Greece. And,

with all due respect to the moderns, I much question whether an account of a modern Symposion, though written by the ablest hand, could be read with so much pleasure and improvement." "I do not know that," replied my friend, "for though I revere the ancients as much as you possibly can, and look upon the moderns as pygmies, when compared to those giants, yet if we come up to, or near them, in anything, it is the elegance and delicacy of our convivial intercourse."

I was the more surprised at this doubt of my friend's because I knew that he implicitly subscribed to, and superstitiously maintained, all the articles of the classical faith. I therefore asked him whether he was serious? He answered me that he was: that in his mind, Plato spun out that silly affair of love too fine and too long; and that if I would but let him introduce me to the club, of which he was an unworthy member, he believed I should at least entertain the same doubt, or perhaps even decide in favour of the moderns. I thanked my friend for his kind offer, but added that in whatever society he was an unworthy member, I should be still a more unworthy guest. That, moreover, my retired and domestic turn of life was as inconsistent with the engagements of a club, as my natural taciturnity amongst strangers would be misplaced in the midst of all that festal mirth and gaiety. "You mistake me (answered my friend); every member of our club has the privilege of bringing one friend along with him, who is by no means thereby engaged to become a member of it: and as for your taciturnity, we have some silent members, who, by the way, are none of our worst. Silent people never spoil company, but on the contrary, by being good hearers, encourage good speakers." "But I have another difficulty (answered I), and that, I doubt, a very solid one, which is, that I drink nothing but water." "So much the worse for you" (replied my friend, who, by the bye, loves his bottle most academi-

cally); "you will pay for the claret you do not drink. We use no compulsion; every one drinks as little as he pleases——" "Which I presume (interrupted I) is as much as he can." "That is just as it happens," said he; "sometimes, it is true, we make pretty good sittings; but for my own part I choose to go home always before eleven: for, take my word for it, it is the sitting up late, and not the drink, that destroys the constitution." As I found that my friend would have taken a refusal ill, I told him that for this once I would certainly attend him to the club, but desired him to give me previously the outlines of the characters of the sitting members, that I might know how to behave myself properly. "Your precaution (said he) is a prudent one, and I will make you so well acquainted with them beforehand, that you shall not seem a stranger when among them. You must know then that our club consists of at least forty members when complete. Of these, many are now in the country; and besides, we have some vacancies which cannot be filled up till next winter. Palsies and apoplexies have of late, I don't know why, been pretty rife among us, and carried off a good many. It is not above a week ago that poor Tom Toastwell fell on a sudden under the table, as we thought only a little in drink, but he was carried home, and never spoke more. Those whom you will probably meet with to-day are, first of all, Lord Feeble, a nobleman of admirable sense, a true fine gentleman, and, for a man of quality, a pretty classic. He has lived rather fast formerly, and impaired his constitution by sitting up late, and drinking your thin sharp wines. He is still what you call nervous, which makes him a little low-spirited and reserved at first; but he grows very affable and cheerful as soon as he has warmed his stomach with about a bottle of good claret.

"Sir Tunbelly Guzzle is a very worthy north-country baronet, of a good estate, and one who was beforehand in the world, till being twice chosen knight

of the shire, and having in consequence got a pretty employment at court, he run out considerably. He has left off housekeeping, and is now upon a retrieving scheme. He is the heartiest, honestest fellow living ; and though he is a man of very few words, I can assure you he does not want sense. He had a university education, and has a good notion of the classics. The poor man is confined half the year at least with the gout, and has besides an inveterate scurvy, which I cannot account for : no man can live more regularly ; he eats nothing but plain meat, and very little of that : he drinks no thin wines, and never sits up late ; for he has his full dose by eleven.

“ Colonel Culverin is a brave old experienced officer, though but a lieutenant-colonel of foot. Between you and me, he has had great injustice done him, and is now commanded by many who were not born when he first came into the army. He has served in Ireland, Minorca, and Gibraltar ; and would have been in all the late battles in Flanders, had the regiment been ordered there. It is a pleasure to hear him talk of war. He is the best-natured man alive, but a little too jealous of his honour, and too apt to be in a passion ; but that is soon over, and then he is sorry for it. I fear he is dropsical, which I impute to his drinking your champaigns and burgundies. He got that ill habit abroad.

“ Sir George Plyant is well born, has a genteel fortune, keeps the very best company, and is to be sure one of the best bred men alive : he is so good-natured, that he seems to have no will of his own. He will drink as little or as much as you please, and no matter of what. He has been a mighty man with the ladies formerly, and loves the crack of the whip still. He is our newsmonger ; for being a gentleman of the privy-chamber, he goes to court every day, and consequently knows pretty well what is going forward there. Poor gentleman ! I fear we shall not keep him long ; for he

seems far gone in a consumption, though the doctors say it is only a nervous atrophy.

“Will Sitfast is the best-natured fellow living, and an excellent companion, though he seldom speaks; but he is no flincher, and sits every man’s hand out at the club. He is a very good scholar, and can write very pretty Latin verses. I doubt he is in a declining way; for a paralytic stroke has lately twitched up one side of his mouth so, that he is now obliged to take his wine diagonally. However he keeps up his spirits bravely, and never shams his glass.

“Doctor Carbuncle is an honest, jolly, merry parson, well affected to the government, and much of a gentleman. He is the life of our club, instead of being the least restraint upon it. He is an admirable scholar, and I really believe has all Horace by heart; I know he has him always in his pocket. His red face, inflamed nose, and swelled legs, make him generally thought a hard drinker by those who do not know him; but I must do him the justice to say that I never saw him disguised with liquor in my life. It is true, he is a very large man, and can hold a great deal, which makes the colonel call him, pleasantly enough, a vessel of election.

“The last and least (concluded my friend) is your humble servant, such as I am; and if you please, we will go and walk in the park till dinner-time.” I agreed, and we set out together. But here the reader will perhaps expect that I should let him walk on a little, while I give his character. We were of the same year of St. John’s College in Cambridge: he was a younger brother of a good family, was bred to the church, and had just got a fellowship in the college, when his elder brother dying, he succeeded to an easy fortune, and resolved to make himself easy with it, that is, to do nothing. As he had resided long in college, he had contracted all the habits and prejudices, the laziness, the soaking, the pride, and the pedantry

of the cloister, which after a certain time are never to be rubbed off. He considered the critical knowledge of the Greek and Latin words as the utmost effort of the human understanding, and a glass of good wine in good company, as the highest pitch of human felicity. Accordingly he passes his mornings in reading the classics, most of which he has long had by heart, and his evenings in drinking his glass of good wine, which, by frequent filling, amounts at least to two, and often to three bottles a day. I must not omit mentioning that my friend is tormented with the stone, which misfortune he imputes to his once having drank water for a month, by the prescription of the late Doctor Cheyne, and by no means to at least two quarts of claret a day, for these last thirty years. To return to my friend : " I am very much mistaken," said he, as we were walking in the park, " if you do not thank me for procuring this day's entertainment : for a set of worthier gentlemen to be sure never lived." " I make no doubt of it," said I, " and am therefore the more concerned when I reflect that this club of worthy gentlemen might, by your own account, be not improperly called an hospital of incurables, as there is not one among them who does not labour under some chronical and mortal distemper." " I see what you would be at," answered my friend, " you would insinuate that it is all owing to wine : but let me assure you, Mr. Fitz-Adam, *that wine, especially claret, if neat and good, can hurt no man.*" I did not reply to this aphorism of my friend's, which I knew would draw on too long a discussion, especially as we were just going into the club-room, where I took it for granted that it was one of the great constitutional principles. The account of this modern Symposium shall be the subject of my next paper.

CHESTERFIELD : *World*, No. 90, September 19, 1754.

Doctor Cheyne. The late Dr. (George) Cheyne died in April 1743. Reference is made to his English malady in Boswell's *Johnson*.

“CROPPED HEADS”

I HAVE set apart this day's paper for the miscellaneous productions of various correspondents.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I am a citizen of no mean city ; however, in respect to the metropolis, we are deemed the country, and must therefore be prescribed to by London, from whence, as I am told, we receive all our fashions. But surely, Mr. Fitz-Adam, some things which I have seen of late are too absurd to have come from thence for our imitation, and can only have been unhappy *necessities* in some person of vogue, which others have mistaken for choice and fashion.

A few days ago, I saw a young lady in our neighbourhood who, after some considerable absence from home, returned with her hair all off, except as much as might grow in a fortnight after close shaving ; and that too standing thin and staring. I asked my wife when I came home, if she knew where Miss GIDDY-CROWN had been ; for that I was sadly afraid she had been confined in some mad-house ; for her head had been shaved and blistered, her hair was but just coming on to grow again, and she had, I observed, a particular shy and wild look. As this was the first instance of the kind ever seen here, my wife knew no more than myself what to make of it : she hoped indeed that it might possibly not be so bad ; that it might only be some external disorder of her head : or, had Miss been married, she should have thought that her hair might possibly have fallen off in a lying-in.

But alas, Sir ! this disorder of the head has proved contagious ; and being given out as the fashion, is prodigiously spread. Now if this be only a hum (as I

suppose it is) upon our country apes, it being blown in the WORLD will put an end to it : but if it be a real fashion, pray be so good as to set the WORLD against it. I am sure I should be rejoiced to find any remedy in the WORLD for this falling off of the hair ; for indeed it is a very unseemly and frightful disorder.

I am, SIR,

Yours,

T. L.

UNKNOWN : *World*, No. 164, February 19, 1756.

THE COFFEE-HOUSES

I WAS never more diverted than at Garraway's a few days before the drawing of the lottery. I not only could read hope, fear, and all the various passions excited by a love of gain, strongly pictured in the faces of those that came to buy ; but I remarked with no less delight, the many little artifices made use of to allure adventurers, as well as the visible alterations in the looks of the sellers, according as the demand for tickets gave occasion to raise or lower their price. So deeply were the countenances of these bubble-brokers impressed with an attention to the main chance, and their minds seemed so dead to all other sensations, that one might almost doubt, where money is out of the case, whether a Jew " has eyes, hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions."

Garraway's. This and the following names refer to well-known coffee-houses and taverns of the day. The coffee-houses played a great part in eighteenth-century social life. One might regard them as clubs, except that they were open to all who could afford twopence for a cup of coffee. Each had, however, its own following, e.g. Will's and Button's earlier in the century attracted literary men ; St. James, Whig politicians ; White's (a gambling house), the younger members of the aristocracy. This last was to all intents and purposes a club, being much more exclusive than the others.

From Garraway's it is but a short step to a gloomy class of mortals, not less intent on gain than the stock-jobber : I mean the dispensers of life and death, who flock together, like birds of prey watching for carcasses, at Batson's. I never enter this place but it serves as a *memento mori* to me. What a formal assemblage of sable suits, and tremendous perukes ! I have often met here a most intimate acquaintance, whom I have scarce known again ; a sprightly young fellow, with whom I have spent many a jolly hour ; but being just dubbed a graduate in physic, he has gained such an entire conquest over the risible muscles, that he hardly vouchsafes at any time to smile. I have heard him harangue, with all the oracular importance of a veteran, on the possibility of Canning's subsisting for a whole month on a few bits of bread ; and he is now preparing a treatise, in which will be set forth a new and infallible method to prevent the spreading of the plague from France into England. Batson's has been reckoned the seat of solemn stupidity : yet it is not totally devoid of taste and common sense. They have among them physicians, who can cope with the most eminent lawyers or divines ; and critics, who can relish the *sal volatile* of a witty composition, or determine how much fire is requisite to sublimate a tragedy *secundum artem*.

Emerging from these dismal regions, I am glad to breathe the pure air of St. Paul's coffee-house : where (as I profess the highest veneration for our clergy) I cannot contemplate the magnificence of the cathedral without reflecting on the abject condition of those "tattered crapes," who are said to ply here for an occasional burial or sermon, with the same regularity as the happier drudges, who salute us with the cry of "coach, sir," or "chair, your honour."

And here my publisher would not forgive me, was I to leave the neighbourhood without taking notice of the Chapter coffee-house, which is frequented by those

encouragers of literature, and (as they are styled by an eminent critic) "not the worst judges of merit, the booksellers." The conversation here naturally turns upon the newest publications ; but their criticisms are somewhat singular. When they say a good book, they do not mean to praise the style or sentiment, but the quick and extensive sale of it. That book in the phrase of the Conger is best which sells most ; and if the demand for Quarles should be greater than for Pope, he would have the highest place on the rubric-post. There are also many parts of every work liable to their remarks, which fall not within the notice of less accurate observers. A few nights ago I saw one of these gentlemen take up a sermon, and after seeming to peruse it for some time with great attention, he declared, "it was very good English." The reader will judge whether I was most surprised or diverted, when I discovered that he was not commending the purity and elegance of the diction, but the beauty of the type ; which, it seems, is known among the printers by that appellation. We must not, however, think the members of the Conger strangers to the deeper parts of literature ; for as carpenters, smiths, masons, and all mechanics smell of the trade they labour at, booksellers take a peculiar turn from their connection with books and authors. The character of the bookseller is commonly formed on the writers in his service. Thus one is a politician or a deist : another affects humour, or aims at turns of wit and repartee ; while a third perhaps is grave, moral, and sententious.

The Temple is the barrier that divides the city and suburbs ; and the gentlemen who reside there seem influenced by the situation of the place they inhabit. Templars are, in general, a kind of citizen-courtiers. They aim at the air and mien of the drawing-room, but the holyday smartness of a prentice, heightened with some additional touches of the rake or coxcomb, betrays itself in everything they do. The Temple, how-

ever, is stocked with its peculiar beaux, wits, poets, critics, and every character in the gay world: and it is a thousand pities that so pretty a society should be disgraced with a few dull fellows who can submit to puzzle themselves with cases and reports, and have not taste enough to follow the genteel method of studying the law.

I shall now, like a true student of the Temple, hurry from thence to Covent Garden, the acknowledged region of gallantry, wit, and criticism; and hope to be excused for not stopping at George's in my way, as the Bedford affords a greater variety of nearly the same characters. This coffee-house is every night crowded with men of parts. Almost every one you meet is a polite scholar and a wit. Jokes and *bons mots* are echoed from box to box; every branch of literature is critically examined, and the merit of every production of the press, or performance at the theatres, weighed and determined. This school (to which I am myself indebted for a great part of my education, and in which, though unworthy, I am now arrived at the honour of being a public lecturer) has bred up many authors to the amazing entertainment and instruction of their readers. Button's, the grand archetype of the Bedford, was frequented by Addison, Steele, Pope, and the rest of that celebrated set who flourished at the beginning of this century; and was regarded with just deference on account of the real geniuses who frequented it. But we can now boast men of superior abilities; men, who without any one acquired excellence, by the mere dint of a happy assurance, can exact the same tribute of veneration, and receive it as due to the illustrious characters, the scribblers, players, fiddlers, gamblers, that make so large a part of the company at the Bedford.

I shall now take leave of Covent Garden, and desire the reader's company to White's. Here (as *Vanbrugh* says of *Locket's*) "he may have a dish no bigger than

a saucer, that shall cost him fifty shillings." The great people who frequent this place do not interrupt their politer amusements, like the wretches at Garraway's, with business, any further than to go down to Westminster one sessions to vote for a bill, and the next to repeal it. Nor do they trouble themselves with literary debates, as at the Bedford. Learning is beneath the notice of a man of quality. They employ themselves more fashionably at whist for the trifle of a thousand pounds the rubber, or by making bets on the lie of the day.

From this very genteel place the reader must not be surprised, if I should convey him to a cellar, or a common porter-house. For, as it is my province to delineate and remark on mankind in general, whoever becomes my disciple must not refuse to follow me from the Star and Garter to the Goose and Gridiron, and be content to climb after me up to an author's garret, or give me leave to introduce him to a route. In my present cursory view of The Town, I have, indeed, confined myself principally to coffee-houses; though I constantly visit all places that afford any matter for speculation. I am a Scotchman at Forrest's, a Frenchman at Slaughter's, and at the Cocoa-Tree I am—an Englishman. At the Robin Hood I am a politician, a logician, a geometrician, a physician, a metaphysician, a casuist, a moralist, a theologist, a mythologist, or anything—but an atheist. Wherever the World is, I am. You will therefore hear of me sometimes at the theatres, sometimes perhaps at the opera: nor shall I think the exhibitions of Sadler's Wells, or the Little Theatre in the Haymarket, beneath my notice; but may one day or the other give a disserta-

Route, A private ball; also called drums, rackets, squeezers, tempests, according to number of guests arranged for.

The Little Theatre. Opened in 1720 with French comedians, and known also as the French Theatre. Several of Fielding's plays were produced here.

tion upon tumbling, or (if they should again become popular) a critique on dogs and monkeys.

COLMAN AND THORNTON :

Connoisseur, No. 1, January 31, 1754.

A CITIZEN'S WEEK-END

At tu sub urbe possides famem mundam,
Et turre ab altâ prospicis meras laurus ;
Pictamque portas otiosus ad Villam
Olus, ova, pullos, poma, caseum, mustum.
Rus hoc vocari debet, an domus longè ?

MART.

A little country-box you boast,
So neat, 'tis cover'd all with dust ;
And nought about it to be seen,
Except a nettle-bed, that's green :
Your Villa ! rural but the name in ;
So desert, it would breed a famine.
Hither on Sundays you repair,
While heaps of viands load the chair,
With poultry brought from Leaden-Hall,
And cabbage from the huxter's stall.
'Tis not the country, you must own ;
'Tis only London out of town.

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

I remember to have seen a little French novel, giving an account of a citizen of Paris making an excursion into the country. He imagines himself about to undertake a long voyage to some strange region, where the natives were as different from the inhabitants of his own city, as the most distant nations. He accordingly takes boat, and is landed at a village about a league from the capital. When he is set on shore, he is amazed to find the people talk the same language, wear the same dress, and use the same customs with himself.

He, who had spent all his life within the sight of Pont-Neuf, looked upon every one who lived out of Paris as a foreigner; and though the utmost extent of his travels was not three miles, he was as much surprised as he would have been to meet with a colony of Frenchmen on the *Terra Incognita*.

Most of our late novels are, with some little variation of circumstances, borrowed from the French: but if we should endeavour to adapt the novel I have been speaking of to a citizen of London, the humour of the whole piece would evaporate, and the fiction become unnatural and improbable. A London tradesman is as well acquainted with Turnham Green or Kentish Town, as Fleet-street, or Cheapside, and talks as familiarly of Richmond or Hampton Court as of the 'Change or the Custom House. In your late paper, on the amusements of Sunday, you have set forth in what manner our citizens pass that day, which most of them devote to the country; but I wish you had been more particular in your descriptions of those elegant rural mansions, which at once show the opulence and the taste of our principal merchants, mechanics, and artificers.

In these dusty retreats, where the want of London smoke is supplied by the smoke of Virginia tobacco, our chief citizens are accustomed to pass the end and the beginning of every week. Their boxes (as they are modestly called) are generally built in a row, to resemble as much as possible the streets in London. Those edifices which stand single, and at a distance from the road, have always a summer-house at the end of a small garden; which being erected upon a wall adjoining to the highway, commands a view of every carriage, and gives the owner an opportunity of displaying his best wig to every one that passes by. A little artificial fountain, spouting water sometimes to

the amazing height of four feet, and in which frogs supply the want of fishes, is one of the most exquisite ornaments in these gardens. There are besides (if the spot of ground allows sufficient space for them) very curious statues of Harlequin, Scaramouch, Pierrot, and Columbine, which serve to remind their wives and daughters of what they have seen at the play-house.

I went last Sunday, in compliance with a most pressing invitation from a friend, to spend the whole day with him at one of these little seats, which he had fitted up for his retirement once a week from business. It is pleasantly situated about three miles from London, on the side of a public road, from which it is separated by a dry ditch, over which is a little bridge, consisting of two narrow planks, leading to the house. The hedge on the other side the road cuts off all prospect whatsoever, except from the garrets, from whence indeed you have a beautiful vista of two men hanging in chains on Kennington common, with a distant view of St. Paul's cupola enveloped in a cloud of smoke. I set out on my visit betimes in the morning, accompanied by my friend's bookkeeper, who was my guide, and carried over with him the *London Evening Post*, his mistress's hoop, and a dozen of pipes, which they are afraid to trust in the chair. When I came to the end of my walk, I found my friend sitting at the door, in a black velvet cap, smoking his morning pipe. He welcomed me into the country; and after having made me observe the turnpike on my left and the Golden Wheatsheaf on my right, he conducted me into his house, where I was received by his lady, who made a thousand apologies for being caught in such a deshabelle.

The hall (for so I was taught to call it) had its white wall almost hid by a curious collection of prints and paintings. On one side was a large map of London, a

plan and elevation of the Mansion House, with several lesser views of the public buildings and halls ; on the other was the Death of the Stag, by the happy pencil of Mr. Henry Overton, finely coloured : close by the parlour door, there hung a pair of stag's horns, over which there was laid across a red roccelo and an amber-headed cane. When I had declared all this to be mighty pretty, I was shown into the parlour, and was presently asked who that was over the chimney-piece. I pronounced it to be a very striking likeness of my friend, who was drawn bolt upright in a full-bottomed periwig, a laced cravat, with the fringed ends appearing through a button-hole, a black livery-gown, a snuff-coloured velvet coat with gold buttons, a red velvet waistcoat trimmed with gold, one hand stuck in the bosom of his shirt, and the other holding out a letter with the superscription—To Mr. —, Common-Council-Man of Farringdon Ward Without. My eyes were then directed to another figure in a scarlet gown, who I was informed was my friend's wife's great-great-uncle, and had been sheriff and knighted in the reign of King James the First. Madam herself filled up a panel on the opposite side, in the habit of a shepherdess, smelling to a nosegay, and stroking a ram with gilt horns.

I was then invited by my friend to see what he was pleased to call his garden, which was nothing more than a yard about thirty feet in length, and contained about a dozen little pots ranged on each side with lilies and coxcombs, supported by some old laths painted green, with bowls of tobacco-pipes on their tops. At the end of this garden he made me take notice of a little square building surrounded with filleroy, which he told me an alderman of great taste had turned into a temple, by erecting some battlements and spires of painted wood on the front of it ; but concluded with a hint that I might retire to it upon occasion.

After dinner, when my friend had finished his pipe, he proposed taking a walk, that we might enjoy a little of the country : so I was obliged to trudge along the footpath by the roadside, while my friend went puffing and blowing, with his hat in his hand, and his wig half off his head. At last I told him it was time for me to return home, when he insisted on going with me as far as the half-way house to drink a decanter of stingo before we parted. We here fell into company with a brother liveryman of the same ward, and I left them both together in a high dispute about Canning ; but not before my friend had made me promise to repeat my visit to his country-house the next Sunday.

Yours, &c.

G. K.

EARL OF CORK :

Connoisseur, No. 33, September 12, 1754.

ON CHRISTMAS

—————Age, libertate Decembri,
Quando ita majores voluerunt, utere.

HOR.

Come, let us, like our jovial sires of old,
With gambols and mince-pies our Christmas hold.

AT this season of the year it has always been customary for the lower part of the world to express their gratitude to their benefactors ; while some of a more elevated genius among them clothe their thoughts in a kind of holiday dress, and once in the year rise into poets. Thus the bellman bids good-night to all his masters and mistresses in couplets ; the news-carrier hawks his own verses ; and the very lamp-lighter addresses his worthy customers in rhyme. As a servant to the public, I should be wanting in the due

respect to my readers, if I also did not take this earliest opportunity of paying them the compliments of the season, and (in the phrase of their barbers, tailors, shoemakers, and other tradesmen) wish them a merry Christmas and a happy new year.

Those old-fashioned mortals, who have been accustomed to look upon this season with extraordinary devotion, I leave to con over the explanation of it in Nelson: it shall at present be my business to show the different methods of celebrating it in these kingdoms. With the generality, Christmas is looked upon as a festival in the most literal sense, and held sacred by good eating and drinking. These, indeed, are the most distinguishing marks of Christmas: the revenue from the malt-tax and the duty upon wines, &c., on account of these twelve days, has always been found to increase considerably: and it is impossible to conceive the slaughter that is made among the poultry and the hogs in different parts of the country, to furnish the prodigious number of turkeys and chins, and collars of brawn, that travel up, as presents, to the metropolis on this occasion. The jolly cit looks upon this joyous time of feasting with as much pleasure as on the treat of a new-elected alderman, or a lord-mayor's day. Nor can the country farmer rail more against the Game Act than many worthy citizens who have ever since been debarred of their annual hare; while their ladies can never enough regret their loss of the opportunity of displaying their skill, in making a most excellent pudding in the belly. But these notable housewives have still the consolation of hearing their guests commend the mince-pies without meat, which we are assured were made at home, and not like the ordinary heavy things from the pastry-cooks. These good people would, indeed, look upon the absence of mince-pies as the highest violation of Christmas; and have remarked with concern the disregard that has been shown of late years to that old English repast:

for this excellent British olio is as essential to Christmas, as pancake to Shrove Tuesday, tansy to Easter, furmenty to Midlent Sunday, or goose to Michaelmas day. And they think it no wonder that our finical gentry should be so loose in their principles, as well as weak in their bodies, when the solid, substantial, Protestant mince-pie has given place among them to the Roman Catholic amulets, and the light, puffy, heterodox *pets de religieuses*.

As this season used formerly to be welcomed in with more than usual jollity in the country, it is probable that the Christmas remembrances, with which the wagons and stage-coaches are at this time loaded, first took their rise from the laudable custom of distributing provisions at this severe quarter of the year to the poor. But these presents are now seldom sent to those who are really in want of them, but are designed as compliments to the great from their inferiors, and come chiefly from the tenant to his rich landlord, or from the rector of a fat living, as a kind of tithe, to his patron. Nor is the old hospitable English custom, of keeping open house for the poor neighbourhood, any longer regarded. We might as soon expect to see plum-porridge fill a tureen at the ordinary at White's, as that the lord of the manor should assemble his poor tenants to make merry at the great house. The servants now swill the Christmas ale by themselves in the hall, while the squire gets drunk with his brother fox-hunters in the smoking-room.

There is no rank of people so heartily rejoiced at the arrival of this joyful season, as the order of servants, journeymen, and apprentices, and the lower sort of people in general. No master or mistress is so rigid as to refuse them a holiday; and by remarkable good luck the same circumstance, which gives them an opportunity of diverting themselves, procures them money to support it, by the tax which custom has imposed upon us in the article of Christmas boxes. The

butcher and the baker send their journeymen and apprentices to levy contributions on their customers, which are paid back again in the usual fees to Mr. John and Mrs. Mary. This serves the tradesman as a pretence to lengthen out his bill, and the master and mistress to lower the wages on account of the vails. The Christmas box was formerly the bounty of well-disposed people, who were willing to contribute something towards rewarding the industrious, and supplying them with necessaries. But the gift is now almost demanded as a right ; and our journeymen, apprentices, &c., are grown so polite, that instead of reserving their Christmas box for its original use, their ready cash serves them only for present pocket-money ; and instead of visiting their friends and relations, they commence the fine gentlemen of the week. The six-penny hop is crowded with ladies and gentlemen from the kitchen ; the sirens of Catherine-street charm many a holiday gallant into their snares ; and the play-houses are filled with beaux, wits, and critics, from Cheapside and Whitechapel. The barrows are surrounded with raw lads setting their halfpence against oranges ; and the greasy cards and dirty cribbage-board employ the genteeler gamesters in every ale-house. A merry Christmas has ruined many a promising young fellow, who has been flush of money at the beginning of the week, but before the end of it has committed a robbery on the till for more.

But in the midst of this general festivity there are some so far from giving into any extraordinary merriment, that they seem more gloomy than usual, and appear with faces as dismal as the month in which Christmas is celebrated. I have heard a plodding citizen most grievously complain of the great expense of housekeeping at this season, when his own and his wife's relations claim the privilege of kindred to eat him out of house and home : then again, considering the present total decay of trade, and the great load of

taxes, it is a shame, they think, that poor shopkeepers should be so fleeced and plundered, under the pretence of Christmas boxes. But if tradesmen have any reason to murmur at Christmas, many of their customers, on the other hand, tremble at its approach ; as it is made a sanction to every petty mechanic, to break in upon their joy, and disturb a gentleman's repose at this time by bringing in his bill.

Others, who used to be very merry at this season, have within this year or two been quite disconcerted. To put them out of their old way is to put them out of humour ; they have therefore quarrelled with the almanac, and refuse to keep their Christmas according to Act of Parliament. My cousin Village informs me that this obstinacy is very common in the country ; and that many still persist in waiting eleven days for their mirth, and defer their Christmas till the blowing of the Glastonbury thorn. In some, indeed, this cavilling with the calendar has been only the result of close economy ; who, by evading the expense of keeping Christmas with the rest of the world, find means to neglect it when the general time of celebrating it is over. Many have availed themselves of this expedient : and I am acquainted with a couple who are enraged at the New Style on another account ; because it puts them to double expenses, by robbing them of the opportunity of keeping Christmas day and their wedding day at the same time.

As to persons of fashion, this annual carnival is worse to them than Lent, or the empty town in the middle of summer. The boisterous merriment, and awkward affectation of politeness among the vulgar, interrupts the course of their refined pleasures, and

New Style. The New Style Calendar was adopted in Great Britain from September 14, 1752. Eleven days (September 3 to September 13) had to be omitted to rectify the calendar. Henceforth the civil and legal year began, not on March 25, but on January 1.

drives them out of town for the holidays. The few who remain are very much at a loss how to dispose of their time ; for the theatres at this season are opened only for the reception of schoolboys and apprentices, and there is no public place where a person of fashion can appear, without being surrounded with the dirty inhabitants of St. Giles's, and the brutes from the Wapping side of Westminster. These unhappy sufferers are really to be pitied ; and since Christmas day has to persons of distinction a great deal of insipidity about it, I cannot enough applaud an ingenious lady, who sent cards round to all her acquaintance, inviting them to a rout on that day ; which they declared was the happiest thought in the world, because Christmas day is so like Sunday.

COLMAN AND THORNTON :

Connoisseur, No. 48, December 26, 1754.

A CITIZEN'S EVENING AT VAUXHALL

———Nunc et campus, et aræ,
Lenesque sub noctem susurri,
Compositâ repetantur horâ.—HOR.

Now Venus in Vauxhall her altar rears,
While fiddles drown the music of the spheres ;
Now girls hum out their loves to ev'ry tree,
“ Young Jockey is the lad, the lad for me.”

THE various seasons of the year produce not a greater alteration in the face of nature, than in the polite manner of passing our time. The diversions of winter and summer are as different as the dog-days and those at Christmas ; nor do I know any genteel amusement except gaming, that prevails during the whole year.

As the long days are now coming on, the theatrical gentry, who contribute to dissipate the gloom of our winter evenings, begin to divide themselves into strolling companies ; and are packing up their tragedy wardrobes, together with a sufficient quantity of thunder and lightning, for the delight and amazement of the country. In the meantime, the several public gardens near this metropolis are trimming their trees, levelling their walks, and burnishing their lamps, for our reception. At Vauxhall the artificial ruins are repaired ; the cascade is made to spout with several additional streams of block-tin ; and they have touched up all the pictures, which were damaged last season by the fingering of those curious connoisseurs, who could not be satisfied without feeling whether the figures were alive. The magazine at Cupar's, I am told, is furnished with an extraordinary supply of gunpowder to be shot off in squibs and sky-rockets, or whirled away in blazing suns and catherine wheels : and it is not to be doubted, in case of a war, but that Neptune and all his Tritons will assist the British navy ; and as we before took Porto-Bello and Cape Breton, we shall gain new victories over the French fleet every night, upon that canal.

Happy are they who can muster up sufficient, at least to hire tickets at the door, once or twice in a season ! Not that these pleasures are confined to the rich and the great only ; for the lower sort of people have their Ranelaghs and their Vauxhalls as well as

Vauxhall, or New Spring Gardens, opened in 1661 and extended in 1728, was the most popular of the many eighteenth-century gardens. Masquerades and masked balls were the chief attractions, the last masked ball being held in 1803. The demeanour at Vauxhall was somewhat more free than at Ranelagh, the gathering place of the beau-monde. But London catered then for all tastes and classes ; such resorts as Cupar's Gardens and Jenny's Whim being more plebeian than Vauxhall and Ranelagh. Sadler's Wells, another resort, and one whose spring has recently been rediscovered, was mainly given over to performances of a farcical nature.

the quality. Perrot's inimitable grotto may be seen for only calling for a pot of beer ; and the royal diversion of duck-hunting may be had into the bargain, together with a decanter of Dorchester, for your sixpence at Jenny's Whim. Every skittle-alley half a mile out of town is embellished with green arbours and shady retreats, where the company is generally entertained with the melodious scraping of a blind fiddler. And who can resist the luscious temptation of a fine juicy ham, or a delicious buttock of beef stuffed with parsley, accompanied with a foaming decanter of sparkling home-brewed, which is so invitingly painted at the entrance of almost every village ale-house ?

Our northern climate will not, indeed, allow us to indulge ourselves in all those pleasures of a garden, which are so feelingly described by our poets. We dare not lay ourselves on the damp ground in shady groves, or by the purling stream ; but are obliged to fortify our insides against the cold by good substantial eating and drinking. For this reason the extreme costliness of the provisions at our public gardens has been grievously complained of by those gentry, to whom a supper at these places is as necessary a part of the entertainment as the singing or the fireworks. Poor Mr. John sees with a heavy heart the profits of a whole week's card-money devoured in tarts and cheese cakes by Mrs. Housekeeper or Mrs. Lady's own Woman ; and the substantial cit, who comes from behind the counter two or three evenings in the summer, can never enough regret the thin wafer-like slices of beef and ham, that taste of nothing but the knife.

I was greatly diverted last Saturday evening at Vauxhall with the shrewd remarks made on this very head by an honest citizen, whose wife and two daughters had, I found, prevailed on him to carry them to the garden. As I thought there was something curious in their behaviour, I went into the next

box to them, where I had an opportunity of seeing and overhearing every thing that passed.

After some talk, "Come, come," said the old don, "it is high time, I think, to go to supper." To this the ladies readily assented; and one of the misses said, "Do let us have a chick, papa." "Zounds," said the father, "they are half a crown a-piece, and no bigger than a sparrow." Here the old lady took him up—"You are so stingy, Mr. Rose, there is no bearing you. When one is out upon pleasure, I love to appear like somebody: and what signifies a few shillings once and away, when a body is about it?" This reproof so effectually silenced the old gentleman, that the youngest miss had the courage to put in a word for some ham likewise. Accordingly the waiter was called, and dispatched by the old lady with an order for a chicken and a plate of ham. When it was brought, our honest cit twirled the dish about three or four times, and surveyed it with a very settled countenance; then taking up the slice of ham, and dangling it to and fro on the end of his fork, asked the waiter, how much there was of it. "A shilling's worth, sir," said the fellow.—"Prithee," said the don, "how much dost think it weighs?—An ounce?—A shilling an ounce! that is sixteen shillings per pound!—A reasonable profit truly!—Let me see—suppose now the whole ham weighs thirty pounds:—at a shilling per ounce, that is sixteen shillings per pound, why your master makes exactly twenty-four pounds of every ham; and if he buys them at the best hand, and salts them and cures them himself, they don't stand him in ten shillings a-piece." The old lady bade him hold his nonsense, declared herself ashamed for him, and asked him if people must not live: then taking a coloured handkerchief from her own neck, she tucked it into his shirt collar (whence it hung like a bib), and helped him to a leg of the chicken. The old gentleman, at every bit he put into his mouth, amused himself with saying,

"There goes twopence—there goes threepence—there goes a groat. Zounds, a man at these places should not have a swallow as wide as a tomtit."

This scanty repast, we may imagine, was soon dispatched ; and it was with much difficulty our citizen was prevailed on to suffer a plate of beef to be ordered. This too was no less admired, and underwent the same comments with the ham. At length, when only a very small bit was left, as they say, for manners in the dish, our don took a piece of an old newspaper out of his pocket, and gravely wrapping up the meat in it, placed it carefully in his letter-case. "I'll keep thee as a curiosity to my dying day ; and I'll shew thee to my neighbour Horseman, and ask him if he can make as much of his steaks." Then rubbing his hands, and shrugging up his shoulders, "Why now," says he, "to-morrow night I may eat as much cold beef as I can stuff in any tavern in London, and pay nothing for it." A dish of tarts, cheese cakes, and custards next made their appearance at the request of the young ladies, who paid no sort of regard to the father's remonstrance that they were four times as dear as at the pastry-cook's.

Supper being ended, madam put her spouse in mind to call for wine.—"We must have some wine, my dear, or we shall not be looked upon, you know." "Well, well," says the don, "that's right enough. But do they sell their liquor too by the ounce?—Here, drawer, what wine have you got?" The fellow, who by this time began to smoke his guests, answered—"We have exceeding good French wine of all sorts, and please your honour. Would your honour have a bottle of champaigne, or burgundy, or claret, or——" "No, no, none of your wishy-washy outlandish rot-gut for me," interrupted the citizen. "A tankard of the Alderman beats all the red claret wine in the French king's cellar.—But come, bring us a bottle of sound old port : and d'ye hear ? let it be good."

While the waiter was gone, the good man most sadly lamented that he could not have his pipe ; which the wife would by no means allow, " because," she said, " it was ungenteeled to smoke where any ladies were in company." When the wine came, our citizen gravely took up the bottle, and holding it above his head, " Ay, ay," said he, " the bottom has had a good kick.—And mind how confoundedly it is pinched on the sides.—Not above five gills, I warrant.—An old soldier at the Jerusalem would beat two of them.—But let us see how it is brewed." He then poured out a glass ; and after holding it up before the candle, smelling to it, sipping it twice or thrice, and smacking with his lips, drank it off : but declaring that second thoughts were best, he filled another bumper ; and tossing that off, after some pause, with a very important air, ventured to pronounce it drinkable. The ladies, having also drunk a glass round, affirmed it was very good, and felt warm in the stomach : and even the old gentleman relaxed into such good humour by the time the bottle was emptied, that out of his own free will and motion he most generously called for another pint, but charged the waiter " to pick out an honest one."

While the glass was thus circulating, the family amused themselves by making observations on the garden. The citizen expressed his wonder at the number of lamps, and said it must cost a great deal of money every night to light them all : the eldest miss declared, that for her part she liked the dark walk best of all, because it was *solentary* : little miss thought the last song mighty pretty, and said she would buy it, if she could but carry home the tune : and the old lady observed that there was a great deal of good company indeed ; but the gentlemen were so rude that they perfectly put her out of countenance by staring at her through their spy-glasses. In a word, the tarts, the cheese cakes, the beef, the chicken, the ounce of ham, and every thing, seemed to have been quite forgot, till

the dismal moment approached, that the reckoning was called for. As this solemn business concerns only the gentlemen, the ladies kept a profound silence ; and when the terrible account was brought, they left the paymaster undisturbed, to enjoy the misery by himself : only the old lady had the hardiness to squint at the sum total, and declared “ it was pretty reasonable, considering.”

Our citizen bore his misfortunes with a tolerable degree of patience. He shook his head as he ran over every article, and swore he would never buy meat by the ounce again. At length, when he had carefully summed up every figure, he bade the drawer bring change for sixpence : then pulling out a leathern purse from a snug pocket in the inside of his waistcoat, he drew out slowly, piece by piece, thirteen shillings, which he regularly placed in two rows upon the table. When the change was brought, after counting it very carefully, he laid down four halfpence in the same exact order ; then calling the waiter, “ There,” says he, “ there’s your damage—thirteen and twopence.—And hearkye, there’s threepence over for yourself.” The remaining penny he put into his coat-pocket ; and chinking it—“ This,” says he, “ will serve me to-morrow to buy a paper of tobacco.”

The family now prepared themselves for going ; and as there were some slight drops of rain, madam buttoned up the old gentleman’s coat, that he might not spoil his laced waistcoat ; and made him flap his hat, over which she tied his pocket-handkerchief to save his wig : and as the coat itself, she said, had never been worn but three Sundays, she even parted with her own cardinal, and spread it the wrong side out over his shoulders. In these accoutrements he sallied forth, accompanied by his wife with her upper petticoat thrown over her head, and his daughters with the skirts of their gowns turned up, and their heads muffled up in coloured handkerchiefs. I followed them quite

out of the garden : and as they were waiting for their hack to draw up, the youngest miss asked, " When shall we come again, papa ? " " Come again ? " said he : " What a pox, would you ruin me ? Once in one's life is enough ; and I think I have done very handsome. Why, it would not have cost me above fourpence halfpenny to have spent my evening at Sot's Hole : and what with the cursed coach-hire, and all together, here's almost a pound gone and nothing to show for it."—" Fy, Mr. Rose, I am quite ashamed for you," replies the old lady. " You are always grudging me and your girls the least bit of pleasure : and you cannot help grumbling, if we do but go to Little Hornsey to drink tea. I am sure, now they are women grown up, they ought to see a little of the world ;—and they shall." The old don was not willing to pursue the argument any further ; and the coach coming up, he was glad to put an end to the dispute by saying,—“ Come, come, let us make haste, wife ; or we shall not get home time enough to have my best wig combed out again ; and to morrow, you know, is Sunday.”

W.

COLMAN AND THORNTON :

Connoisseur, No. 68, May 15, 1755.

COUNTRY CONGREGATIONS

*Delicta majorum immeritus lues,
Romane, donec templa refeceris,
Ædesque labentes Deorum, et
Fæda nigro simulacra fumo.*—HOR.

The tott'ring tow'r, and mould'ring walls repair,
And fill with decency the house of pray'r :
Quick to the needy curate bring relief,
And deck the parish-church without a brief.

MR. VILLAGE TO MR. TOWN.

DEAR COUSIN,

The country at present, no less than the metropolis, abounding with politicians of every kind, I began to despair of picking up any intelligence that might possibly be entertaining to your readers. However, I have lately visited some of the most distant parts of the kingdom with a clergyman of my acquaintance : I shall not trouble you with an account of the improvements that have been made in the seats we saw according to the modern taste, but proceed to give you some reflections which occurred to us on observing several country-churches, and the behaviour of their congregations.

The ruinous condition of some of these edifices gave me great offence ; and I could not help wishing that the honest vicar, instead of indulging his genius for improvements, by enclosing his gooseberry-bushes within a Chinese rail, and converting half an acre of his glebe land into a bowling-green, would have applied part of his income to the more laudable purpose of sheltering his parishioners from the weather, during their attendance on divine service. It is no uncommon thing to see the parsonage-house well thatched, and

in exceeding good repair, while the church perhaps has scarce any other roof than the ivy that grows over it. The noise of owls, bats, and magpies makes a principal part of the church-music in many of these ancient edifices ; and the walls, like a large map, seem to be portioned out into capes, seas, and promontories, by the various colours with which the damp has stained them. Sometimes, the foundation being too weak to support the steeple any longer, it has been found expedient to pull down that part of the building, and to hang the bells under a wooden shed on the ground beside it. This is the case in a parish in Norfolk, through which I lately passed, and where the clerk and the sexton, like the two figures at St. Dunstan's, serve the bells in capacity of clappers, by striking them alternately with a hammer.

In other churches I have observed that nothing unseemly or ruinous is to be found, except in the clergyman, and the appendages of his person. The squire of the parish, or his ancestors perhaps, to testify their devotion, and to leave a lasting monument to their munificence, have adorned the altar-piece with the richest crimson velvet, embroidered with vine-leaves and ears of wheat ; and have dressed up the pulpit with the same splendour and expense ; while the gentleman who fills it, is exalted, in the midst of all this finery, with a surplice as dirty as a farmer's frock, and a periwig that seems to have transferred its faculty of curling to the band, which appears in full buckle beneath it.

But if I was concerned to see several distressed pastors, as well as many of our country-churches in a tottering condition, I was more offended with the indecency of worship in others. I could wish that the clergy would inform their congregations, that there is no occasion to scream themselves hoarse in making the responses ; that the town-crier is not the only person qualified to pray with due devotion ; and that he who

bawls the loudest may, nevertheless, be the wickedest fellow in the parish. The old women too in the aisle might be told that their time would be better employed in attending to the sermon, than in fumbling over their tattered Testaments till they have found the text ; by which time the discourse is near drawing to a conclusion : while a word or two of instruction might not be thrown away upon the younger part of the congregation, to teach them that making posies in summer time, and cracking nuts in autumn, is no part of the religious ceremony.

The good old practice of Psalm-singing is, indeed, wonderfully improved in many country-churches since the days of Sternhold and Hopkins ; and there is scarce a parish-clerk who has so little taste as not to pick his staves out of the New Version. This has occasioned great complaints in some places, where the clerk has been forced to bawl by himself, because the rest of the congregation cannot find the Psalm at the end of their Prayer-books ; while others are highly disgusted at the innovation, and stick as obstinately to the Old Version as to the old style. The tunes themselves have also been new set to jiggish measures ; and the sober drawl, which used to accompany the first two staves of the hundredth Psalm with the Gloria Patri, is now split into as many quavers as an Italian air. For this purpose there is in every county an itinerant band of vocal musicians, who make it their business to go round to all the churches in their turns, and, after a prelude with the pitch-pipe, astonish the audience with hymns set to the new Winchester measure, and anthems of their own composing. As these new-fashioned psalmodists are necessarily made up of young men and maids, we may naturally suppose that there is a perfect concord and symphony between them : and, indeed, I have known it happen that these sweet singers have more than once been brought into disgrace by too close an unison between the thorough-bass and the treble.

It is a difficult matter to decide which is looked upon as the greatest man in a country-church, the parson or his clerk. The latter is most certainly held in higher veneration where the former happens to be only a poor curate, who rides post every sabbath from village to village, and mounts and dismounts at the church door. The clerk's office is not only to tag the prayers with an amen, or usher in the sermon with a stave ; but he is also the universal father to give away the brides, and the standing godfather to all the new-born bantlings. But in many places there is a still greater man belonging to the church than either the parson or the clerk himself. The person I mean is the squire, who, like the king, may be styled head of the church in his own parish. If the benefice be in his own gift, the vicar is his creature, and of consequence entirely at his devotion : or, if the care of the church be left to a curate, the Sunday fees of roast beef and plum pudding, and a liberty to shoot in the manor, will bring him as much under the squire's command as his dogs and horses. For this reason the bell is often kept tolling, and the people waiting in the churchyard, an hour longer than the usual time ; nor must the service begin till the squire has strutted up the aisle, and seated himself in the great pew in the chancel. The length of the sermon is also measured by the will of the squire, as formerly by the hour-glass ; and I know one parish, where the preacher has always the complaisance to conclude his discourse, however abruptly, the minute that the squire gives the signal, by rising up after his nap.

In a village church, the squire's lady or the vicar's wife are perhaps the only females that are stared at for their finery ; but in the larger cities and towns, where the newest fashions are brought down weekly by the stage-coach or wagon, all the wives and daughters of the most topping tradesmen vie with each other every Sunday in the elegance of their apparel. I could even

trace the gradations in their dress, according to the opulence, the extent, and the distance of the place from London. I was at church in a populous city in the north, where the mace-bearer cleared the way for Mrs. Mayoress, who came sidling after him in an enormous fan-hoop, of a pattern which had never been seen before in those parts. At another church, in a corporation town, I saw several negligées, with fur-belowed aprons, which had long disputed the prize of superiority: but these were most woefully eclipsed by a burgess's daughter, just come from London, who appeared in a Trolloppée or Slammerkin, with treble ruffles to the cuffs, pinked and gymped, and the sides of the petticoat drawn up in festoons. In some lesser borough towns, the contest, I found, lay between three or four black and green bibs and aprons: at one a grocer's wife attracted our eyes, by a new-fashioned cap, called a Joan; and at another, they were wholly taken up by a mercer's daughter, in a Nun's Hood.

I need not say any thing of the behaviour of the congregations in these more polite places of religious resort; as the same genteel ceremonies are practised there as at the most fashionable churches in town. The ladies, immediately on their entrance, breathe a pious ejaculation through their fan-sticks, and the beaux very gravely address themselves to the haberdashers' bills, glued upon the linings of their hats. This pious duty is no sooner performed, than the exercise of bowing and curtsying succeeds; the locking and unlocking of the pews drowns the reader's voice at the beginning of the service; and the rustling of silks, added to the whispering and tittering of so much good company, renders him totally unintelligible to the very end of it.

I am, dear cousin, yours, &c.

—T.

COWPER:

Connoisseur, No. 134, August 19, 1756.

CHARACTERS IN CONVERSATION

Servatâ semper lege et ratione loquendi.—HOR.

Your talk to decency and reason suit,
Nor prate like fools, or gabble like a brute.

IN the comedy of the *Frenchman in London*, which we are told was acted at Paris with universal applause for several nights together, there is a character of a rough Englishman, who is represented as quite unskilled in the graces of conversation ; and his dialogue consists almost entirely of a repetition of the common salutation of How do you do ? Our nation has, indeed, been generally supposed to be of a sullen and uncommunicative disposition ; while, on the other hand, the loquacious French have been allowed to possess the art of conversing beyond all other people. The Englishman requires to be wound up frequently, and stops as soon as he is down ; but the Frenchman runs on in a continual alarm. Yet it must be acknowledged, that, as the English consist of very different humours, their manner of discourse admits of great variety : but the whole French nation converse alike ; and there is no difference in their address between a marquis and a *valet-de-chambre*. We may frequently see a couple of French barbers accosting each other in the street, and paying their compliments with the same volubility of speech, the same grimace and action, as two courtiers on the Thuilleries.

I shall not attempt to lay down any particular rules for conversation, but rather point out such faults in discourse and behaviour, as render the company of half mankind rather tedious than amusing. It is in vain, indeed, to look for conversation, where we might expect to find it in the greatest perfection, among

persons of fashion : there it is almost annihilated by universal card-playing : insomuch that I have heard it given as a reason why it is impossible for our present writers to succeed in the dialogue of genteel comedy, that our people of quality scarce ever meet but to game. All their discourse turns upon the odd trick and the four honours : and it is no less a maxim with the votaries of whist than with those of Bacchus, that talking spoils company.

Every one endeavours to make himself as agreeable to society as he can : but it often happens that those who most aim at shining in conversation overshoot their mark. Though a man succeeds, he should not, as is frequently the case, engross the whole talk to himself ; for that destroys the very essence of conversation, which is talking together. We should try to keep up conversation like a ball bandied to and fro from one to the other, rather than seize it all to ourselves, and drive it before us like a football. We should likewise be cautious to adapt the matter of our discourse to our company ; and not talk Greek before ladies, or of the last new furbelow to a meeting of country justices.

But nothing throws a more ridiculous air over our whole conversation, than certain peculiarities easily acquired, but very difficultly conquered and discarded. In order to display these absurdities in a truer light, it is my present purpose to enumerate such of them as are most commonly to be met with ; and first to take notice of those buffoons in society, the Attitudinarians and Face-makers. These accompany every word with a peculiar grimace or gesture : they assent with a shrug, and contradict with a twisting of the neck ; are angry by a wry mouth, and pleased in a caper or a minuet step. They may be considered as speaking Harlequins ; and their rules of eloquence are taken from the posture-master. These should be condemned to converse only in dumb show with their own persons

in the looking-glass : as well as the smirkers and smilers, who so prettily set off their faces, together with their words, by a *je-ne-sçai-quoi* between a grin and a dimple. With these we may likewise rank the affected tribe of mimics, who are constantly taking off the peculiar tone of voice or gesture of their acquaintance : though they are such wretched imitators, that, like bad painters, they are frequently forced to write the name under the picture, before we can discover any likeness.

Next to these, whose elocution is absorbed in action, and who converse chiefly with their arms and legs, we may consider the Professed Speakers. And first, the emphatical ; who squeeze, and press, and ram down every syllable with excessive vehemence and energy. These orators are remarkable for their distinct elocution and force of expression : they dwell on the important particles *of* and *the*, and the significant conjunctive *and* ; which they seem to hawk up, with much difficulty, out of their own throats, and to cram them, with no less pain, into the ears of their auditors. These should be suffered only to syringe, as it were, the ears of a deaf man, through a hearing-trumpet : though I must confess, that I am equally offended with the whisperers or low-speakers, who seem to fancy all their acquaintance deaf, and come up so close to you, that they may be said to measure noses with you, and frequently overcome you with the full exhalations of a stinking breath. I would have these oracular gentry obliged to talk at a distance through a speaking-trumpet, or apply their lips to the walls of a whispering gallery. The wits, who will not condescend to utter anything but a *bon mot*, and the whistlers or tune-hummers, who never articulate at all, may be joined very agreeably together in concert : and to these tinkling cymbals I would also add the sounding-brass, the bawler, who inquires after your health with the bellowing of a town-crier.

The Tatlers, whose pliable pipes are admirably adapted to the "soft parts of conversation," and sweetly "prattling out of fashion," make very pretty music from a beautiful face and a female tongue ; but from a rough manly voice and coarse features, mere nonsense is as harsh and dissonant as a jig from a hurdy-gurdy. The Swearers I have spoken of in a former paper ; but the Half-swearers, who split, and mince, and fritter their oaths into gad's bud, ad's fish, and demmee, the Gothic Humbuggers, and those who "nick-name God's creatures," and call a man a cabbage, a crab, a queer cub, an odd fish, and an unaccountable muskin, should never come into company without an interpreter. But I will not tire my readers' patience by pointing out all the pests of conversation ; nor dwell particularly on the Sensibles, who pronounce dogmatically on the most trivial points, and speak in sentences ; the Wonderers, who are always wondering what o'clock it is, or wondering whether it will rain or no, or wondering when the moon changes ; the Phraseologists, who explain a thing by all that, or enter into particulars with this and that and t'other ; and lastly, the Silent Men, who seem afraid of opening their mouths, lest they should catch cold, and literally observe the precept of the Gospel, by letting their conversation be only yea yea, and nay nay.

The rational intercourse kept up by conversation is one of our principal distinctions from brutes. We should therefore endeavour to turn this peculiar talent to our advantage, and consider the organs of speech as the instruments of understanding : we should be very careful not to use them as the weapons of vice or tools of folly, and do our utmost to unlearn any trivial or ridiculous habits, which tend to lessen the value of such an inestimable prerogative. It is, indeed, imagined by some philosophers, that even birds and beasts, though without the power of articulation, perfectly understand one another by the sounds they utter ; and

that dogs, cats, &c., have each a particular language to themselves, like different nations. Thus it may be supposed that the nightingales of Italy have as fine an ear for their own native woodnotes as any signor or signora for an Italian air ; that the boars of Westphalia gruntle as expressively through the nose as the inhabitants in High-German ; and that the frogs in the dykes of Holland croak as intelligibly as the natives jabber their Low-Dutch. However this may be, we may consider those whose tongues hardly seem to be under the influence of reason, and do not keep up the proper conversation of human creatures, as imitating the language of different animals. Thus, for instance, the affinity between Chatterers and Monkeys, and Praters and Parrots, is too obvious not to occur at once : Grunters and Growlers may be justly compared to Hogs : Snarlers are Curs, that continually show their teeth, but never bite ; and the Spitfire passionate are a sort of wild Cats, that will not bear stroking, but will purr when they are pleased. Complainers are Screech-Owls ; and Story-tellers, always repeating the same dull note, are Cuckoos. Poets, that prick up their ears at their own hideous braying, are no better than Asses : Critics in general are venomous Serpents, that delight in hissing ; and some of them, who have got by heart a few technical terms without knowing their meaning, are no other than Magpies. I myself, who have crowed to the whole town for near three years past, may perhaps put my readers in mind of a Dunghill-cock ; but as I must acquaint them that they will hear the last of me on this day fortnight, I hope they will then consider me as a Swan, who is supposed to sing sweetly at his dying moments.

W.

COWPER :

Connoisseur, No. 138, September 16, 1756.

ON LOTTERIES

———*Neu flitem dubiæ spe pendulus horæ.*
HOR.

Nor let me float in fortune's pow'r,
Dependent on the future hour.
FRANCIS.

TO THE RAMBLER.

SIR,

As I have passed much of my life in disquiet and suspense, and lost many opportunities of advantage by a passion which I have reason to believe prevalent in different degrees over a great part of mankind, I cannot but think myself well qualified to warn those who are yet uncaptivated, of the danger which they incur by placing themselves within its influence.

I served an apprenticeship to a linen-draper, with uncommon reputation for diligence and fidelity ; and at the age of three-and-twenty opened a shop for myself with a large stock, and such credit among all the merchants who were acquainted with my master, that I could command whatever was imported curious or valuable. For five years I proceeded with success proportionate to close application and untainted integrity ; was a daring bidder at every sale ; always paid my notes before they were due ; and advanced so fast in commercial reputation, that I was proverbially marked out as the model of young traders, and every one expected that a few years would make me an alderman.

In this course of even prosperity, I was one day persuaded to buy a ticket in the lottery. The sum was inconsiderable, part was to be repaid though fortune might fail to favour me, and therefore my established maxims of frugality did not restrain me from so trifling an experiment. The ticket lay almost forgotten till

the time at which every man's fate was to be determined ; nor did the affair even then seem of any importance, till I discovered by the public papers that the number next to mine had conferred the great prize.

My heart leaped at the thought of such an approach to sudden riches, which I considered myself, however contrarily to the laws of computation, as having missed by a single chance ; and I could not forbear to revolve the consequences which such a bounteous allotment would have produced if it had happened to me. This dream of felicity, by degrees, took possession of my imagination. The great delight of my solitary hours was to purchase an estate, and form plantations with money which once might have been mine, and I never met my friends but I spoiled all their merriment by perpetual complaints of my ill luck.

At length another lottery was opened, and I had now so heated my imagination with the prospect of a prize, that I should have pressed among the first purchasers, had not my ardour been withheld by deliberation upon the probability of success from one ticket rather than another. I hesitated long between even and odd ; considered the square and cubic numbers through the lottery ; examined all those to which good luck had been hitherto annexed ; and at last fixed upon one, which, by some secret relation to the events of my life, I thought predestined to make me happy. Delay in great affairs is often mischievous ; the ticket was sold, and its possessor could not be found.

I returned to my conjectures, and after many arts of prognostication, fixed upon another chance, but with less confidence. Never did captive, heir, or lover feel so much vexation from the slow pace of time, as I suffered between the purchase of my ticket and the distribution of the prizes. I solaced my uneasiness as well as I could, by frequent contemplations of approaching happiness ; when the sun rose I knew it

would set, and congratulated myself at night that I was so much nearer to my wishes. At last the day came, my ticket appeared, and rewarded all my care and sagacity with a despicable prize of fifty pounds.

My friends, who honestly rejoiced upon my success, were very coldly received ; I hid myself a fortnight in the country, that my chagrin might fume away without observation, and then returning to my shop, began to listen after another lottery.

With the news of a lottery I was soon gratified, and having now found the vanity of conjecture and inefficacy of computation, I resolved to take the prize by violence, and therefore bought forty tickets, not omitting, however, to divide them between the even and odd numbers, that I might not miss the lucky class. Many conclusions did I form, and many experiments did I try, to determine from which of those tickets I might most reasonably expect riches. At last, being unable to satisfy myself by any modes of reasoning, I wrote the numbers upon dice, and allotted five hours every day to the amusement of throwing them in a garret ; and, examining the event by an exact register, found, on the evening before the lottery was drawn, that one of my numbers had been turned up five times more than any of the rest in three hundred and thirty thousand throws.

This experiment was fallacious ; the first day presented the hopeful ticket, a detestable blank. The rest came out with different fortune, and in conclusion I lost thirty pounds by this great adventure.

I had now wholly changed the cast of my behaviour and the conduct of my life. The shop was for the most part abandoned to my servants, and if I entered it, my thoughts were so engrossed by my tickets, that I scarcely heard or answered a question, but considered every customer as an intruder upon my meditations, whom I was in haste to dispatch. I mistook the price of my goods, committed blunders in my

bills, forgot to file my receipts, and neglected to regulate my books. My acquaintances by degrees began to fall away ; but I perceived the decline of my business with little emotion, because whatever deficiency there might be in my gains I expected the next lottery to supply.

Miscarriage naturally produces diffidence ; I began now to seek assistance against ill luck by an alliance with those that had been more successful. I inquired diligently at what office any prize had been sold, that I might purchase of a propitious vender ; solicited those who had been fortunate in former lotteries, to partake with me in my new tickets ; and whenever I met with one that had in any event of his life been eminently prosperous, I invited him to take a larger share. I had, by this rule of conduct, so diffused my interest, that I had a fourth part of fifteen tickets, an eighth of forty, and a sixteenth of ninety.

I waited for the decision of my fate with my former palpitations, and looked upon the business of my trade with the usual neglect. The wheel at last was turned, and its revolutions brought me a long succession of sorrows and disappointments. I indeed often partook of a small prize, and the loss of one day was generally balanced by the gain of the next ; but my desires yet remained unsatisfied, and when one of my chances had failed, all my expectation was suspended on those which remained yet undetermined. At last a prize of five thousand pounds was proclaimed ; I caught fire at the cry, and inquiring the number, found it to be one of my own tickets, which I had divided among those on whose luck I depended, and of which I had retained only a sixteenth part.

You will easily judge with what detestation of himself a man thus intent upon gain reflected that he had sold a prize which was once in his possession. It was to no purpose that I represented to my mind the impossibility of recalling the past, or the folly of con-

demning an act, which only its event, an event which no human intelligence could foresee, proved to be wrong. The prize which, though put in my hands, had been suffered to slip from me, filled me with anguish ; and knowing that complaint would only expose me to ridicule, I gave myself up silently to grief, and lost by degrees my appetite and my rest.

My indisposition soon became visible ; I was visited by my friends, and among them by *Eumathes*, a clergyman, whose piety and learning gave him such an ascendant over me, that I could not refuse to open my heart. There are, said he, few minds sufficiently firm to be trusted in the hands of chance. Whoever finds himself inclined to anticipate futurity, and exalt possibility to certainty, should avoid every kind of casual adventure, since his grief must be always proportionate to his hope. You have long wasted that time, which, by a proper application, would have certainly, though moderately, increased your fortune, in a laborious and anxious pursuit of a species of gain which no labour or anxiety, no art or expedient, can secure or promote. You are now fretting away your life in repentance of an act, against which repentance can give no caution, but to avoid the occasion of committing it. Rouse from this lazy dream of fortuitous riches, which, if obtained, you could scarcely have enjoyed, because they could confer no consciousness of desert ; return to rational and manly industry, and consider the mere gift of luck as below the care of a wise man.

JOHNSON : *Rambler*, No. 181, December 10, 1751.

TRADES OF LONDON

Inventas—vitam excoluere per artes—VIRG.

They polish life by useful arts.

THAT familiarity produces neglect has been long observed. The effect of all external objects, however great or splendid, ceases with their novelty; the courtier stands without emotion in the royal presence; the rustic tramples under his foot the beauties of the spring with little attention to their colours or their fragrance; and the inhabitant of the coast darts his eye upon the immense diffusion of waters without awe, wonder, or terror.

Those who have passed much of their lives in this great city look upon its opulence and its multitudes, its extent and variety, with cold indifference; but an inhabitant of the remoter parts of the kingdom is immediately distinguished by a kind of dissipated curiosity, a busy endeavour to divide his attention amongst a thousand objects, and a wild confusion of astonishment and alarm.

The attention of a new-comer is generally first struck by the multiplicity of cries that stun him in the streets, and the variety of merchandise and manufactures which the shopkeepers expose on every hand; and he is apt, by unwary bursts of admiration, to excite the merriment and contempt of those who mistake the use of their eyes for effects of their understanding, and confound accidental knowledge with just reasoning.

But, surely, these are subjects on which any man may without reproach employ his meditations: the innumerable occupations, among which the thousands that swarm in the streets of London are distributed, may furnish employment to minds of every cast, and capacities of every degree. He that contemplates

the extent of this wonderful city finds it difficult to conceive by what method plenty is maintained in our markets, and how the inhabitants are regularly supplied with the necessities of life ; but when he examines the shops and warehouses, sees the immense stores of every kind of merchandise piled up for sale, and runs over all the manufactures of art and products of nature which are everywhere attracting his eye and soliciting his purse, he will be inclined to conclude that such quantities cannot easily be exhausted, and that part of mankind must soon stand still for want of employment, till the wares already provided shall be worn out and destroyed.

As Socrates was passing through the fair at Athens, and casting his eyes over the shops and customers, " How many things are here," says he, " that I do not want ! " The same sentiment is every moment rising in the mind of him that walks the streets of London, however inferior in philosophy to Socrates : he beholds a thousand shops crowded with goods, of which he can scarcely tell the use, and which, therefore, he is apt to consider as of no value ; and, indeed, many of the arts by which families are supported, and wealth is heaped together, are of that minute and superfluous kind which nothing but experience could evince possible to be prosecuted with advantage, and which, as the world might easily want, it could scarcely be expected to encourage.

But so it is, that custom, curiosity, or wantonness supplies every art with patrons, and finds purchasers for every manufacture ; the world is so adjusted, that not only bread, but riches may be obtained without great abilities, or arduous performances : the most unskilful hand and unenlightened mind have sufficient incitements to industry ; for he that is resolutely busy can scarcely be in want. There is, indeed, no employment, however despicable, from which a man may not promise himself more than competence, when he

sees thousands and myriads raised to dignity, by no other merit than that of contributing to supply their neighbours with the means of sucking smoke through a tube of clay ; and others raising contributions upon those, whose elegance disdains the grossness of smoky luxury, by grinding the same materials into a powder that may at once gratify and impair the smell.

Not only by these popular and modish trifles, but by a thousand unheeded and evanescent kinds of business, are the multitudes of this city preserved from idleness, and consequently from want. In the endless variety of tastes and circumstances that diversify mankind, nothing is so superfluous, but that some one desires it ; or so common, but that some one is compelled to buy it. As nothing is useless but because it is in improper hands, what is thrown away by one is gathered up by another ; and the refuse of part of mankind furnishes a subordinate class with the materials necessary to their support.

When I look round upon those who are thus variously exerting their qualifications, I cannot but admire the secret concatenation of society that links together the great and the mean, the illustrious and the obscure ; and consider with benevolent satisfaction, that no man, unless his body or mind be totally disabled, has need to suffer the mortification of seeing himself useless, or burthensome to the community : he that will diligently labour, in whatever occupation, will deserve the sustenance which he obtains, and the protection which he enjoys ; and may lie down every night with the pleasing consciousness of having contributed something to the happiness of life.

Contempt and admiration are equally incident to narrow minds : he whose comprehension can take in the whole subordination of mankind, and whose perspicacity can pierce to the real state of things through the thin veils of fortune or of fashion, will discover

meanness in the highest stations, and dignity in the meanest ; and find that no man can become venerable but by virtue, or contemptible but by wickedness.

In the midst of this universal hurry, no man ought to be so little influenced by example, or so void of honest emulation, as to stand a lazy spectator of incessant labour ; or please himself with the mean happiness of a drone, while the active swarms are buzzing about him : no man is without some quality, by the due application of which he might deserve well of the world ; and whoever he be that has but little in his power, should be in haste to do that little, lest he be confounded with him that can do nothing.

By this general concurrence of endeavours, arts of every kind have been so long cultivated, that all the wants of man may be immediately supplied ; idleness can scarcely form a wish which she may not gratify by the toil of others, or curiosity dream of a toy, which the shops are not ready to afford her.

Happiness is enjoyed only in proportion as it is known : and such is the state or folly of man, that it is known only by experience of its contrary : we who have long lived amidst the conveniences of a town immensely populous, have scarce an idea of a place where desire cannot be gratified by money. In order to have a just sense of this artificial plenty, it is necessary to have passed some time in a distant colony, or those parts of our island which are thinly inhabited : he that has once known how many trades every man in such situations is compelled to exercise, with how much labour the products of nature must be accommodated to human use, how long the loss or defect of any common utensil must be endured, or by what awkward expedients it must be supplied, how far men may wander with money in their hands before any can sell them what they wish to buy, will know how to rate at its proper value the plenty and ease of a great city.

But that the happiness of man may still remain im-

perfect, as wants in this place are easily supplied, new wants likewise are easily created : every man, in surveying the shops of London, sees numberless instruments and conveniences, of which, while he did not know them, he never felt the need ; and yet, when use has made them familiar, wonders how life could be supported without them. Thus it comes to pass that our desires always increase with our possessions ; the knowledge that something remains yet unenjoyed impairs our enjoyment of the good before us.

They who have been accustomed to the refinements of science, and multiplications of contrivance, soon lose their confidence in the unassisted powers of nature, forget the paucity of our real necessities, and overlook the easy methods by which they may be supplied. It were a speculation worthy of a philosophical mind, to examine how much is taken away from our native abilities, as well as added to them, by artificial expedients. We are so accustomed to give and receive assistance, that each of us singly can do little for himself ; and there is scarce any one among us, however contracted may be his form of life, who does not enjoy the labour of a thousand artists.

But a survey of the various nations that inhabit the earth will inform us that life may be supported with less assistance ; and that the dexterity which practice enforced by necessity produces is able to effect much by very scanty means. The nations of Mexico and Peru erected cities and temples without the use of iron ; and at this day the rude Indian supplies himself with all the necessaries of life : sent like the rest of mankind naked into the world, as soon as his parents have nursed him up to strength, he is to provide by his own labour for his own support. His first care is to find a sharp flint among the rocks ; with this he undertakes to fell the trees of the forest ; he shapes his bow, heads his arrows, builds his cottage, and hollows his canoe, and from that time lives in a state of plenty and pros-

perity ; he is sheltered from the storms, he is fortified against beasts of prey, he is enabled to pursue the fish of the sea and the deer of the mountains ; and as he does not know, does not envy the happiness of polished nations, where gold can supply the want of fortitude and skill ; and he whose laborious ancestors have made him rich may lie stretched upon a couch, and see all the treasures of all the elements poured down before him.

This picture of a savage life, if it shows how much individuals may perform, shows likewise how much society is to be desired. Though the perseverance and address of the Indian excite our admiration, they nevertheless cannot procure him the conveniences which are enjoyed by the vagrant beggar of a civilized country : he hunts like a wild beast to satisfy his hunger ; and when he lies down to rest after a successful chase, cannot pronounce himself secure against the danger of perishing in a few days ; he is, perhaps, content with his condition, because he knows not that a better is attainable by man ; as he that is born blind does not long for the perception of light, because he cannot conceive the advantages which light would afford him ; but hunger, wounds, and weariness are real evils, though he believes them equally incident to all his fellow-creatures ; and when a tempest compels him to lie starving in his hut, he cannot justly be concluded equally happy with those whom art has exempted from the power of chance, and who make the foregoing year provide for the following.

To receive and to communicate assistance constitutes the happiness of human life : man may, indeed, preserve his existence in solitude, but can enjoy it only in society ; the greatest understanding of an individual, doomed to procure food and clothing for himself, will barely supply him with expedients to keep off death from day to day ; but as one of a large community performing only his share of the common

business, he gains leisure for intellectual pleasures, and enjoys the happiness of reason and reflection.

T.

JOHNSON : *Adventurer*, No. 67, June 26, 1753.

ON THE ART OF ADVERTISING

THE practice of appending to the narratives of public transactions more minute and domestic intelligence, and filling the newspapers with advertisements, has grown up by slow degrees to its present state.

Genius is shown only by invention. The man who first took advantage of the general curiosity that was excited by a siege or battle, to betray the readers of news into the knowledge of the shop where the best puffs and powder were to be sold, was undoubtedly a man of great sagacity and profound skill in the nature of man. But when he had once shown the way, it was easy to follow him ; and every man now knows a ready method of informing the public of all that he desires to buy or sell, whether his wares be material or intellectual ; whether he makes clothes, or teaches the mathematics ; whether he be a tutor that wants a pupil, or a pupil that wants a tutor.

Whatever is common is despised. Advertisements are now so numerous that they are very negligently perused, and it is therefore become necessary to gain attention by magnificence of promises, and by eloquence sometimes sublime and sometimes pathetic.

Promise, large promise, is the soul of an advertisement. I remember a *wash-ball* that had a quality truly wonderful—it gave *an exquisite edge to the razor*. And there are now to be sold, *for ready money only*, some *duvets for bed-coverings*, of down, beyond comparison, *superior to what is called otter-down*, and indeed such, that its *many excellences cannot be here set forth*. With

one excellence we are made acquainted—it is *warmer than four or five blankets, and lighter than one.*

There are some, however, that know the prejudice of mankind in favour of modest sincerity. The vender of the *beautifying fluid* sells a lotion that repels pimples, washes away freckles, smooths the skin, and plumps the flesh, and yet, with a generous abhorrence of ostentation, confesses that it will not *restore the bloom of fifteen to a lady of fifty.*

The true pathos of advertisements must have sunk deep into the heart of every man that remembers the zeal shown by the seller of the *anodyne necklace*, for the ease and safety of *poor teething infants*, and the affection with which he warned every mother that *she would never forgive herself* if her infant should perish without a necklace.

I cannot but remark to the celebrated author who gave, in his notifications of the camel and dromedary, so many specimens of the genuine sublime, that there is now arrived another subject yet more worthy of his pen. *A famous Mohawk Indian warrior, who took Dieskaw the French General prisoner, dressed in the same manner with the native Indians when they go to war, with his face and body painted, with his scalping-knife, tom-axe, and all other implements of war! a sight worthy the curiosity of every true Briton!* This is a very powerful description; but a critic of great refinement would say that it conveys rather *horror* than *terror*. An Indian, dressed as he goes to war, may bring company together; but if he carries the scalping-knife and tom-axe, there are many true Britons that will never be persuaded to see him but through a grate.

It has been remarked by the severer judges that the salutary sorrow of tragic scenes is too soon effaced by the merriment of the epilogue; the same inconvenience arises from the improper disposition of advertisements. The noblest objects may be so associated as to be made ridiculous. The camel and dromedary them-

selves might have lost much of their dignity between *the true flour of mustard* and the *original Daffy's elixir*; and I could not but feel some indignation when I found this illustrious Indian warrior immediately succeeded by *a fresh parcel of Dublin butter*.

The trade of advertising is now so near to perfection, that it is not easy to propose any improvement. But as every art ought to be exercised in due subordination to the public good, I cannot but propose it as a moral question to these masters of the public ear, Whether they do not sometimes play too wantonly with our passions, as when the registrar of lottery tickets invites us to his shop by an account of the prizes which he sold last year; and whether the advertising controvertists do not indulge asperity of language without any adequate provocation; as in the dispute about *straps for razors*, now happily subsided, and in the altercation which at present subsists concerning *eau de luce*?

In an advertisement it is allowed to every man to speak well of himself, but I know not why he should assume the privilege of censuring his neighbour. He may proclaim his own virtue or skill, but ought not to exclude others from the same pretensions.

Every man that advertises his own excellence should write with some consciousness of a character which dares to call the attention of the public. He should remember that his name is to stand in the same paper with those of the King of Prussia and the Emperor of Germany, and endeavour to make himself worthy of such association.

Some regard is likewise to be paid to posterity. There are men of diligence and curiosity who treasure up the papers of the day merely because others neglect them, and in time they will be scarce. When these collections shall be read in another century, how will numberless contradictions be reconciled; and how shall fame be possibly distributed among the tailors and boddice-makers of the present age?

Surely these things deserve consideration. It is enough for me to have hinted my desire that these abuses may be rectified; but such is the state of nature, that what all have the right of doing, many will attempt without sufficient care or due qualifications.

JOHNSON: *Idler*, No. 40, January 20, 1759.

THE MAN IN BLACK

THOUGH fond of many acquaintances, I desire an intimacy only with a few. The Man in Black, whom I have often mentioned, is one whose friendship I could wish to acquire, because he possesses my esteem. His manners, it is true, are tinged with some strange inconsistencies; and he may be justly termed a humorist in a nation of humorists. Though he is generous even to profusion, he affects to be thought a prodigy of parsimony and prudence; though his conversation be replete with the most sordid and selfish maxims, his heart is dilated with the most unbounded love. I have known him profess himself a man-hater, while his cheek was glowing with compassion; and, while his looks were softened into pity, I have heard him use the language of the most unbounded ill-nature. Some affect humanity and tenderness, others boast of having such dispositions from nature; but he is the only man I ever knew who seemed ashamed of his natural benevolence. He takes as much pains to hide his feelings, as any hypocrite would to conceal his indifference; but on every unguarded moment the mask drops off, and reveals him to the most superficial observer.

The Man in Black is first mentioned in the *Citizen of the World*, Letter 13.

In one of our late excursions into the country, happening to discourse upon the provision that was made for the poor in England, he seemed amazed how any of his countrymen could be so foolishly weak as to relieve occasional objects of charity, when the laws had made such ample provision for their support. "In every parish-house," says he, "the poor are supplied with food, clothes, fire, and a bed to lie on; they want no more, I desire no more myself; yet still they seem discontented. I am surprised at the inactivity of our magistrates, in not taking up such vagrants, who are only a weight upon the industrious; I am surprised that the people are found to relieve them, when they must be at the same time sensible that it in some measure encourages idleness, extravagance, and imposture. Were I to advise any man for whom I had the least regard, I would caution him by all means not to be imposed upon by their false pretences: let me assure you, sir, they are impostors, every one of them, and rather merit a prison than relief."

He was proceeding in this strain, earnestly to dissuade me from an imprudence of which I am seldom guilty, when an old man, who still had about him the remnants of tattered finery, implored our compassion. He assured us that he was no common beggar, but forced into the shameful profession to support a dying wife and five hungry children. Being prepossessed against such falsehoods, his story had not the least influence upon me; but it was quite otherwise with the Man in Black: I could see it visibly operate upon his countenance, and effectually interrupt his harangue. I could easily perceive that his heart burned to relieve the five starving children, but he seemed ashamed to discover his weakness to me. While he thus hesitated between compassion and pride, I pretended to look another way, and he seized this opportunity of giving the poor petitioner a piece of silver, bidding him at the same time, in order that I should hear, go work for his

bread, and not tease passengers with such impertinent falsehoods for the future.

As he had fancied himself quite unperceived, he continued, as we proceeded, to rail against beggars with as much animosity as before : he threw in some episodes on his own amazing prudence and economy, with his profound skill in discovering impostors ; he explained the manner in which he would deal with beggars were he a magistrate, hinted at enlarging some of the prisons for their reception, and told two stories of ladies that were robbed by beggar-men. He was beginning a third to the same purpose, when a sailor with a wooden leg once more crossed our walks, desiring our pity, and blessing our limbs. I was for going on without taking any notice, but my friend, looking wistfully upon the poor petitioner, bid me stop, and he would show me with how much ease he could at any time detect an impostor.

He now, therefore, assumed a look of importance, and in an angry tone began to examine the sailor, demanding in what engagement he was thus disabled and rendered unfit for service. The sailor replied, in a tone as angrily as he, that he had been an officer on board a private ship of war, and that he had lost his leg abroad, in defence of those who did nothing at home. At this reply all my friend's importance vanished in a moment ; he had not a single question more to ask ; he now only studied what method he should take to relieve him unobserved. He had, however, no easy part to act, as he was obliged to preserve the appearance of ill-nature before me, and yet relieve himself by relieving the sailor. Casting, therefore, a furious look upon some bundles of chips which the fellow carried in a string at his back, my friend demanded how he sold his matches ; but, not waiting for a reply, desired, in a surly tone, to have a shilling's worth. The sailor seemed at first surprised at his demand, but soon recollecting himself, and presenting

Natural
straight
forward

his whole bundle, "Here, master," says he, "take all my cargo, and a blessing into the bargain."

It is impossible to describe with what an air of triumph my friend marched off with his new purchase : he assured me that he was firmly of opinion that those fellows must have stolen their goods, who could thus afford to sell them for half value. He informed me of several different uses to which those chips might be applied ; he expatiated largely upon the savings that would result from lighting candles with a match, instead of thrusting them into the fire. He averred that he would as soon have parted with a tooth as his money to those vagabonds, unless for some valuable consideration. I cannot tell how long this panegyric upon frugality and matches might have continu'd, had not his attention been called off by another object more distressful than either of the former. A woman in rags, with one child in her arms, and another on her back, was attempting to sing ballads, but with such a mournful voice, that it was difficult to determine whether she was singing or crying. A wretch, who in the deepest distress still aimed at good-humour, was an object my friend was by no means capable of withstanding : his vivacity and his discourse were instantly interrupted ; upon this occasion, his very dissimulation had forsaken him. Even in my presence he immediately applied his hands to his pockets, in order to relieve her ; but guess his confusion when he found he had already given away all the money he carried about him to former objects. The misery painted in the woman's visage was not half so strongly expressed as the agony in his. He continued to search for some time, but to no purpose, till, at length recollecting himself, with a face of ineffable good-nature, as he had no money, he put into her hands his shilling's worth of matches.

GOLDSMITH : *Citizen of the World*, Letter 26.

AN ALLEGORY FROM ZOROASTER

" IN early times, before myriads of nations covered the earth, the whole human race lived together in one valley. The simple inhabitants, surrounded on every side by lofty mountains, knew no other world but the little spot to which they were confined. They fancied the heavens bent down to meet the mountain tops, and formed an impenetrable wall to surround them. None had ever yet ventured to climb the steepy cliff, in order to explore those regions that lay beyond it ; they knew the nature of the skies only from a tradition, which mentioned their being made of adamant : traditions make up the reasonings of the simple, and serve to silence every inquiry.

" In this sequestered vale, blessed with all the spontaneous productions of nature, the honeyed blossom, the refreshing breeze, the gliding brook and golden fruitage, the simple inhabitants seemed happy in themselves, in each other ; they desired no greater pleasure, for they knew of none greater ; ambition, pride, and envy were vices unknown among them ; and from this peculiar simplicity of its possessors the country was called THE VALLEY OF IGNORANCE.

" At length, however, an unhappy youth, more aspiring than the rest, undertook to climb the mountain's side, and examine the summits which were hitherto deemed inaccessible. The inhabitants from below gazed with wonder at his intrepidity ; some applauded his courage, others censured his folly : still, however, he proceeded towards the place where the earth and heavens seemed to unite, and at length arrived at the wished-for height with extreme labour and assiduity.

" His first surprise was to find the skies not, as he expected, within his reach, but still as far off as before. His amazement increased when he saw a wide-extended

region lying on the opposite side of the mountain ; but it rose to astonishment when he beheld a country, at a distance, more beautiful and alluring than even that he had just left behind.

“ As he continued to gaze with wonder, a Genius with a look of infinite modesty, approaching, offered to be his guide and instructor. ‘ The distant country which you so much admire,’ says the angelic being, ‘ is called the LAND OF CERTAINTY : in that charming retreat sentiment contributes to refine every sensual banquet ; the inhabitants are blessed with every solid enjoyment, and still more blessed in a perfect consciousness of their own felicity : ignorance in that country is wholly unknown ; all there is satisfaction without alloy, for every pleasure first undergoes the examination of reason. As for me, I am called the Genius of Demonstration, and am stationed here in order to conduct every adventurer to that land of happiness, through those intervening regions you see overhung with fogs and darkness, and horrid with forests, cataracts, caverns, and various other shapes of danger. But follow me, and in time I may lead you to that distant desirable land of tranquillity.’

“ The intrepid traveller immediately put himself under the direction of the Genius, and both journeying on together with a slow but agreeable pace, deceived the tediousness of the way by conversation. The beginning of the journey seemed to promise true satisfaction, but as they proceeded forward the skies became more gloomy and the way more intricate ; they often inadvertently approached the brow of some frightful precipice, or the brink of a torrent, and were obliged to measure back their former way : the gloom increasing as they proceeded, their pace became more slow ; they paused at every step, frequently stumbled, and their distrust and timidity increased. The Genius of Demonstration now therefore advised his pupil to

grope upon hands and feet, as a method, though more slow, yet less liable to error.

"In this manner they attempted to pursue their journey for some time, when they were overtaken by another Genius, who with a precipitate pace seemed travelling the same way. He was instantly known by the other to be the Genius of Probability. He wore two wide-extended wings at his back, which incessantly waved, without increasing the rapidity of his motion ; his countenance betrayed a confidence that the ignorant might mistake for sincerity, and he had but one eye, which was fixed in the middle of his forehead.

" ' Servant of Hormizda,' cried he, approaching the mortal pilgrim, ' if thou art travelling to the LAND OF CERTAINTY, how is it possible to arrive there under the guidance of a Genius, who proceeds forward so slowly, and is so little acquainted with the way ? Follow me, we shall soon perform the journey to where every pleasure waits our arrival.'

"The peremptory tone in which this Genius spoke, and the speed with which he moved forward, induced the traveller to change his conductor, and leaving his modest companion behind, he proceeded forward with his more confident director, seeming not a little pleased at the increased velocity of his motion.

"But soon he found reason to repent. Whenever a torrent crossed their way, his guide taught him to despise the obstacle by plunging him in ; whenever a precipice presented, he was directed to fling himself forward. Thus each moment miraculously escaping, his repeated escapes only served to increase his guide's temerity. He led him, therefore, forward, amidst infinite difficulties, till they arrived at the borders of an ocean, which appeared unnavigable from the black mists that lay upon its surface. Its unquiet waves were of the darkest hue, and gave a lively representation of the various agitations of the human mind.

“The Genius of Probability now confessed his temerity ; owned his being an improper guide to the LAND OF CERTAINTY, a country where no mortal had ever been permitted to arrive ; but, at the same time, offered to supply the traveller with another conductor, who should carry him to the LAND OF CONFIDENCE, a region where the inhabitants lived with the utmost tranquillity, and tasted almost as much satisfaction as if in the LAND OF CERTAINTY. Not waiting for a reply, he stamped three times on the ground, and called forth the Demon of Error, a gloomy fiend of the servants of Arimanes. The yawning earth gave up the reluctant savage, who seemed unable to bear the light of the day. His stature was enormous, his colour black and hideous. His aspect betrayed a thousand varying passions, and he spread forth pinions that were fitted for the most rapid flight. The traveller at first was shocked at the spectre ; but, finding him obedient to a superior power, he assumed his former tranquillity.

“ ‘ I have called you to duty,’ cries the Genius to the Demon ; ‘ to bear on your back a son of mortality over the OCEAN OF DOUBTS, into the LAND OF CONFIDENCE ; I expect you will perform your commission with punctuality. And as for you,’ continued the Genius, addressing the traveller, ‘ when once I have bound this fillet round your eyes, let no voice of persuasion, nor threats the most terrifying, induce you to unbind it, in order to look round ; keep the fillet fast, look not at the ocean below, and you may certainly expect to arrive at a region of pleasure.’

“ Thus saying, and the traveller’s eyes being covered, the Demon, muttering curses, raised him on his back, and instantly, upborne by his strong pinions, directed his flight among the clouds. Neither the loudest thunder, nor the most angry tempest, could persuade the traveller to unbind his eyes. The Demon directed his flight downwards, and skimmed the surface of the ocean ; a thousand voices, some with loud invectives,

others in the sarcastic tones of contempt, vainly endeavoured to persuade him to look round ; but he still continued to keep his eyes covered, and would in all probability have arrived at the happy land, had not flattery effected what other means could not perform. For now he heard himself welcomed on every side to the promised land, and an universal shout of joy was sent forth at his safe arrival. The wearied traveller, desirous of seeing the long-wished-for country, at length pulled the fillet from his eyes, and ventured to look round him. But he had unloosed the band too soon ; he was not yet above half-way over. The Demon, who was still hovering in the air, and had produced those sounds only in order to deceive, was now freed from his commission ; wherefore, throwing the astonished traveller from his back, the unhappy youth fell headlong into the subjacent OCEAN OF DOUBTS, from whence he never after was seen to rise."

GOLDSMITH : *Citizen of the World*, Letter 37.

BEAU TIBBS

THOUGH naturally pensive, yet I am fond of gay company, and take every opportunity of thus dismissing the mind from duty. From this motive I am often found in the centre of a crowd ; and wherever pleasure is to be sold, am always a purchaser. In those places, without being remarked by any, I join in whatever goes forward ; work my passions into a similitude of frivolous earnestness, shout as they shout, and condemn as they happen to disapprove. A mind thus sunk for a while below its natural standard is qualified for stronger flights, as those first retire who would spring forward with greater vigour.

Attracted by the serenity of the evening, my friend

My Friend, A reference to the Man in Black.

and I lately went to gaze upon the company in one of the public walks near the city. Here we sauntered together for some time, either praising the beauty of such as were handsome, or the dresses of such as had nothing else to recommend them. We had gone thus deliberately forward for some time, when, stopping on a sudden, my friend caught me by the elbow, and led me out of the public walk. I could perceive by the quickness of his pace, and by his frequently looking behind, that he was attempting to avoid somebody who followed : we now turned to the right, then to the left ; as we went forward, he still went faster ; but in vain : the person whom he attempted to escape hunted us through every doubling, and gained upon us each moment, so that at last we fairly stood still, resolving to face what we could not avoid.

Our pursuer soon came up, and joined us with all the familiarity of an old acquaintance. " My dear Dry-bone," cries he, shaking my friend's hand, " where have you been hiding this half a century ? Positively I had fancied you were gone to cultivate matrimony and your estate in the country." During the reply I had an opportunity of surveying the appearance of our new companion : his hat was pinched up with peculiar smartness ; his looks were pale, thin, and sharp ; round his neck he wore a broad black riband, and in his bosom a buckle studded with glass ; his coat was trimmed with tarnished twist ; he wore by his side a sword with a black hilt ; and his stockings of silk, though newly washed, were grown yellow by long service. I was so much engaged with the peculiarity of his dress, that I attended only to the latter part of my friend's reply, in which he complimented Mr. Tibbs on the taste of his clothes, and the bloom in his countenance. " Pshaw, pshaw, Will," cried the figure, " no more of that, if you love me : you know I hate flattery—on my soul I do ; and yet, to be sure, an intimacy with the great will improve one's appearance,

and a course of venison will fatten ; and yet, faith, I despise the great as much as you do ; but there are a great many damn'd honest fellows among them, and we must not quarrel with one half, because the other wants weeding. If they were all such as my Lord Mudler, one of the most good-natured creatures that ever squeezed a lemon, I should myself be among the number of their admirers. I was yesterday to dine at the Duchess of Piccadilly's. My lord was there. ' Ned,' says he to me, ' Ned,' says he, ' I'll hold gold to silver I can tell where you were poaching last night.' ' Poaching, my lord ? ' says I : ' faith, you have missed already ; for I stayed at home, and let the girls poach for me. That's my way : I take a fine woman as some animals do their prey—stand still, and, swoop, they fall into my mouth.' ”

“ Ah, Tibbs, thou art a happy fellow,” cried my companion, with looks of infinite pity ; “ I hope your fortune is as much improved as your understanding in such company ? ”—“ Improved ! ” replied the other : “ you shall know,—but let it go no farther—a great secret—five hundred a year to begin with—my lord's word of honour for it. His lordship took me down in his own chariot yesterday, and we had a *tête-à-tête* dinner in the country, where we talked of nothing else.” —“ I fancy you forget, sir,” cried I ; “ you told us but this moment of your dining yesterday in town.” —“ Did I say so ? ” replied he coolly ; “ to be sure, if I said so, it was so. Dined in town ! Egad, now I do remember, I did dine in town ; but I dined in the country too ; for you must know, my boys, I eat two dinners. By the bye, I am grown as nice as the devil in my eating. I'll tell you a pleasant affair about that : we were a select party of us to dine at Lady Grogram's, —an affected piece, but let it go no farther—a secret.—Well, there happened to be no *asafoetida* in the sauce to a turkey, upon which, says I, I'll hold a thousand guineas, and say done first, that—But, dear Drybone,

you are an honest creature ; lend me half a crown for a minute or two, or so, just till—— ; but hearkee, ask me for it the next time we meet, or it may be twenty to one but I forget to pay you."

When he left us, our conversation naturally turned upon so extraordinary a character. " His very dress," cries my friend, " is not less extraordinary than his conduct. If you meet him this day, you find him in rags ; if the next, in embroidery. With those persons of distinction of whom he talks so familiarly he has scarcely a coffee-house acquaintance. However, both for the interests of society, and perhaps for his own, Heaven has made him poor ; and while all the world perceives his wants, he fancies them concealed from every eye. An agreeable companion, because he understands flattery ; and all must be pleased with the first part of his conversation, though all are sure of its ending with a demand on their purse. While his youth countenances the levity of his conduct, he may thus earn a precarious subsistence ; but when age comes on, the gravity of which is incompatible with buffoonery, then will he find himself forsaken by all ; condemned in the decline of life to hang upon some rich family whom he once despised, there to undergo all the ingenuity of studied contempt, to be employed only as a spy upon the servants, or a bugbear to fright the children into obedience."—Adieu.

I am apt to fancy I have contracted a new acquaintance whom it will be no easy matter to shake off. My little beau yesterday overtook me again in one of the public walks, and slapping me on the shoulder, saluted me with an air of the most perfect familiarity. His dress was the same as usual, except that he had more powder in his hair, wore a dirtier shirt, a pair of temple spectacles, and his hat under his arm.

As I knew him to be a harmless, amusing little thing, I could not return his smiles with any degree of severity : so we walked forward on terms of the utmost

intimacy, and in a few minutes discussed all the usual topics preliminary to particular conversation. The oddities that marked his character, however, soon began to appear ; he bowed to several well-dressed persons, who, by their manner of returning the compliment, appeared perfect strangers. At intervals he drew out a pocket-book, seeming to take memorandums, before all the company, with much importance and assiduity. In this manner he led me through the length of the whole walk, fretting at his absurdities, and fancying myself laughed at not less than him by every spectator.

When we were got to the end of our procession, "Blast me," cries he, with an air of vivacity, "I never saw the Park so thin in my life before ! There's no company at all to-day ; not a single face to be seen."—"No company !" interrupted I peevishly ; "no company, where there is such a crowd ? Why, man, there's too much. What are the thousands that have been laughing at us but company ?"—"Lord, my dear," returned he, with the utmost good-humour, "you seem immensely chagrined ; but, blast me, when the world laughs at me, I laugh at the world, and so we are even. My Lord Trip, Bill Squash the Creolian, and I, sometimes make a party at being ridiculous ; and so we say and do a thousand things for the joke's sake. But I see you are grave, and if you are for a fine grave sentimental companion, you shall dine with me and my wife to-day ; I must insist on't. I'll introduce you to Mrs. Tibbs, a lady of as elegant qualifications as any in nature ; she was bred, but that's between ourselves, under the inspection of the Countess of All-night. A charming body of voice ; but no more of that,—she will give us a song. You shall see my little girl too, Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Tibbs, a sweet pretty creature ! I design her for my Lord Drumstick's eldest son ; but that's in friendship, let it go no farther : she's but six years old, and yet she walks

a minuet, and plays on the guitar immensely already. I intend she shall be as perfect as possible in every accomplishment. In the first place, I'll make her a scholar : I'll teach her Greek myself, and learn that language purposely to instruct her ; but let that be a secret."

Thus saying, without waiting for a reply, he took me by the arm, and hauled me along. We passed through many dark alleys and winding ways ; for, from some motives to me unknown, he seemed to have a particular aversion to every frequented street : at last, however, we got to the door of a dismal-looking house in the outlets of the town, where he informed me he chose to reside for the benefit of the air.

We entered the lower door, which ever seemed to lie most hospitably open ; and I began to ascend an old and creaking staircase, when, as he mounted to show me the way, he demanded whether I delighted in prospects ; to which answering in the affirmative, " Then," says he, " I shall show you one of the most charming in the world out of my window ; we shall see the ships sailing, and the whole country for twenty miles round, tip top, quite high. My Lord Swamp would give ten thousand guineas for such a one ; but, as I sometimes pleasantly tell him, I always love to keep my prospects at home, that my friends may visit me the oftener."

By this time we were arrived as high as the stairs would permit us to ascend, till we came to what he was facetiously pleased to call the first floor down the chimney ; and knocking at the door, a voice from within demanded, " Who's there ? " My conductor answered that it was him. But this not satisfying the querist, the voice again repeated the demand ; to which he answered louder than before ; and now the door was opened by an old woman with cautious reluctance.

When we were got in, he welcomed me to his house with great ceremony, and turning to the old woman,

asked where was her lady ? " Good troth," replied she, in a peculiar dialect, " she's washing your twa shirts at the next door, because they have taken an oath against lending out the tub any longer."—" My two shirts ! " cried he in a tone that faltered with confusion ; " what does the idiot mean ? "—" I ken what I mean weel enough," replied the other ; " she's washing your twa shirts at the next door, because——."—" Fire and fury, no more of thy stupid explanations ! " cried he ; " go and inform her we have got company. Were that Scotch hag," continued he, turning to me, " to be for ever in my family, she would never learn politeness, nor forget that absurd poisonous accent of hers, or testify the smallest specimen of breeding or high life ; and yet it is very surprising too, as I had her from a parliament man, a friend of mine from the Highlands, one of the politest men in the world ; but that's a secret."

We waited some time for Mrs. Tibbs's arrival, during which interval I had a full opportunity of surveying the chamber and all its furniture, which consisted of four chairs with old wrought bottoms, that he assured me were his wife's embroidery ; a square table that had been once japanned ; a cradle in one corner, a lumbering cabinet in the other ; a broken shepherdess, and a mandarin without a head, were stuck over the chimney ; and round the walls several paltry unframed pictures, which, he observed, were all his own drawing. " What do you think, sir, of that head in the corner, done in the manner of Grisoni ? There's the true keeping in it ; it is my own face, and though there happens to be no likeness, a Countess offered me an hundred for its fellow. I refused her, for, hang it, that would be mechanical, you know."

The wife at last made her appearance, at once a slattern and a coquette ; much emaciated, but still carrying the remains of beauty. She made twenty apologies for being seen in such odious deshabelle, but

hoped to be excused, as she had stayed out all night at the gardens with the Countess, who was excessively fond of the horns. "And, indeed, my dear," added she, turning to her husband, "his lordship drank your health in a bumper."—"Poor Jack!" cries he; "a dear good-natured creature, I know he loves me. But I hope, my dear, you have given orders for dinner; you need make no great preparations neither, there are but three of us; something elegant and little will do,—a turbot, an ortolan, a——."—"Or what do you think, my dear," interrupts the wife, "of a nice pretty bit of ox-cheek, piping hot, and dressed with a little of my own sauce?"—"The very thing!" replies he; "it will eat best with some smart bottled beer: but be sure to let us have the sauce his Grace was so fond of. I hate your immense loads of meat; that is country all over; extreme disgusting to those who are in the least acquainted with high life."

By this time my curiosity began to abate, and my appetite to increase: the company of fools may at first make us smile, but at last never fails of rendering us melancholy; I therefore pretended to recollect a prior engagement, and, after having shown my respect to the house, according to the fashion of the English, by giving the old servant a piece of money at the door, I took my leave; Mrs. Tibbs assuring me that dinner, if I stayed, would be ready at least in less than two hours.

GOLDSMITH: *Citizen of the World*, Letters 54, 55.

THE PHILOSOPHIC COBBLER

THOUGH not very fond of seeing a pageant myself, yet I am generally pleased with being in the crowd which sees it: it is amusing to observe the effect which such a spectacle has upon the variety of faces; the pleasure

it excites in some, the envy in others, and the wishes it raises in all. With this design I lately went to see the entry of a foreign ambassador, resolved to make one in the mob, to shout as they shouted, to fix with earnestness upon the same frivolous objects, and participate for a while the pleasures and the wishes of the vulgar.

Struggling here for some time, in order to be first to see the cavalcade as it passed, some one of the crowd unluckily happened to tread upon my shoe, and tore it in such a manner, that I was utterly unqualified to march forward with the main body, and obliged to fall back in the rear. Thus rendered incapable of being a spectator of the show myself, I was at least willing to observe the spectators, and limped behind like one of the invalids which follow the march of an army.

In this plight, as I was considering the eagerness that appeared on every face, how some bustled to get foremost, and others contented themselves with taking a transient peep when they could ; how some praised the four black servants that were stuck behind one of the equipages, and some the ribands that decorated the horses' necks in another, my attention was called off to an object more extraordinary than any I had yet seen. A poor cobbler sat in his stall by the wayside, and continued to work, while the crowd passed by, without testifying the smallest share of curiosity. I own his want of attention excited mine ; and as I stood in need of his assistance, I thought it best to employ a philosophic cobbler on this occasion. Perceiving my business, therefore, he desired me to enter and sit down, took my shoe in his lap, and began to mend it with his usual indifference and taciturnity.

"How, my friend," said I to him, "can you continue to work, while all those fine things are passing by your door ?" "Very fine they are, master," returned the cobbler, "for those that like them, to be sure ; but what are all those fine things to me ? You don't know what it is to be a cobbler, and so much the better for

yourself. Your bread is baked : you may go and see sights the whole day, and eat a warm supper when you come home at night ; but for me, if I should run hunting after all these fine folk, what should I get by my journey but an appetite, and, God help me ! I have too much of that at home already, without stirring out for it. Your people, who may eat four meals a day and a supper at night, are but a bad example to such a one as I. No, master, as God has called me into this world in order to mend old shoes, I have no business with fine folk, and they no business with me." I here interrupted him with a smile. "See this last, master," continues he, "and this hammer ; this last and hammer are the two best friends I have in this world ; nobody else will be my friend, because I want a friend. The great folks you saw pass by just now have five hundred friends, because they have no occasion for them : now, while I stick to my good friends here, I am very contented ; but when I ever so little run after sights and fine things, I begin to hate my work ; I grow sad, and have no heart to mend shoes any longer."

This discourse only served to raise my curiosity to know more of a man whom nature had thus formed into a philosopher. I therefore insensibly led him into a history of his adventures. "I have lived," said he, "a wandering sort of a life now five and fifty years, here to-day, and gone to-morrow ; for it was my misfortune, when I was young, to be fond of changing."—"You have been a traveller, then, I presume," interrupted I.—"I cannot boast much of travelling," continued he, "for I have never left the parish in which I was born but three times in my life, that I can remember ; but then there is not a street in the whole neighbourhood that I have not lived in, at some time or another. When I began to settle and to take to my business in one street, some unforeseen misfortune, or a desire of trying my luck elsewhere, has removed me,

perhaps a whole mile away from my former customers, while some more lucky cobbler would come into my place, and make a handsome fortune among friends of my making : there was one who actually died in a stall that I had left worth seven pounds seven shillings, all in hard gold, which he had quilted into the waist-band of his breeches."

I could not but smile at these migrations of a man by the fireside, and continued to ask if he had ever been married. " Ay, that I have, master," replied he, " for sixteen long years ; and a weary life I had of it, Heaven knows. My wife took it into her head that the only way to thrive in this world was to save money ; so, though our comings-in were but about three shillings a week, all that ever she could lay her hands upon she used to hide away from me, though we were obliged to starve the whole week after for it.

" The first three years we used to quarrel about this every day, and I always got the better ; but she had a hard spirit, and still continued to hide as usual : so that I was at last tired of quarrelling and getting the better, and she scraped and scraped at pleasure, till I was almost starved to death. Her conduct drove me at last in despair to the alehouse ; here I used to sit with people who hated home like myself, drank while I had money left, and ran in score when anybody would trust me ; till at last the landlady coming one day with a long bill when I was from home, and putting it into my wife's hands, the length of it effectually broke her heart. I searched the whole stall, after she was dead, for money ; but she had hidden it so effectually, that, with all my pains, I could never find a farthing."

By this time my shoe was mended, and satisfying the poor artist for his trouble, and rewarding him besides for his information, I took my leave, and returned home to lengthen out the amusement his conversation afforded, by communicating it to my friend.—Adieu.

GOLDSMITH : *Citizen of the World*, Letter 65.

THE FEAR OF MAD DOGS

INDULGENT nature seems to have exempted this island from many of those epidemic evils which are so fatal in other parts of the world. A want of rain but for a few days beyond the expected season in China spreads famine, desolation, and terror over the whole country ; the winds that blow from the brown bosom of the western desert are impregnated with death in every gale ; but in this fortunate land of Britain the inhabitant courts health in every breeze, and the husbandman ever sows in joyful expectation.

But though the nation be exempt from real evils, think not, my friend, that it is more happy on this account than others. They are afflicted, it is true, with neither famine nor pestilence, but then there is a disorder peculiar to the country, which every season makes strange ravages among them ; it spreads with pestilential rapidity, and infects almost every rank of people ; what is still more strange, the natives have no name for this peculiar malady, though well known to foreign physicians by the appellation of epidemic terror.

A season is never known to pass in which the people are not visited by this cruel calamity in one shape or another ; seemingly different, though ever the same : one year it issues from a baker's shop in the shape of a sixpenny loaf ; the next, it takes the appearance of a comet with a fiery tail ; a third, it threatens like a flat-bottomed boat ; and a fourth, it carries consternation at the bite of a mad dog. The people, when once infected, lose their relish for happiness, saunter about with looks of despondence, ask after the calamities of the day, and receive no comfort but in heightening each other's distress. It is insignificant how remote or near, how weak or powerful, the objects of terror

may be ; when once they resolve to fright and be frightened, the merest trifles sow consternation and dismay : each proportions his fears, not to the object, but to the dread he discovers in the countenance of others ; for when once the fermentation is begun, it goes on of itself, though the original cause be discontinued which first set it in motion.

A dread of mad dogs is the epidemic terror which now prevails ; and the whole nation is at present actually groaning under the malignity of its influence. The people sally from their houses with that circumspection which is prudent in such as expect a mad dog at every turning. The physician publishes his prescription, the beadle prepares his halter, and a few of unusual bravery arm themselves with boots and buff gloves, in order to face the enemy if he should offer to attack them. In short, the whole people stand bravely upon their defence, and seem, by their present spirit, to show a resolution of not being tamely bit by mad dogs any longer.

Their manner of knowing whether a dog be mad or no somewhat resembles the ancient European custom of trying witches. The old woman suspected was tied hand and foot, and thrown into the water. If she swam, then she was instantly carried off to be burnt for a witch ; if she sank, then indeed she was acquitted of the charge, but drowned in the experiment. In the same manner, a crowd gather round a dog suspected of madness, and they begin by teasing the devoted animal on every side : if he attempts to stand upon the defensive and bite, then he is unanimously found guilty, for “ a mad dog always snaps at everything ; ” if, on the contrary, he strives to escape by running away, then he can expect no compassion, for “ mad dogs always run straight forward before them.”

It is pleasant enough for a neutral being like me, who have no share in these ideal calamities, to mark the stages of this national disease. The terror at first

feebly enters with a disregarded story of a little dog, that had gone through a neighbouring village, that was thought to be mad by several that had seen him. The next account comes, that a mastiff ran through a certain town, and had bit five geese, which immediately ran mad, foamed at the bill, and died in great agonies soon after. Then comes an affecting history of a little boy bit in the leg, and gone down to be dipt in the salt water. When the people have sufficiently shuddered at that, they are next congealed with a frightful account of a man who was said lately to have died from a bite he had received some years before. This relation only prepares the way for another still more hideous, as how the master of a family, with seven small children, were all bit by a mad lapdog ; and how the poor father first perceived the infection by calling for a draught of water, where he saw the lapdog swimming in the cup.

When epidemic terror is thus once excited, every morning comes loaded with some new disaster : as in stories of ghosts each loves to hear the account, though it only serves to make him uneasy, so here each listens with eagerness, and adds to the tidings new circumstances of peculiar horror. A lady, for instance, in the country, of very weak nerves, has been frightened by the barking of a dog ; and this, alas ! too frequently happens. The story soon is improved and spreads, that a mad dog had frightened a lady of distinction. These circumstances begin to grow terrible before they have reached the neighbouring village, and there the report is, that a lady of quality was bit by a mad mastiff. This account every moment gathers new strength, and grows more dismal as it approaches the capital ; and by the time it has arrived in town the lady is described, with wild eyes, foaming mouth, running mad upon all-fours, barking like a dog, biting her servants, and at last smothered between two beds by the advice of her doctors ; while the mad mastiff is in the meantime ranging the whole country over,

slavering at the mouth, and seeking whom he may devour.

My landlady, a good-natured woman, but a little credulous, waked me some mornings ago before her usual hour, with horror and astonishment in her looks : she desired me, if I had any regard for my safety, to keep within ; for a few days ago so dismal an accident had happened, as to put all the world upon their guard. A mad dog down in the country, she assured me, had bit a farmer, who soon becoming mad, ran into his own yard, and bit a fine brindled cow ; the cow quickly became as mad as the man, began to foam at the mouth, and raising herself up, walked about on her hind legs, sometimes barking like a dog, and sometimes attempting to talk like the farmer. Upon examining the grounds of this story, I found my landlady had it from one neighbour, who had it from another neighbour, who heard it from very good authority.

Were most stories of this nature thoroughly examined, it would be found that numbers of such as have been said to suffer were no way injured ; and that of those who have been actually bitten, not one in an hundred was bit by a mad dog. Such accounts in general, therefore, only serve to make the people miserable by false terrors, and sometimes fright the patient into actual frenzy by creating those very symptoms they pretended to deplore.

But even allowing three or four to die in a season of this terrible death (and four is probably too large a concession), yet still it is not considered how many are preserved in their health and in their property by this devoted animal's services. The midnight robber is kept at a distance ; the insidious thief is often detected ; the healthful chase repairs many a worn constitution ; and the poor man finds in his dog a willing assistant, eager to lessen his toil, and content with the smallest retribution.

“A dog,” says one of the English poets, “is an honest creature, and I am a friend to dogs.” Of all the beasts that graze the lawn or hunt the forest, a dog is the only animal that, leaving his fellows, attempts to cultivate the friendship of man : to man he looks in all his necessities with a speaking eye for assistance ; exerts for him all the little service in his power with cheerfulness and pleasure ; for him bears famine and fatigue with patience and resignation ; no injuries can abate his fidelity ; no distress induce him to forsake his benefactor : studious to please, and fearing to offend, he is still an humble steadfast dependent ; and in him alone fawning is not flattery. How unkind, then, to torture this faithful creature, who has left the forest to claim the protection of man ! how ungrateful a return to the trusty animal for all his services !—Adieu.

GOLDSMITH : *Citizen of the World*, Letter 69.

ENGLISH CHARACTERISTICS

It is no unpleasing contemplation, to consider the influence which soil and climate have upon the disposition of the inhabitants, the animals, and vegetables of different countries. That among the brute creation is much more visible than in man, and that in vegetables more than either. In some places those plants which are entirely poisonous at home lose their deleterious quality by being carried abroad ; there are serpents in Macedonia so harmless as to be used as playthings for children ; and we are told that, in some parts of Fez, there are lions so very timorous as to be scared, though coming in herds, by the cries of women.

I know of no country where the influence of climate and soil is more visible than in England ; the same hidden cause which gives courage to their dogs and

cocks gives also a fierceness to their men. But chiefly this ferocity appears among the vulgar. The polite of every country pretty nearly resemble each other. But as, in simpling, it is among the uncultivated productions of nature we are to examine the characteristic differences of climate and soil, so in an estimate of the genius of the people we must look among the sons of unpolished rusticity. The vulgar English, therefore, may be easily distinguished from all the rest of the world, by superior pride, impatience, and a peculiar hardness of soul.

Perhaps no qualities in the world are more susceptible of a finer polish than these ; artificial complaisance and easy deference being superinduced over these, generally form a great character : something at once elegant and majestic ; affable, yet sincere. Such in general are the better sort ; but they who are left in primitive rudeness are the least disposed for society with others, or comfort internally, of any people under the sun.

The poor, indeed, of every country are but little prone to treat each other with tenderness ; their own miseries are too apt to engross all their pity ; and perhaps, too, they give but little commiseration, as they find but little from others. But in England the poor treat each other upon every occasion with more than savage animosity, and as if they were in a state of open war by nature. In China, if two porters should meet in a narrow street, they would lay down their burdens, make a thousand excuses to each other for the accidental interruption, and beg pardon on their knees ; if two men of the same occupation should meet here, they would first begin to scold, and at last to beat each other. One would think they had miseries enough resulting from penury and labour, not to increase them by ill-nature among themselves, and subjection to new penalties ; but such considerations never weigh with them.

But to recompense this strange absurdity, they are in the main generous, brave, and enterprising. They feel the slightest injuries with a degree of ungoverned impatience, but resist the greatest calamities with surprising fortitude. Those miseries under which any other people in the world would sink, they have often showed they were capable of enduring ; if accidentally cast upon some desolate coast, their perseverance is beyond what any other nation is capable of sustaining ; if imprisoned for crimes, their efforts to escape are greater than among others. The peculiar strength of their prisons, when compared to those elsewhere, argues their hardiness ; even the strongest prisons I have ever seen in other countries would be very insufficient to confine the untameable spirit of an Englishman. In short, what man dares do in circumstances of danger, an Englishman will. His virtues seem to sleep in the calm, and are called out only to combat the kindred storm.

But the greatest eulogy of this people is the generosity of their miscreants ; the tenderness, in general, of their robbers and highwaymen. Perhaps no people can produce instances of the same kind, where the desperate mix pity with injustice ; still show that they understand a distinction in crimes, and even in acts of violence have still some tincture of remaining virtue. In every other country robbery and murder go almost always together ; here it seldom happens, except upon ill-judged resistance or pursuit. The banditti of other countries are unmerciful to a supreme degree ; the highwayman and robber here are generous, at least in their intercourse among each other. Taking, therefore, my opinion of the English from the virtues and vices practised among the vulgar, they at once present to a stranger all their faults, and keep their virtues up only for the inquiring eye of a philosopher.

Foreigners are generally shocked at their insolence upon first coming among them : they find themselves

ridiculed and insulted in every street ; they meet with none of those trifling civilities, so frequent elsewhere, which are instances of mutual good-will, without previous acquaintance ; they travel through the country, either too ignorant or too obstinate to cultivate a closer acquaintance ; meet every moment something to excite their disgust, and return home to characterize this as the region of spleen, insolence, and ill-nature. In short, England would be the last place in the world I would travel to by way of amusement, but the first for instruction. I would choose to have others for my acquaintance, but Englishmen for my friends.

GOLDSMITH : *Citizen of the World, Letter 91.*

AN ELECTION

THE English are at present employed in celebrating a feast, which becomes general every seventh year ; the parliament of the nation being then dissolved, and another appointed to be chosen. This solemnity falls infinitely short of our Feast of the Lanterns in magnificence and splendour ; it is also surpassed by others of the East in unanimity and pure devotion ; but no festival in the world can compare with it for eating. Their eating, indeed, amazes me ; had I five hundred heads, and were each head furnished with brains, yet would they all be insufficient to compute the number of cows, pigs, geese, and turkeys, which, upon this occasion, die for the good of their country.

To say the truth, eating seems to make a grand ingredient in all English parties of zeal, business, or amusement. When a church is to be built, or an hospital endowed, the directors assemble, and instead of consulting upon it, they eat upon it, by which means the business goes forward with success. When the

poor are to be relieved, the officers appointed to dole out public charity assemble and eat upon it. Nor has it ever been known that they filled the bellies of the poor, till they had previously satisfied their own. But in the election of magistrates the people seem to exceed all bounds: the merits of a candidate are often measured by the number of his treats; his constituents assemble, eat upon him, and lend their applause, not to his integrity or sense, but to the quantities of his beef and brandy.

And yet I could forgive this people their plentiful meals on this occasion, as it is extremely natural for every man to eat a great deal when he gets it for nothing; but what amazes me is, that all this good living no way contributes to improve their good humour. On the contrary, they seem to lose their temper as they lose their appetites; every morsel they swallow, and every glass they pour down, serves to increase their animosity. Many an honest man, before as harmless as a tame rabbit, when loaded with a single election dinner, has become more dangerous than a charged culverin. Upon one of these occasions I have actually seen a bloody-minded man-milliner sally forth at the head of a mob, determined to face a desperate pastrycook, who was general of the opposite party.

But you must not suppose they are without a pretext for thus beating each other. On the contrary, no man here is so uncivilized as to beat his neighbour without producing very sufficient reasons. One candidate, for instance, treats with gin, a spirit of their own manufacture; another always drinks brandy, imported from abroad. Brandy is a wholesome liquor; gin, a liquor wholly their own. This, then, furnishes an obvious cause of quarrel,—Whether it be most reasonable to get drunk with gin, or get drunk with brandy? The mob meet upon the debate, fight themselves sober, and then draw off to get drunk again, and

charge for another encounter. So that the English may now properly be said to be engaged in war ; since, while they are subduing their enemies abroad, they are breaking each other's heads at home.

I lately made an excursion to a neighbouring village, in order to be a spectator of the ceremonies practised upon this occasion. I left town in company with three fiddlers, nine dozen of hams, and a corporation poet, which were designed as reinforcements to the gin-drinking party. We entered the town with a very good face ; the fiddlers, no way intimidated by the enemy, kept handling their arms up the principal street. By this prudent manœuvre, they took peaceable possession of their headquarters, amidst the shouts of multitudes, who seemed perfectly rejoiced at hearing their music, but above all at seeing their bacon.

I must own, I could not avoid being pleased to see all ranks of people, on this occasion, levelled into an equality, and the poor, in some measure, enjoying the primitive privileges of nature. If there was any distinction shown, the lowest of the people seemed to receive it from the rich. I could perceive a cobbler with a levee at his door, and a haberdasher giving audience from behind his counter.

But my reflections were soon interrupted by a mob, who demanded whether I was for the distillery or the brewery ? As these were terms with which I was totally unacquainted, I chose at first to be silent ; however, I know not what might have been the consequence of my reserve, had not the attention of the mob been called off to a skirmish between a brandy-drinker's cow and a gin-drinker's mastiff, which turned out, greatly to the satisfaction of the mob, in favour of the mastiff.

This spectacle, which afforded high entertainment, was at last ended by the appearance of one of the candidates, who came to harangue the mob ; he made a very pathetic speech upon the late excessive im-

portation of foreign drams, and the downfall of the distillery ; I could see some of the audience shed tears. He was accompanied in his procession by Mrs. Deputy and Mrs. Mayoress. Mrs. Deputy was not in the least in liquor ; and as for Mrs. Mayoress, one of the spectators assured me in my ear that—she was a very fine woman before she had the smallpox.

Mixing with the crowd, I was now conducted to the hall where the magistrates are chosen : but what tongue can describe this scene of confusion ! the whole crowd seemed equally inspired with anger, jealousy, politics, patriotism, and punch. I remarked one figure that was carried up by two men upon this occasion. I at first began to pity his infirmities as natural, but soon found the fellow so drunk that he could not stand ; another made his appearance to give his vote, but though he could stand, he actually lost the use of his tongue, and remained silent ; a third, who, though excessively drunk, could both stand and speak, being asked the candidate's name for whom he voted, could be prevailed upon to make no other answer but " Tobacco and brandy." In short, an election hall seems to be a theatre, where every passion is seen without disguise ; a school where fools may readily become worse, and where philosophers may gather wisdom.—Adieu.

GOLDSMITH : *Citizen of the World*, Letter 112.

ADVENTURES OF A STROLLING PLAYER

I AM fond of amusement, in whatever company it is to be found ; and wit, though dressed in rags, is ever pleasing to me. I went some days ago to take a walk in St. James's Park, about the hour in which company

leave it to go to dinner. There were but few in the walks, and those who stayed seemed, by their looks, rather more willing to forget that they had an appetite than gain one. I sat down on one of the benches, at the other end of which was seated a man in very shabby clothes.

We continued to groan, to hem, and to cough, as usual upon such occasions ; and at last ventured upon conversation. " I beg pardon, sir," cried I, " but I think I have seen you before ; your face is familiar to me."—" Yes, sir," replied he, " I have a good familiar face, as my friends tell me. I am as well known in every town in England as the dromedary or live crocodile. You must understand, sir, that I have been these sixteen years Merry Andrew to a puppet-show ; last Bartholomew Fair my master and I quarrelled, beat each other, and parted ; he to sell his puppets to the pincushion-makers in Rosemary Lane, and I to starve in St. James's Park."

" I am sorry, sir, that a person of your appearance should labour under any difficulties." " Oh, sir," returned he, " my appearance is very much at your service ; but though I cannot boast of eating much, yet there are few that are merrier : if I had twenty thousand a year, I should be very merry ; and, thank the Fates, though not worth a groat, I am very merry still. If I have threepence in my pocket, I never refuse to be my three-halfpence ; and if I have no money, I never scorn to be treated by any that are kind enough to pay my reckoning. What think you, sir, of a steak and a tankard ? You shall treat me now ; and I will treat you again, when I find you in the Park in love with eating, and without money to pay for a dinner."

As I never refuse a small expense for the sake of a merry companion, we instantly adjourned to a neighbouring ale house, and in a few moments had a frothing tankard and a smoking steak spread on the table before us. It is impossible to express how much the

sight of such good cheer improved my companion's vivacity. "I like this dinner, sir," says he, "for three reasons: first, because I am naturally fond of beef; secondly, because I am hungry; and, thirdly and lastly, because I get it for nothing: no meat eats so sweet as that for which we do not pay."

He therefore now fell to, and his appetite seemed to correspond with his inclination. After dinner was over, he observed that the steak was tough: "and yet, sir," returns he, "bad as it was, it seemed a rump-steak to me. Oh, the delights of poverty and a good appetite! We beggars are the very fondlings of nature; the rich she treats like an arrant stepmother; they are pleased with nothing: cut a steak from what part you will, and it is insupportably tough; dress it up with pickles, and even pickles cannot procure them an appetite. But the whole creation is filled with good things for the beggar; Calvert's butt out-tastes Champagne, and Sedgeley's home-brewed excels Tokay. Joy, joy, my blood! though our estates lie nowhere, we have fortunes wherever we go. If an inundation sweeps away half the grounds of Cornwall, I am content—I have no lands there; if the stocks sink, that gives me no uneasiness—I am no Jew." The fellow's vivacity, joined to his poverty, I own, raised my curiosity to know something of his life and circumstances; and I entreated that he would indulge my desire. "That I will, sir," said he, "and welcome; only let us drink to prevent our sleeping: let us have another tankard while we are awake—let us have another tankard; for, ah, how charming a tankard looks when full!

"You must know, then, that I am very well descended: my ancestors have made some noise in the world; for my mother cried oysters, and my father beat a drum: I am told we have even had some trumpeters in our family. Many a nobleman cannot show so respectable a genealogy; but that is neither here

nor there. As I was their only child, my father designed to breed me up to his own employment, which was that of a drummer to a puppet-show. Thus the whole employment of my younger years was that of interpreter to Punch and King Solomon in all his glory. But though my father was very fond of instructing me in beating all the marches and points of war, I made no very great progress, because I naturally had no ear for music ; so at the age of fifteen I went and listed for a soldier. As I had ever hated beating a drum, so I soon found that I disliked carrying a musket also ; neither the one trade nor the other was to my taste, for I was by nature fond of being a gentleman : besides, I was obliged to obey my captain : he has his will, I have mine, and you have yours ; now I very reasonably concluded that it was much more comfortable for a man to obey his own will than another's.

“ The life of a soldier soon, therefore, gave me the spleen. I asked leave to quit the service ; but as I was tall and strong, my captain thanked me for my kind intention, and said, because he had a regard for me, we should not part. I wrote to my father a very dismal penitent letter, and desired that he would raise money to pay for my discharge ; but the good man was as fond of drinking as I was,—sir, my service to you,—and those who are fond of drinking never pay for other people's discharges ; in short, he never answered my letter. What could be done ? If I have not money, said I to myself, to pay for my discharge, I must find an equivalent some other way ; and that must be by running away. I deserted, and that answered my purpose every bit as well as if I had bought my discharge.

“ Well, I was now fairly rid of my military employment ; I sold my soldier's clothes, bought worse, and, in order not to be overtaken, took the most unfrequented roads possible. One evening, as I was entering a village, I perceived a man, whom I afterwards found

to be the curate of the parish, thrown from his horse in a miry road, and almost smothered in the mud. He desired my assistance ; I gave it, and drew him out with some difficulty. He thanked me for my trouble, and was going off ; but I followed him home, for I loved always to have a man thank me at his own door. The curate asked an hundred questions : as, whose son I was ; from whence I came ; and whether I would be faithful. I answered him greatly to his satisfaction, and gave myself one of the best characters in the world for sobriety,—sir, I have the honour of drinking your health,—discretion, and fidelity. To make a long story short, he wanted a servant, and hired me. With him I lived but two months ; we did not much like each other : I was fond of eating, and he gave me but little to eat ; I loved a pretty girl, and the old woman, my fellow-servant, was ill-natured and ugly. As they endeavoured to starve me between them, I made a pious resolution to prevent their committing murder : I stole the eggs as soon as they were laid ; I emptied every unfinished bottle that I could lay my hands on ; whatever eatable came in my way was sure to disappear,—in short, they found I would not do ; so I was discharged one morning, and paid three shillings and sixpence for two months' wages.

“ While my money was getting ready, I employed myself in making preparations for my departure. Two hens were hatching in an outhouse—I went and took the eggs from habit ; and not to separate the parents from the children, I lodged hens and all in my knapsack. After this piece of frugality, I returned to receive my money, and with my knapsack on my back, and a staff in my hand, I bade adieu, with tears in my eyes, to my old benefactor. I had not gone far from the house when I heard behind me the cry of ‘ Stop, thief ! ’ but this only increased my dispatch : it would have been foolish to stop, as I knew the voice could not be levelled at me—But hold, I think I passed those two

months at the curate's without drinking. Come, the times are dry, and may this be my poison, if ever I spent two more pious, stupid months in all my life !

" Well, after travelling some days, whom should I light upon but a company of strolling players ! The moment I saw them at a distance my heart warmed to them ; I had a sort of natural love for everything of the vagabond order. They were employed in settling their baggage, which had been overturned in a narrow way ; I offered my assistance, which they accepted ; and we soon became so well acquainted, that they took me as a servant. This was a paradise to me ; they sang, danced, drank, eat, and travelled, all at the same time. By the blood of the Mirabels, I thought I had never lived till then ; I grew as merry as a grig, and laughed at every word that was spoken. They liked me as much as I liked them ; I was a very good figure, as you may see ; and though I was poor, I was not modest.

" I love a straggling life above all things in the world ; sometimes good, sometimes bad ; to be warm to-day, and cold to-morrow ; to eat when one can get it, and drink when—the tankard is out—it stands before me. We arrived that evening at Tenterden, and took a large room at the Greyhound, where we resolved to exhibit *Romeo and Juliet*, with the funeral procession, the grave, and the garden scene. Romeo was to be performed by a gentleman from the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane ; Juliet by a lady who had never appeared on any stage before ; and I was to snuff the candles ; all excellent in our way. We had figures enough, but the difficulty was to dress them. The same coat that served Romeo, turned with the blue lining outwards, served for his friend Mercutio ; a large piece of crape sufficed at once for Juliet's petticoat and pall ; a pestle and mortar, from a neighbour-

ing apothecary's, answered all the purposes of a bell ; and our landlord's own family, wrapped in white sheets, served to fill up the procession. In short, there were but three figures among us that might be said to be dressed with any propriety,—I mean the nurse, the starved apothecary, and myself. Our performance gave universal satisfaction : the whole audience were enchanted with our powers.

“ There is one rule by which a strolling player may be ever secure of success ; that is, in our theatrical way of expressing it, to make a great deal of the character. To speak and act as in common life is not playing, nor is it what people come to see : natural speaking, like sweet wine, runs glibly over the palate, and scarce leaves any taste behind it ; but being high in a part resembles vinegar, which grates upon the taste, and one feels it while he is drinking. To please in town or country the way is to cry, wring, cringe into attitudes, mark the emphasis, slap the pockets, and labour like one in the falling sickness : that is the way to work for applause—that is the way to gain it.

“ As we received much reputation for our skill on this first exhibition, it was but natural for me to ascribe part of the success to myself : I snuffed the candles, and let me tell you, that without a candle-snuffer the piece would lose half its embellishments. In this manner we continued a fortnight, and drew tolerable houses ; but the evening before our intended departure we gave out our very best piece, in which all our strength was to be exerted. We had great expectations from this, and even doubled our prices, when, behold, one of the principal actors fell ill of a violent fever. This was a stroke like thunder to our little company : they were resolved to go in a body, to scold the man for falling sick at so inconvenient a time, and that, too, of a disorder that threatened to be expensive : I seized the moment, and offered to act the part myself in his stead. The case was desperate :

they accepted my offer : and I accordingly sat down, with the part in my hand, and a tankard before me,—sir, your health,—and studied the character, which was to be rehearsed the next day, and played soon after.

“ I found my memory excessively helped by drinking : I learned my part with astonishing rapidity, and bade adieu to snuffing candles ever after. I found that nature had designed me for more noble employments, and I was resolved to take her when in the humour. We got together, in order to rehearse ; and I informed my companions—masters now no longer—of the surprising change I felt within me. ‘ Let the sick man,’ said I, ‘ be under no uneasiness to get well again ; I’ll fill his place to universal satisfaction : he may even die if he thinks proper ; I’ll engage that he shall never be missed.’ I rehearsed before them, strutted, ranted, and received applause. They soon gave out that a new actor of eminence was to appear, and immediately all the genteel places were bespoke. Before I ascended the stage, however, I concluded within myself, that as I brought money to the house I ought to have my share in the profits. ‘ Gentlemen,’ said I, addressing our company, ‘ I don’t pretend to direct you ; far be it from me to treat you with so much ingratitude : you have published my name in the bills with the utmost good-nature, and, as affairs stand, cannot act without me : so, gentlemen, to show you my gratitude, I expect to be paid for my acting as much as any of you ; otherwise I declare off ; I’ll brandish my snuffers and clip candles as usual.’ This was a very disagreeable proposal, but they found it was impossible to refuse it ; it was irresistible,—it was adamant ; they consented, and I went on in *King Bajazet*—my frowning brows bound with a stocking stuffed into a turban, while on my captived arms I brandished a jack-chain.

Nature seemed to have fitted me for the part ; I was tall, and had a loud voice ; my very entrance excited universal applause ; I looked round on the audience with a smile, and made a most low and graceful bow, for that is the rule among us. As it was a very passionate part, I invigorated my spirits with three full glasses—the tankard is almost out—of brandy. By Alla ! it is almost inconceivable how I went through it ; Tamerlane was but a fool to me ; though he was sometimes loud enough too, yet I was still louder than he ; but then, besides, I had attitudes in abundance : in general I kept my arms folded up thus, upon the pit of my stomach ; it is the way at Drury Lane, and has always a fine effect. The tankard would sink to the bottom before I could get through the whole of my merits : in short, I came off like a prodigy ; and such was my success, that I could ravish the laurels even from a sirloin of beef. The principal gentlemen and ladies of the town came to me, after the play was over, to compliment me upon my success : one praised my voice, another my person. ‘ Upon my word,’ says the Squire’s lady, ‘ he will make one of the finest actors in Europe ; I say it, and I think I am something of a judge.’ Praise in the beginning is agreeable enough, and we receive it as a favour ; but when it comes in great quantities, we regard it only as a debt, which nothing but our merit could extort : instead of thanking them, I internally applauded myself. We were desired to give our piece a second time : we obeyed : and I was applauded even more than before.

“ At last we left the town, in order to be at a horse-race at some distance from thence. I shall never think of Tenterden without tears of gratitude and respect. The ladies and gentlemen there, take my word for it, are very good judges of plays and actors.—Come, let us drink their healths, if you please, sir. We quitted the town, I say ; and there was a wide difference between my coming in and going out : I entered the town

a candle-snuffer, and I quitted it an hero !—Such is the world : little to-day, and great to-morrow. I could say a great deal more upon that subject—something truly sublime, upon the up and downs of fortune ; but it would give us both the spleen, and so I shall pass it over.

“ The races were ended before we arrived at the next town, which was no small disappointment to our company ; however, we were resolved to take all we could get. I played capital characters there too, and came off with my usual brilliancy. I sincerely believe I should have been the first actor in Europe, had my growing merit been properly cultivated ; but there came an unkindly frost, which nipped me in the bud, and levelled me once more down to the common standard of humanity. I played Sir Harry Wildair ; all the country ladies were charmed : if I but drew out my snuff-box, the whole house was in a roar of rapture ; when I exercised my cudgel, I thought they would have fallen into convulsions.

“ There was here a lady who had received an education of nine months in London, and this gave her pretensions to taste, which rendered her the indisputable mistress of the ceremonies wherever she came. She was informed of my merits ; everybody praised me, yet she refused at first going to see me perform. She could not conceive, she said, anything but stuff from a stroller ; talked something in praise of Garrick, and amazed the ladies with her skill in enunciations, tones, and cadences. She was at last, however, prevailed upon to go ; and it was privately intimated to me what a judge was to be present at my next exhibition. However, no way intimidated, I came on in Sir Harry, one hand stuck in my breeches, and the other in my bosom, as usual at Drury Lane ; but instead of looking

at me, I perceived the whole audience had their eyes turned upon the lady who had been nine months in London ; from her they expected the decision which was to secure the general's truncheon in my hand, or sink me down into a theatrical letter-carrier. I opened my snuff-box, took snuff ; the lady was solemn, and so were the rest : I broke my cudgel on Alderman Smuggler's back ; still gloomy, melancholy all—the lady groaned and shrugged her shoulders : I attempted, by laughing myself, to excite at least a smile ; but the devil a cheek could I perceive wrinkled into sympathy : I found it would not do. All my good-humour now became forced ; my laughter was converted into hysteric grinning ; and while I pretended spirits, my eye showed the agony of my heart : in short, the lady came with an intention to be displeased, and displeased she was ; my fame expired ; I am here, and—the tankard is no more ! ”

GOLDSMITH ; *Essays*, No. 6.

A DAY AT BATH

THE city of Bath, by such assiduity, soon became the theatre of summer amusements for all people of fashion ; and the manner of spending the day there must amuse any but such as disease or spleen had made uneasy to themselves. The following is a faint picture of the pleasures that scene affords. Upon a stranger's arrival at Bath he is welcomed by a peal of the Abbey bells, and, in the next place, by the voice and music of the city waits. For these civilities, the ringers have generally a present made them of half a guinea, and

Such assiduity. A reference to the reforms in dress and behaviour brought about by the efforts of Beau Nash, who, to all intents and purposes, ruled at Bath during the mid-eighteenth century.

the waits of half a crown, or more, in proportion to the person's fortune, generosity, or ostentation. These customs, though disagreeable, are however liked, or they would not continue. The greatest incommmodity attending them is the disturbance the bells must give the sick. But the pleasure of knowing the name of every family that comes to town recompenses the inconvenience. Invalids are fond of news, and upon the first sound of the bells everybody sends out to inquire for whom they ring.

After the family is thus welcomed to Bath, it is the custom for the master of it to go to the public places, and subscribe two guineas at the assembly-houses towards the balls and music in the pump-house, for which he is entitled to three tickets every ball night. His next subscription is a crown, half a guinea, or a guinea, according to his rank and quality, for the liberty of walking in the private walks belonging to Simpson's assembly-house ; a crown or half a guinea is also given to the booksellers, for which the gentleman is to have what books he pleases to read at his lodgings, and at the coffee-house another subscription is taken for pen, ink, and paper, for such letters as the subscriber shall write at it during his stay. The ladies, too, may subscribe to the booksellers, and to a house by the pump-room, for the advantage of reading the news, and for enjoying each other's conversation.

Things being thus adjusted, the amusements of the day are generally begun by bathing, which is no unpleasant method of passing away an hour or so.

The baths are five in number. On the south-west side of the Abbey Church is the King's Bath, which is an oblong square ; the walls are full of niches, and at every corner are steps to descend into it : this bath is said to contain 427 tons and 50 gallons of water ; and on its rising out of the ground over the springs, it is sometimes too hot to be endured by those who bathe therein. Adjoining to the King's Bath, there is an-

other, called the Queen's Bath ; this is of a more temperate warmth, as borrowing its water from the other.

In the south-west part of the city are three other baths, viz. : the Hot Bath, which is not much inferior in heat to the King's Bath, and contains 53 tons, 2 hogsheads, and 11 gallons of water ; the Cross Bath, which contains 52 tons, 3 hogsheads, and 11 gallons ; and the Leper's Bath, which is not so much frequented as the rest.

The King's Bath (according to the best observations) will fill in about nine hours and a half ; the Hot Bath in about eleven hours and a half ; and the Cross Bath in about the same time.

The hours for bathing are commonly between six and nine in the morning, and the baths are every morning supplied with fresh water ; for when the people have done bathing, the sluices in each bath are pulled up, and the water is carried off by drains into the river Avon.

In the morning the lady is brought in a close chair, dressed in her bathing clothes, to the bath ; and, being in the water, the woman who attends presents her with a little floating dish like a basin ; into which the lady puts a handkerchief, a snuff-box, and a nosegay. She then traverses the bath ; if a novice, with a guide ; if otherwise, by herself ; and having amused herself thus while she thinks proper, calls for her chair, and returns to her lodgings.

The amusement of bathing is immediately succeeded by a general assembly of people at the pump-room ; some for pleasure, and some to drink the hot waters. Three glasses at three different times is the usual portion for every drinker ; and the intervals between every glass are enlivened by the harmony of a small band of music, as well as by the conversation of the gay, the witty, or the forward.

From the pump-room the ladies, from time to time,

withdraw to a female coffee-house, and from thence return to their lodgings to breakfast. The gentlemen withdraw to their coffee-houses, to read the papers, or converse on the news of the day, with a freedom and ease not to be found in the metropolis.

People of fashion make public breakfasts at the assembly-houses, to which they invite their acquaintances, and they sometimes order private concerts ; or, when so disposed, attend lectures on the arts and sciences, which are frequently taught there in a pretty superficial manner, so as not to tease the understanding, while they afford the imagination some amusement. The private concerts are performed in the ball-rooms ; the tickets a crown each.

Concert breakfasts at the assembly-house sometimes make also a part of the morning's amusement here, the expenses of which are defrayed by a subscription among the men. Persons of rank and fortune who can perform are admitted into the orchestra, and find a pleasure in joining with the performers.

Thus we have the tedious morning fairly over. When noon approaches, and church (if any please to go there) is done, some of the company appear upon the parade, and other public walks, where they continue to chat and amuse each other, till they have formed parties for the play, cards, or dancing for the evening. Another part of the company divert themselves with reading in the booksellers' shops, or are generally seen taking the air and exercise, some on horseback, some in coaches. Some walk in the meadows round the town, winding along the side of the river Avon and the neighbouring canal ; while others are seen scaling some of those romantic precipices that overhang the city.

When the hour of dinner draws nigh, and the company are returned from their different recreations, the provisions are generally served with the utmost elegance and plenty. Their mutton, butter, fish, and

fowl, are all allowed to be excellent, and their cookery still exceeds their meat.

After dinner is over, and evening prayers ended, the company meet a second time at the pump-house. From this they retire to the walks, and from thence go to drink tea at the assembly-houses, and the rest of the evenings are concluded either with balls, plays, or visits. A theatre was erected in the year 1705, by subscription, by people of the highest rank, who permitted their arms to be engraven on the inside of the house, as a public testimony of their liberality towards it. Every Tuesday and Friday evening is concluded with a public ball, the contributions to which are so numerous, that the price of each ticket is trifling. Thus Bath yields a continued rotation of diversions, and people of all ways of thinking, even from the libertine to the methodist, have it in their power to complete the day with employments suited to their inclinations.

GOLDSMITH : *Life of Richard Nash.*

EXERCISES

1. Write an account of " Sir Roger at the Pictures " or of " Sir Roger ' listens-in.' "
2. Write letters to the *Spectator* on: " Safety First "; " Speed restrictions "; " Oscillations "; " Strap-hanging "; " Pronunciation of Place-names "; " Subsidizing the Opera "; " Theatre Queues. "
3. Write an essay on " Weather Reports. "
4. Discuss the statement that the eighteenth-century essayists dealt in the oddities of life.
5. Which of the essays treating of Characters in Conversation do you prefer? Give reasons for your choice.
6. Write an account of a meeting between Sir Roger and Sir Harry Quickset, or of one between Will Honeycomb and Beau Tibbs.
7. Make up a day's entry for a twentieth-century citizen's diary.
8. Make a list of some half-dozen of the characters described in these essays; if possible, place them in preferential order, giving reasons for your first choice.
9. Why might the writers of the Periodical Essays be called " moral historians " ?
10. Make a list of practices described in this book which have fallen into disuse.
11. Write a critical account of the characteristics which these essays seem to have in common.
12. How do the hours kept in the eighteenth century differ from those kept nowadays ?
13. Write an account of a Market Day in a Country Town, or describe a visit paid to a city market.

14. Describe the internal structure of a modern theatre, or write an account of an evening spent at one in company with the members of the Spectator Club.

15. Write a new *Spectator* Paper entitled " Sunday in the Country," or a new *Idler* Paper on " The Art of Advertising."

16. Instance some three or four customs or practices which are of more modern growth than any described in this book.

17. Attempt an estimate as to why the essays of Steele and Addison should have been more popular in the eighteenth century than those of Johnson.

THE END





